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PRISON CRUELTY

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I

To the uninitiated, prison cruelty seems to be a rare and isolated phenomenon. When on occasion instances of it become known and the community has its sense of decency outraged, there is generally a demand for investigation and removal of the guilty warden and keeper. With that achieved, the average citizen settles back comfortably into the old habits of life, without asking too many questions, and with the general assumption that, after all, it cannot be expected that prisons should be turned into palaces.

To him who goes into the matter more deeply, there is the added comfort, not only that the given warden has been punished for cruelty, but that there are legal and constitutional provisions against its reappearance. Our laws provide against cruel and unusual punishments, and to the average mind, with its faith in the law, this is sufficient assurance against their repetition. These facts, added to the infrequency of the publicity, strengthen the general feeling that prison brutality is a personal matter for which particular individuals are responsible.

This is the general view. But to those who are acquainted with prison organization, brutality is a constant

factor — constant as the prison itself; and the publicity which upon occasion makes it known to the public has only an accidental relation to the thing itself. It is some fortunate approach on the part of an inmate to the publicity forces in the community, or some accidental trial, such as brought before the public the current charges against Bedford, which makes it evident that brutality exists in a particular institution. It is obvious, of course, that, had it not been for the trial at which the charges of brutality at Bedford were brought in as a part of the court procedure, brutality might have existed for a long period of time without general public knowledge. I am stressing this point because it helps to carry the important fact that cruelty in prison and publicity about it are not closely related.

Historically, cruelty has always marked prison administration. We have records of brutality in prisons stretching over all written history, and including practically every nation of which we have written records. Prison brutality is both continuous and universal. Publicity, public indignation, investigation, removal of officials, and the institution of reform methods have, up to the present time, been ineffective in

eliminating brutality from prison administration.

A prison is primarily a grouping of human beings involving problems of coöperation and discipline. As such, it gives room for the play of all the various emotions and instincts common to man in any other grouping. There is, however, one striking difference. This difference is that the man in the prison, just because he is shut out and away from the world, is forced, so to speak, to become a closer neighbor to himself, and therefore exhibits most of the instincts and passions, the loves and hates, the boldness and the fear, common to men, but in a more intense, more direct, and less concealed way. A prison is, in a sense, the greatest laboratory of human psychology that can be found. It compels men to live social lives — for man lives primarily by being social — under unsocial conditions, and it therefore strains to the breaking-point those things that come naturally to people in a free environment. The fact that men are more sensitive, more self-conscious, more suspicious, more intensely filled with craving, more passionately devoted in hate and in love, — just because most of these emotions are expressed in idea rather than in fact, — makes the prison a grouping of men requiring very delicate and sympathetic treatment. This is the general background which must be taken into consideration in the discussion of prison administration, and in any analysis of the forces that lead toward prison brutality. Like every human grouping, the prison group is complex, and all that one may hope to do in an analysis is to describe what seem the most important elements in the situation.

II

Our approach to the criminal is the first element in any consideration of

prison brutality. It is obvious that somehow or other our feeling about the criminal is different from our feeling about other members of the community. We feel differently about him because we are under the impression that he is a being distinctly different from ourselves. Just why he is different, or just in what degree he is different, or whether the difference is really one that is basic in the man himself rather than in our assumption about the man, does not concern the average person. We know that he is different. This belief is common to most people, and, in general, it is shared by officials concerned with prison administration.

The elements that go to the making of this attitude may broadly be described in the following terms. The first apparent fact is that we do not ordinarily distinguish between the thing a man has done and the man himself. We tend to translate a single isolated act into a whole being, forgetting all of the man's past, with its innumerable unrecorded emotions and deeds. We make the crime and the man synonymous. In common parlance we say that the man who has stolen is a thief, and the man who has committed murder is a murderer, summarizing all of the man in terms of the single fact with which we are impressed. We thus seem to transfuse the one act which we do not like into all of the man, who may, apart from that one act, be a very lovable person, and we place him in a category distinctly outside the pale of common association and consideration. He is different. Not only different, but he is worse. Any treatment which would seem unfair and unjust for people 'like ourselves' seems, even to the best of us, less unfair, less unjust, for him whom we have classified as different from and worse than ourselves.

To this may be added three other and closely related influences which

tend to strengthen the feeling of difference, and to justify methods of approach which are not in common use for people not so classified. The first of these three influences is undoubtedly the feeling that the man who is in himself bad is socially undesirable. A criminal is not only a bad man in moral evaluation, but he is a bad man socially. He is not fit, to put it in colloquial terms, to associate with other people better than himself, because he may make them bad; or, in other words, he is felt to be unsocial and deserving of some method of exclusion from the community of 'good' people who may suffer from contamination if he is let loose.

The second, and, to some people, a very important consideration is the fact that a man who is a criminal is not only bad, not only unsocial, but also a man who has broken the law. This may not only involve a very strong emotional reaction for people to whom the law generally is a rather vague and sacred summary of all things forbidden, but it is undoubtedly a forceful fact in the life and the emotional reactions of officials, whose habitual business is centred about the enforcement of the law. A crime to them may, in fact, primarily be a violation of the law. In other words, apart from any 'badness' or 'unsociability' in the official immediately concerned, the breaking of the law may in itself create an emotional bias sufficient to carry a condemnation which, to ordinary people, is carried by 'badness' and 'social undesirability.'

There is yet a third element, which, in a measure differing in different groups, contributes materially to the general conviction that the criminal is a sinful and vicious person. I refer to the general confusion in the minds of religious people between crime and sin. While not all crimes are considered sins, and not all sins are recognized as

crimes, yet for most purposes there is a sufficient overlapping to add the flavor of sin and its consequences to the act of the criminal.

A criminal, to the ordinary person, is thus bad, unsocial, a violator of law, and a sinner as well. Provision is made in these four categories for the possibility of condemnation by almost every member of the community.

I have placed these considerations first, not because they are first in importance, but because they tend to define the approach toward the criminal, on the part of the officials who are to care for him during the period of punishment, expiation, or reform, or whatever you choose to consider the purpose of confinement. I say the *purpose* of confinement, because in ordinary criminal procedure confinement comes first and is the basis for punishment or reform.

III

The function of the prison is to keep the men confined. The function of the warden is to make sure that the purpose of the prison is fulfilled. He is primarily a jailer. That is *his* business. Reform, punishment, expiation for sin — these are social policies determined by social motives of which he, as jailer, becomes the agent. He is a jailer first; a reformer, a guardian, a disciplinarian, or anything else, second. Anyone who has been in prison, or who knows the prison régime, through personal contact, will corroborate this fact. The whole administrative organization of the jail is centred on keeping the men inside the walls. Men in prison are always counted. They are counted morning, noon and night. They are counted when they rise, when they eat, when they work, and when they sleep. Like a miser hovering over his jingling coins, the warden and the keepers are con-

stantly on edge about the safety of their charges — a safety of numbers first, of well-being afterwards.

This leads to some very important consequences. It is the core of the development of prison brutality. It is the feeding basis upon which a number of other important elements tending in the direction of brutality depend. The warden is human. Being human, he is strongly inclined to follow the path of least resistance. And the path of least resistance, in the light of the ordinary understanding of a prison warden, is to make jail-breaking hard, by making the individual prisoner helpless.

One of the ways of making it easy for the warden to keep the prisoner safely, is to prevent all possibilities of collusion among the criminals. *He* knows them to be dangerous and bad men, whose interests are diametrically opposed to his. They are interested in freedom. He is interested in keeping them confined. Collusion is the greatest danger to the warden's programme. Collusion may be the means toward escape — this is the great fear of the warden. So he does what administrative interests direct under the circumstances. He attempts to isolate the individual from the group. It is easier to deal with one individual criminal than with a whole prison of criminals. And so the warden tries to achieve all the benefits of isolation, of solitary confinement, in fact, if not in form.

That this is the warden's purpose is made evident by a consideration of the facts. At Blackwell's Island, for instance, we were not allowed to have pencils or paper or thread in our cells, because these might become the instruments of communication with other prisoners. The rule of silence is another illustration of the general insistence upon isolation for the individual prisoner. I am not forgetting that isolation was at one time considered a reform; that

the good Quakers who introduced it were convinced of the benefits of silent communion with one's self and of meditation upon one's place and fortunes in the world. Be the cause that brought isolation into prison what it may, to the warden it is a method of administrative efficiency which has little relation to the original purpose which made isolation an ideal. But isolation, suppression, the denial of association, of communication, of friendships, are things that men cannot accept in their completeness without resistance. Men resist isolation as men resist death, because isolation, complete denial of social relations with the group, is a kind of death. It leads to a gradual disintegration of self, a distortion of the mind, and to the deterioration of all that one holds valuable in personality. Sociability becomes to the prisoner the means of sustaining a semblance of normality in an abnormal environment. It is an instinctive adjustment, and is vividly insistent just in the degree in which it is suppressed. There is no room for compromise in that issue between the warden and the prisoner. The warden wants isolation. The men must have group-life. This fact has interesting results: it makes for the growth of a definitely two-sided social organization. There is routine, discipline, the formal, methodical aspect of the prison life which centres about isolation and safety of confinement for the prisoner; and its opposite — insistent, ingenious group-organization and group-life within the sphere of isolation controlled by the administrative machine in the prison.

A visitor entering the prison sees one side — the formal, stiff, and disciplinary side of the prison. The prisoner knows the other. To the visitor there exists nothing but what is apparent. And what is apparent is formality, uniformity, evenness, and lack of variation. Everything looks alike.

And everything runs by the clock, the bell, and the command of the keeper. The rest is silence. It is the disciplinarian's ideal.

But inside of this formal organization there exists a humming life — a life of ingenuity and association. Right under the eye of the authorities, in spite of all the restriction imposed, in spite of the constant watchfulness, in spite of the insistence upon isolation, the men manage to find a means and method of achieving coöperation. Anyone who has been in prison can recall a thousand ways of associating with the other prisoners. The prisoners break every rule in the prison. They talk, they communicate with each other, they exchange articles, and they even publish newspapers, in spite of all the attempts at isolation. They do it because they must. Never yet has there been a prison régime that successfully suppressed association. Not even solitary confinement does that.

In my own prison experience there are hundreds of instances which illustrate this constant violation of the rules, and the irresistible insistence upon association in some form. We were not allowed to communicate with each other, or to possess pencil or paper in our cells. But he was a poor prisoner, indeed, who had not a little pencil and a scrap of paper hidden in some crevice of the wall. As for communication, the methods are as varied as the day. For instance, one of the boys would steal a colorless ball of thread from the shops, and when stepping into the cell for the night, would slip an end to the man behind him, and that man would pass it on until it reached the end of the gallery; thrown on the floor, drawn against the wall, and tied inside a cell at each end of the gallery, it would serve as a successful means of communication throughout the night. All one had to do was to tie a slip of paper with the

cell-number to the thread and give it a few jerks, and it would be passed on until it reached the designated cell.

Another instance illustrative of the unsuppressible sociability of prison life is to be found in the following personal experience. Having been placed in solitary confinement and kept there for some weeks, and being denied the right to smoke, I was regularly supplied with tobacco in spite of all rules, and in spite of all watchfulness. But more striking than this is the story of a piece of pie that was sent to my cell. One of the boys working in the keepers' mess-hall decided that I ought to have a piece of pie. Pie was served only twice a year in that prison, on very special occasions. I had the two legal pieces of pie and one illegal piece, the piece of pie stolen from the officers' mess-hall by a prisoner. He placed it in a bag and put my cell number on it. As I was in solitary confinement and he was working outside the prison proper, the piece of pie must have traveled some three days and gone through many different hands; and yet it reached me without mishap, though in a rather dried and crushed form. As pie it tasted very good; but it tasted better still because it illustrated the intense social character that is characteristic of a prison group. It must be remembered that pie was rare to all the men, and that it would have tasted equally sweet to any one of them, and yet they passed it on without eating it.

The breaking of the rules is constant, discovery frequent, and punishment follows discovery. To the warden discovery spells lack of discipline, lack of isolation, danger of collusion. It means that there are not enough rules and that there ought to be greater strictness. It means that the danger of collusion is serious and must be prevented. It does not mean to him that there *must* be association. So the rules are made more numerous, the discipline stricter, and

the punishment more severe upon each discovery of a new violation. But to the prisoner punishment only intensifies the need for association. Punishment takes the form of a greater isolation, of more suppression, and for the prisoner has the result of greater discontent, more bitterness, and the greater need for friendship, for communication, and the very pleasures of attempted association, in spite of opposition. This simply means that the more rules there are, the more violations there are bound to be; and the greater the number of violations, the more numerous the rules. The greater the number of violations, the more brutal the punishments; for variety of the punishments and their intensification become, in the mind of the warden, the sole means of achieving the intimidation of the prisoner by which he rules.

Brutality leads to brutality. It hardens official and inmate alike, and makes it the ordinary and habitual method of dealing with the criminal. It adds hatred to the prisoner's reaction against the individual official, and makes the individual official more fearful, more suspicious, more constantly alert, and develops in him a reaction of hatred against the prisoner, making the need for brutality greater and its use more natural. This general consequence holds true for the whole prison. The punishment of the individual prisoner develops within the whole prison a feeling of discontent and hatred because of the natural sympathy which the prisoners feel for one whom they know to be no more guilty than themselves; and particularly because solidarity of feeling is in proportion to individual physical helplessness. This adds to the tensiety of the situation in the prison, adds fuel to the discontent, and makes the need for isolation in the light of the warden's disciplinary measures more justified, brutality more normal,

hatred on the part of the prison group more constant, and irritation more general.

The use of brutality on the part of the warden comes as a comparatively natural process. It becomes a matter of administrative procedure and a normal expectation on the part of the prisoner. If the warden is to punish the man for violating the rules, his field of operations is very limited.

The rules being numerous, the violations corresponding to their number, the bitterness increasing with the rules and their violations, all tax the ingenuity of the prison officials in meting out punishments that will fit the crimes. The men in prison are already deprived of most of the privileges and rights which are ordinarily possessed by the free man. They cannot be taken away as punishment, for they are not there. The only thing at hand for the prison officials upon which to exercise their authority is the prisoner's flesh and bones. They cannot take away his liberty, for stone walls *do* a prison make. They cannot deprive him of his property. In prison most men are equally propertyless. The privileges are few, and not sufficient to satisfy the need for punishment. Nor is there that dignity and social status which among free men may be used for purposes of control. Men in prison are not sensitive about their social standing. They have a social status all their own, it is true. But this is increased by punishment; for the punishment gives the prisoner a standing and honor in a prison community which is enjoyed among free men by a martyr in a good cause. The man must be punished. And this being the situation for which procedure must find a method — the dark cell, starvation for days at a time, beating, strait-jacketing, handcuffing, hanging to a door, or lifting from the floor become the immediate instruments at

hand. They become so through the limitation of the field of punishment. The habitual use of physical manhandling requires intensification to carry out the purpose of intimidation by which the prison authorities operate. In addition, the physical manhandling of the human body tends to develop an indifference to human suffering and a craving for the imposition of cruelty, which increases with the exercise of brutality.

This is the general setting for the development of other phases of cruelty and brutality. A prison, just because it centres on keeping the prisoner from escaping, succeeds not only in keeping the prisoner inside the walls, but in keeping the sun out. A prison is a dark, damp, and cheerless place.

IV

The harshness, silence, twilight, discipline hold true, not only for the prisoner, but also for the keeper. The keeper, too, is a prisoner. He is there all day long, in this atmosphere of tense emotional suppression and military discipline, and, in addition, he is generally there at least two nights a week when on special duty. He is a prisoner. For him there is little beyond the exercise of power. This exercise is a means of escape and outlet, but it is not a sufficient means. It does not make the keeper a happy person. It makes him a harsh and brutal one. The keeper subjects the prisoners to military organization, but he himself is subjected to a similar rule. In the prison as he is all the time, in constant contact with the prisoners, of whom he sees more than of his own wife and children, his contact is chiefly physical. He has no social relations with them. The military discipline to which he is subjected makes that a primary rule of procedure on the part of the keeper. The warden is not only afraid of collusion among the prisoners,

but he is also afraid of collusion between the prisoners and the keepers. The general rule is that a keeper must not speak to a prisoner except on strictly official business, and then the words must be few and to the point. This is the ordinary rule, and the violation of it in the more strictly disciplinary prisons is followed by immediate and summary punishment.

There is, however, another reason why the keeper does not associate with the prisoner. After all *he* is a keeper, an official, a good man (at least in his own judgment). Whereas a convict is a criminal. For his own clear conscience' sake the keeper must, and does instinctively, make a sharp distinction between himself and the man whom he guards. This distinction in the mind of the keeper is absolutely essential. It is essential because we cannot brutally impose our will upon our equals and betters. We can do it only to those whom we *believe* to be inferior, — different, — and not as good as ourselves. In particular, it is *helpful* if to this feeling there is added a personal element of hatred. It all tends to make brutality easier and more natural.

The keeper, of course, does not know all this. He does not see that his hatred and contempt for the prisoner is a shield for his own conscience and a cover for his own morality. He believes the prisoner to be worse, just because he is a prisoner. This makes association between the prisoner and the keepers almost impossible, except as it expresses itself in dominance. The keeper succeeds in making a gap between himself and the prisoner, and the gap is filled by contempt.

But the prisoner is not at all ready to make the concession of inferiority. In fact, the prisoner feels that he is much better than the keeper and certainly as good as most other people in the community. This is the prisoner's morality.

To him — and within his experience — there is room for reasonable conviction that all people are crooked, and that the chief distinction between himself and the others is that he has been caught and the rest are still to be caught. For if a man is not a thief he is a fool, or a poor 'simp' like the keeper, who cannot make a living at anything except torturing better and smarter men than himself.

I say this feeling on the part of the prisoner is understandable in the light of his experiences. The people with whom he has associated, the police who have hounded him, the lawyers who have prosecuted or defended him, the courts instrumental in jailing him, and the keepers who guard him are, as he well knows, and have been on occasion, subject to proper influence — 'proper' meaning *safe* and *remunerative* approach. That being the case, the prisoner is convinced, generally speaking, that his conviction and sentence are unjust and unfair; that he is in a way a martyr; that justice and decency are on his side; and that the poor ignorant and simple-minded 'screw' knows nothing but brutality, is simply a person beneath his own class and worthy of nothing but contempt. The gap which the keeper fills on his side is on the other side filled to its limit by the prisoner.

It is necessary fully to understand what all this means to the keeper, and its consequence upon his mental development. Most keepers enter prison as young men, long before maturity and experience have given them that larger and more sympathetic insight and understanding which come to most men as they grow older. They become the keepers of other men when they themselves are still immature and undeveloped. They are thrown into an atmosphere that tends to stifle initiative and personal activity of any kind. They are pressed from the bottom by their

charges, and from the top by their superiors. They are in a vise that stifles, cramps, and destroys all spontaneity in their being, long before it has reached its full growth. Not being free men, in the sense that men are free in their work; not being able to play and laugh and associate humanly with the people with whom they are in the most constant companionship, they are not likely to be social. The suppression and the lack of personal freedom, the monotony of their existence, the constant atmosphere of hatred, suspicion, and contempt, tend to contort, to twist, and to make bitter the attitude of the keeper toward his charges. The only relation he can have with them is that of dominance, and the only pleasure and play he can get, the only exercise of initiative at his disposal, comes through the imposition of authority. He needs pleasures, because all men need pleasures; but his pleasures become, through the prison machine, the exercise of brutality for him and pain for others.

These two elements — the exercise of authority and the resulting enjoyment of brutality — are the keynote to an understanding of the psychology of the keeper. They are both the result of the prison organization, and both feed upon suppression. The exercise of authority has a very peculiar influence on most men. It tends to make them domineering, abrupt, harsh, inconsiderate, and terribly opinionated. This is true to the *n*th degree in prison. In the outside world, authority is limited by the freedom of the subject. In the army, the soldier can always desert; in the factory, he can always quit his job. Both of these have obvious limitations, but they are not limitations that are absolute. They can be overcome in despair, in anger, or in disgust. But in prison there is no escape from authority. The authority of the keeper

and the warden is absolute, and the weakness and helplessness of the prisoners are absolute. What this means is that the influence of authority tends to show itself more quickly and more conspicuously and more effectively in the prison than it does in any other organized community. The influence of domination upon those who exercise power is apparently proportioned to the weakness of those on whom the power is exercised.

Let me illustrate: I remember one day a young Irish lad was brought as a keeper into our prison. He was a small, thin-faced lad of about twenty-one. He had a coat some three sizes too large for him and a cap that reached down over his eyes. When he first made his appearance inside the walls, standing beside a long row of marching men in gray, he made a very pitiful sight. His face was a little pale, his shoulders stooping, his coat slipping down (because it was too large), his feet drawn together, a club hanging limply between the legs, his head down, his eyes on the ground. He seemed very much frightened, indeed, apparently fearing that these terrible men in gray would jump at him and bite him. But in time, as the boys who marched by smiled rather humorously at his obviously frightened appearance, he began to straighten out, to raise his eyes, to move his cap slightly upward. This change of appearance was visible from day to day. The cap moved just a little higher and he raised his eyes a little farther off the ground, his feet were a little more apart, his shoulders a little straighter, and his limp club began to swing a little more every day.

In two months young Kelly was a new man. He strutted like a peacock in his morning glory. His shy, rather frightened expression had been replaced by a harsh, domineering, rather cynical one, with just a little curl of the

lower lip to the right of his mouth. He became the worst guard we had in prison. He was the youngest guard we had there. They all become a little more cautious when they become older, because they find that a prisoner may on rare occasions have a 'come back'; but it takes time to learn that, and Kelly had not learned it. He became the most hated man in prison, and actually drove a gang under his charge into mutiny, so that they nearly killed him. After that Kelly was a little more cautious. He exercised his brutality on the isolated individual and was more circumspect with the group.

I have gone to this length to describe a change which took place in that boy, because I am convinced, both from observation and from what I know of prisons, that this is a fairly characteristic consequence due to the exercise of dominance within prison walls.

V

The prisoner gets some pleasure trying to beat the rules of the game laid down by the prison administration. These facts, combined with the morbid lonesomeness of an isolated prison community, with the intensity of the atmosphere, make the need for excitement a physical craving, at least, for some of the guards. There is thus a passion developed for cruelty in prison on the part of the keeper, which is unmistakable, and for which testimony is to be found in almost every prison memoir and the report of almost every investigation of prison cruelty. Nothing can explain the ingenious tortures, the readiness and almost the pleasure with which they are inflicted, except a strong desire in terms of emotion (rather than reasonable conviction of their utility) for their imposition. Hanging people by their wrists, handcuffing them to their doors, making them wear head-

cages chained around the neck, beating them with clubs, and doing other brutal things cannot be explained in terms of discipline or its effectiveness. This seems especially true when the evidence of brutality is set against the psychology of the man who has been a practitioner of that type of brutality for many years. Let me describe one instance of what was, undoubtedly, cruelty of this particular type.

In the 'cooler' of Blackwell's Island we had a keeper whose business it was to look after the men in that particular place. He was a tall, lanky, slim, pale-faced person, with a bald head, except for the fringe of yellow hair hanging loosely down the back of his head. His general name in the prison was 'String Beans,' because he looked like a string bean, — long, lean, and crooked, — except that he was yellow rather than green. His special name, the name given him by the boys in the cooler, was the 'Chippie Chaser.' He had a very long face, with a mouth that hung down and had no teeth in it, and eyes that were inside of his head, just a little green and rather small. He looked, as a matter of fact, the nearest thing to a copy of the proverbial devil, or what might have passed for his assistant, that I have seen outside of a picture-book.

I do not want to be unkind to the 'Chippie Chaser.' He had been a keeper for twenty years; practically his whole life had been passed in looking after men in their weakest and in their most brutal moments. He had been, for a long time, in charge of the confinement of the men in the cooler, or in the dark cell, before the cooler took its place, and his contact with the men was in their most helpless and least interesting moments. Confined in this little room of twenty-eight cells, locked away from the rest of the prison, his was a very dull and monotonous life. I

was there fourteen days as a prisoner, but he had been there for many years as a keeper, and it is not the place where a man can keep his senses in a normal state over a long period of time. Men are put in the cooler for special discipline, and in this particular case the discipline took the form of depriving us of our beds, our clothing (except pyjamas), our food, except two slices of bread and a gill of water every twenty-four hours, and of keeping us there until we were broken in spirit or succumbed to the gnawings and deterioration of a hungry body. It was his business to care for us and those like us who had been there before throughout the years. It was not a pleasant job and it did not tend to make a pleasant man.

We called him the 'Chippie Chaser' because he used to chase the little birds off the window that would occasionally come there with early morning and chirp a morning song. To a man in the cooler, hungry and unwashed, with a broken body and a sick, melancholy soul, a cheering note from a little bird was a very pleasant sound. It used to refresh and lighten our burden. He knew it. That is why he chased the birds away. We knew that was why he did it, and we cursed him. But the more we cursed, the happier he seemed to be. He had developed a desire, apparently, to make us curse, to make us suffer, to exasperate us, if he could. If the bird did not provide the occasion, he would find other means to provoke us. He would stand down there on the floor and look up at us on the galleries, each one of us standing against the barred door, straining our necks to look out, and he would call us every name that he could think of. He would say things to us that cannot be said anywhere but inside a prison, where men are locked safely behind their bars. He knew a great many vile names — he had spent many years in an atmosphere

where adjectives of human disrepute were a specialty. And we would say them back. But we who were hungry and weak would soon tire of this game, and, leaving the honors to him, would retire to our corners exhausted.

At times, however, not having had enough excitement, he would take a pail of cold water and spill it into the cell of one of the boys. It must be remembered that we slept on the floors, that for greater comfort the floors were hilly and the water would not all run out, that the windows were kept open, and that it was cool at night. A pail of water did not tend to add to the comfort of the situation. We responded in the only way we could — by exasperation. We howled and screeched, gritted our teeth, grabbed our buckets and slammed them against the doors, raising a desperate, maddening sound, that must have been heard in heaven. And he, standing down there looking up at the galleries where the men were foaming at the mouth with exasperation, would rub his hands, open his toothless mouth, and shout above the din of the banging buckets against the iron doors, 'This is hell and I am the devil.'

I take it, of course, that this is probably an unusual example of cruelty. But if it is different, it is different only in degree and not in kind from other types of prison cruelty. Prison organization, being what it is, leads to cruelty, and the cruelty tends to vary in form and particular emphasis with the special person who exercises it.

It must be remembered that to all of this there is to be added the fact that men who live in small cells, on poor food, without sufficient exercise or air, without the soothing influence of wife or family, in an atmosphere of suppression and extreme self-consciousness, become weak and sensitive. They tend to exaggerate the importance of little things, their nerves are on edge, and their

response to imposition, even of the slightest degree, is likely to be disproportionately intense. All this only goes to make each little rule, which seems unimportant and of no consequence to an outsider, a heavy and unsupportable burden to the prisoner.

VI

There is at least one more element to be considered in the discussion of prison cruelty: the relation of the well-intentioned warden to this whole scheme of rule and discipline. The better intentioned the warden is, the more likely is he to become cruel, if he maintains the old prison organization. He generally comes into prison a comparatively ignorant man in so far as the real significance of prison organization is concerned. He knows very little about the actual workings and consequence of the prison régime. He comes, generally, with the same attitude toward the prisoner that is characteristic of most people. The men are bad and he is going to reform them. Not understanding the vicious circle of prison isolation and its results, he assumes that reform consists in the changing of a few of the more stupid rules, and that in doing so he will have laid the basis of complete regeneration of the prisoner.

But this is, of course, an idle dream. The prison cannot be changed as long as the old basis of suppression and isolation is maintained; and he finds to his dismay that the men do not reform; in spite of his good intentions, the men continue breaking the rules. He does not know that they *must* break them, so he thinks they break them because they are bad. He is a conscientious person. He means well by the community. He is outraged at a lack of gratitude on the part of the men. He becomes convinced that there are a few men who are incorrigibles, and that these few must

be made a lesson of for the greater benefit of the rest. So he falls back into the older ways. Were he an indifferent man instead of a reformer, he would let things go their way and not be over-sensitive about them; but just because he is sensitive, just because his intentions are good, just because he means well, he has a tendency to lose his temper, to damn the fellow who would take advantage, as he puts it, of his own good-nature, and his cruelty rises with his good intentions. I do not say he is cruel; all I say is that he means well and his cruelty is only an indirect reflection of his good intentions.

This point may seem strange, because good intentions are in themselves held, as a general rule, in such high esteem. In prison organization, however, what is important in the consideration of cruelty and its development is the fact that the old prison system exists in terms of suppression and isolation of the individual and in a denial of a social existence; and just so long as this is the major fact in prison administration, just so long is cruelty inevitable, and just so long can the cruelty phenomenon not be eliminated by a few changes in rules and regulations.

The chief merit, from this point of view, of Thomas Mott Osborne's work lies in the fact that the emphasis, instead of being upon isolation, is upon sociability; that through self-government the men are given an ever-increasing degree of inter-relationship and communication, association, group-problems and *esprit de corps*. This simply means that the prime cause of the development of the cruelty phenomenon ceases to operate, because isola-

tion from the group ceases, and the less isolation and suppression, the less hatred, bitterness, lonesomeness, morbid self-consciousness, and moodiness; the less pressure there is upon the individual to escape, and therefore the less need there is for isolation. Just as isolation works in a vicious circle leading on to greater isolation and to more cruelty and more isolation, so its reverse leads to a lessening of the pressure upon the individual; the more sociability, the less need for cruelty and the resulting greater sociability.

I do not want at present to go into an analysis of the results upon the individual of social organization in prison. It must, however, be obvious that its first consequence is to eliminate the greater part of the evil results of the old system, to make those non-existent; and secondly, it tends to introduce a new set of consequences which emphasize the social aspects of human life, which develop initiative, self-restraint, coöperation, powers of group-activity, and all the characteristics that come from freedom of participation in the activities of the group. It brings new problems and new evils, but they are the problems and the evils of association and not those of isolation. And these new problems are the problems of democracy, and their control is to be found in the methods of democracy. Just as the old system tends to desocialize and to distort the prisoner, this new system of social organization tends to socialize the unsocial criminal, and to develop the undeveloped mind of the man who has lived — as many prisoners have — a very one-sided and incomplete life.

OF SCHOOL, THE TRAMPER, AND MANY THINGS

FROM THE JOURNAL OF OPAL WHITELEY

Six Years Old

It was after some of our reading lessons this morning — it was then teacher did ask questions of all the school. First she asked Jimmy eight things at once. She did ask him what is a horse and a donkey and a squirrel and a engine and a road and a snake and a store and a rat. And he did tell her all. He did tell her in his way. Then she asked Big Jud some things, and he got up in a slow way and said, 'I don't know,' — like he most always does, — and he sat down. Then she asked Lola some things, and Lola did tell her all in one breath. And teacher marked her a good mark in the book, and she gave Lola a smile. And Lola gave her nice red hair a smooth back and smiled a smile back at teacher.

Then it was teacher did call my name. I stood up real quick. I did have thinks it would be nice to get a smile from her like the smile she did smile upon Lola. And teacher did ask me eight things at once. She did ask me what is a pig and a mouse and a baby deer and a duck and a turkey and a fish and a colt and a blackbird. And I did say in a real quick way, 'A pig is a *cochon* and a mouse is a *mulot* and a baby deer is a *daine* and a duck is a *canard* and a turkey is a *dindon* and a fish is a *poisson* and a colt is a *poulain* and a blackbird is a *merle*.' And after each one I did say, teacher did shake her head and say, 'It is not,' and I did say, 'It is.'

When I was all through, she did say,

'You have them all wrong. You have not told what they are. They are not what you said they are.' And when she said that, I did just say, 'They are — they are — they are.' Teacher said, 'Opal, you sit down.' I so did. But when I sat down, I said, 'A pig is a *cochon* — a mouse is a *mulot* — a baby deer is a *daine* — a duck is a *canard* — a turkey is a *dindon* — a fish is a *poisson* — a colt is a *poulain* — a blackbird is a *merle*.' Teacher says, 'Opal, for that you are going to stay in next recess and both recess-times to-morrow and the next day and the next day.' Then she did look a look at all the school, and she did say as how me not getting to go out for recess-times would be an egg sam pull for all the other children in our school.

They are out at play. It is a most long recess, but I do know a pig is a *cochon* and a mouse is a *mulot* and a baby deer is a *daine* and a duck is a *canard* and a turkey is a *dindon* and a fish is a *poisson* and a colt is a *poulain* and a blackbird is a *merle*. So I do know, for Angel Father always did call them so. He knows. He knows what things are. But no one hereabouts does call things by the names Angel Father did. Sometimes I do have thinks this world is a different world to live in. I do have lonesome feels.

This is a most long recess. While here I do sit I do hear the talkings of the more big girls outside the window most near unto my desk. The children are playing Black Man and the ones more

little are playing tag. I have thinks as how nice it would be to be having talks with Good King Edward I and lovely Queen Eleanor of Castile and Peter Paul Rubens and Brave Horatius and Lars Porsena of Clusium and Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus and Aphrodite. And I do think this is a most long recess.

I still do have hearings of the talkings of the girls outside the windows. The more old girls are talking what they want. Martha says she wants a bow. I don't have seeings why she wants another one. Both her braids were tied back this morning time with a new bow, and its color was the color of the blossoms of crow-berry. Lola says she wants a white silk dress. She says her life will be complete when she does have on a white silk dress — a white silk dress with a little ruffle around the neck and one around each sleeve. She says she will be a great lady then; and she says all the children will gather around her and sing when she has her white silk dress on. And while they sing and while she does have her white silk dress on, she will stand up and stretch out her arms and bestow her blessing on all the people like the deacon does in the church at the mill town.

Now teacher is come to the door. She does say, 'Opal, you may eat your lunch — at your desk.' I did have hungry feels and all this is noon-time instead of short recess-time. It so has been a long recess-time. I did have thinks when came noon-time of all the things I would do down by the rivière.

I went to look for the fairies. I went to the near woods. I hid behind the trees and made little runs to big logs. I walked along the logs and I went among the ferns. I did tiptoe among the ferns. I looked looks about. I did touch fern-fronds and I did have feels

of their gentle movements. I came to a big root. I hid in it. I so did to wait waits for the fairies that come among the big trees.

While I did wait waits, I did have thinks about that letter I did write on the other day for more color pencils that I do have needs of to print with. I thought I would go to the moss-box by the old log. I thought I would have goes there to see if the fairies yet did find my letter. I went. The letter, it was gone. Then I did have joy feels all over. The color pencils, they were come.¹ There was a blue one and a green one and a yellow one. And there was a purple one and a brown one and a red one. I did look looks at them a long time. It was so nice, the quick way the fairies did bring them. While I was looking more looks at them someone did come near the old root. It was my dear friend Peter Paul Rubens. I gave him four pats and I showed him all the color pencils. Then I did make a start to go to the mill by the far woods. Peter Paul Rubens went with me and Brave Horatius came a-following after. All the way along I did feel glad feels, and I had thinks how happy the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice would be when he did see how quick the fairies did answer my letter and bring the color pencils.

When we were come near the mill by the far woods, it was near gray-light time. The lumber men were on their home way. They did whistle as they did go. Two went side by side, and three came after. And one came after all. It was the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice. Brave Horatius made a quick run to meet him, and I did follow after. I did have him guess what it was the fairies did

¹ The manuscript is written in great part with colored pencils — an accident which is now of material assistance in grouping the torn fragments which belong together. — EDITOR.

bring this time. He guessed a sugar-lump for William Shakespeare every day next week. I told him it was n't a right guess. He guessed some more. But he could n't guess right, so I showed them all to him. He was so surprised. He said he was so surprised the fairies did bring them this soon. And he was so glad about it. He always is. He and I — we do have knows the fairies walk often in these woods, and when I do have needs of more color pencils to make more prints with, I do write the fairies about it. I write to them a little letter on leaves of trees, and I do put it in the moss-box at the end of the old log. Then, after they do come walking in the woods and find the letter in the moss-box, they do bring the color pencils, and they lay them in the moss-box. I find them there and I am happy.

No one does have knowing of that moss-box but one. He is the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice. He has knowings of the letters I do print on leaves and put there for the fairies. And after he does ask me and after I do tell him I have wrote to them for color pencils that I have needs of, he does take a little fern plant and make a fern wish with it that the fairies will bring to me the color pencils I have needs of. Then we do plant the little fern by the old log. And the time is not long until I do find the color pencils in the moss-box by the old log. I am very happy.

To-day the grandpa¹ dug potatoes in the field. Too, the chore-boy did dig potatoes in the field. I followed along after. My work was to pick up the potatoes they got out of the ground. I picked them up and piled them in piles. Some of them were very plump. Some of them were not big. All of them wore brown dresses. When they were in

¹ Mrs. Whiteley's father.

piles I did stop to take looks at them. I walked up close. I looked them all over. I walked off and took a long look at them. Potatoes are very interesting folks. I think they must see a lot of what is going on in the earth. They have so many eyes. And after I did look those looks as I did go along, I did count the eyes that every potato did have and their numbers were in blessings. To some piles I did stop to give geology lectures, and some I did tell about the nursery and the caterpillars in it — the caterpillars that are going to *hiver* sleep in silken cradles, and some in woolen so go.

And one I did tell about the new ribbon Aphrodite has to wear, and how she does have a fondness for chocolate creams. To the potato most near unto it I did tell of the little bell that Peter Paul Rubens does wear to cathedral service. To the one next to it I did tell how Louis II, le Grand Condé, is a mouse of gentle ways and how he does have likings to ride in my sleeve. And all the times I was picking up potatoes I did have conversations with them. Too, I did have thinks of all their growing days there in the ground and all the things they did hear.

When I grow up I am going to write for children — and grown-ups that have n't grown up too much — all the earth-songs I now do hear. I have thinks these potatoes growing here did have knowings of star-songs. I have kept watch in the field at night, and I have seen the stars look kindness down upon them. And I have walked between the rows of potatoes and I have watched the star-gleams on their leaves. And I have heard the wind ask of them the star-songs the star-gleams did tell in shadows on their leaves. And as the wind did go walking in the field talking to the earth-voices there, I did follow her down the rows. I did have feels of her presence near. And her goings by

made ripples on my nightgown. Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus did cuddle more close up in my arms. And Brave Horatius followed after.

Sometimes, when a long time it is I have been walking and listening to the voices of the night, then it is Brave Horatius does catch the corner of my nightgown in his mouth and he pulls — he pulls most hard in the way that does go to the house we live in. After he does pull, he barks the barks he always does bark when he has thinks it is home-going time. I listen. Sometimes I go back. He goes with me. Sometimes I go on. He goes with me. And often it is he is come with me to this field where the potatoes grow. And he knows most all the poetry I have told them.

On the afternoon of to-day, when I did have a goodly number of potatoes in piles, I did have thinks as how this was the going-away day of Saint François of Assisi and the borning-day of Jean François Millet; so I did take as many potatoes as they years did dwell upon earth. Forty-four potatoes I so took for Saint François of Assisi, for his years were near unto forty-four. Sixty potatoes I so took for Jean François Millet, for his years were sixty years. All these potatoes I did lay in two rows. In one row was forty-four and in the other row was sixty. And as I had seeing of them all there, I did have thinks to have a choir. First I did sing, 'Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus.' After I did sing it three times, I did have thinks as how it would be nice to have more in the choir. And I did have remembers as how to-morrow is the going-away day of Philippe III, roi de France, and so for the forty years that were his years I did bring forty more potatoes in a row. That made more in the choir. Then I did sing three times over, 'Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritu Sancto. Hosanna in excelsis.'

Before I did get all through the last time with 'Hosanna in excelsis,' I did have thinks as how the next day after that day would be the borning-day of Louis Philippe, roi de France, and the going-away day of Alfred Tennyson. And I did bring more potatoes for the choir. Seventy-six I did so bring for the years that were the years of Louis Philippe, roi de France. Eighty-three I so did bring for the years that were the years of Alfred Tennyson. And the choir — there was a goodly number of folks in it — all potato folks wearing brown robes. Then I did sing one *Ave Maria*. I was going to sing one more when I did have thinks as how the next day after the next day after the next day would be the going-away day of Sir Philip Sidney, so I did bring thirty-one more potatoes for the choir. It did take a more long time to bring them because all the potatoes nearabout were already in the choir.

Brave Horatius did walk by my side, and he did have seeing as how I was bringing potatoes to the choir. And so he did bring some — one at a time he did pick them up and bring them, just like he does pick up a stick of wood in his mouth when I am carrying in wood. He is a most helpful dog. To-day I did have needs to keep watches. I did so have needs to see that he put not more potatoes in the other choir-rows. First time he did bring a potato he did lay it down by the choir-row of Alfred Tennyson. Next potato he did bring, he did lay it by the choir-row of Jean François Millet. Next time I made a quick run when I did have seeing of him going to lay it down by the choir-row of Philippe III, roi de France. I did pat my foot and tell him where to lay it for the choir-row of Sir Philip Sidney. He so did. We did go for more. When there were thirty-one potatoes in the choir-row of Sir Philip Sidney we did start service again. I did begin

with 'Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus.' And Brave Horatius did bark amen. He is a most good dog.

When near gray-light time was come, the chore-boy went from the field. When most-dark time was come, Brave Horatius and I so went. When we were come to the house we live in, the folks had gone to visit at the house of Elsie. I did take my bowl of bread and milk and I did eat it on the back steps. Brave Horatius ate his supper near me. He did eat his all long before I did mine. So I did give him some of mine. Then we watched the stars come out.

I did not have goings to school to-day, for this is wash-day and the mamma did have needs of me at home. There was baby clothes to wash. The mamma does say that is my work, and I do try to do it in the proper way she says it ought to be done. It does take quite a time long, and all the time it is taking I do have longings to go on exploration trips. And the brook that does go by our house is always bringing songs from the hills. When the clothes of the baby were most white, I did bring them again to the wash-bench that does set on the porch that does go out from our back door. Then there was the chickens to feed and the stockings were to rub. Stockings do have needs of many rubs. That makes them clean. While I did do the rubs, I did sing little songs to the grasses that grow about our door.

After the stockings did have many rubs, the baby it was to tend. I did sing it songs of songs Angel Mother did sing to me. And sleeps came upon the baby. But she is a baby that does have wake-ups between times. To-day she had a goodly number. By and by, when the washing was part done, then the mamma went away to the grandma's house to get some soap. When she

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went away, she did say she wished she did n't have to bother with carrying water to scrub the floor. She does n't. While she has been gone a good while, I have plenty of water on the floor for her to mop it when she gets back. When she did go away she said to me to wring the clothes out of the wash. There was a lot of clothes in the wash — skirts and aprons and shirts and dresses and clothes that you wear under dresses. Every bit of clothes I took out of the tubs I carried into the kitchen and squeezed all the water out on the kitchen floor. That makes lots of water everywhere — under the cook-table and under the cupboard and under the stove. Why, there is most enough water to mop the three floors, and then some water would be left over.

I did feel glad feels because it was so as the mamma did want it. While I did wait for her coming, I did make prints and mind the baby. When the mamma was come, she did look not glad looks at the water on the floor. She did only look looks for the switches over the kitchen window. After I did have many sore feels, she put me out the door to stay out. I did have sorry feels for her. I did so try hard to be helps.

When a little way I was gone from the door I did look looks about. I did have thinks about Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus — about his nose — its feels. I so went in the way that does go to the hospital. That dear pet rat's nose is getting well. Some way he got his nose too near that trap they set for rats in the barn. Of course, when I found him that morning, I let him right out of the trap. He has a ward all to himself in the hospital. For breakfast he has some of my oatmeal. For dinner he has some of my dinner. And for supper I carry to him corn in a jarlid. Sadie McKinzie, who has on her face many freckles and a kind heart,

gives me enough mentholatum to put on his nose seven times a day. And he is growing better. And to-day when I was come to the hospital I took him in my arms. He did cuddle up. Too, he gave his cheese squeak. That made me have lonesome feels. I can't carry cheese to him any more out of the house we live in. I can't because, when the mamma learned that I was carrying cheese to Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus, she said to me while she did apply a kindling to the back part of me, 'Don't you dare carry any more cheese out to that rat.' And since then I do not carry cheese out to Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus, but I do carry him into the kitchen to the cheese. I let him sniff long sniffs at it. Then I push his nose back and I cut from the big piece of cheese delicate slices for Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus.

This I do when the mamma is n't at home. To-day, she being come again to the house we live in, I could not have goings there with Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus to the cheese. I did go the way that goes to the house of Sadie McKinzie. I did go that way so she might have knowings of the nose-improvements of Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus. When I was most come there he did squeak more of his cheese squeaks. It was most hard — having hearing of him and not having cheese for him. I could hardly keep from crying. He is a most lovely wood-rat and all his ways are ways of gentleness. And he is just like the mamma's baby — when he squeaks he does have expects to get what he squeaks for. I did cuddle him up more close in my arms. And he had not squeaks again for some little time. It was when I was talking to Sadie McKinzie about the château of Neuilly that I do have most part done; it was then he did give his squeaks. He began and went on and did continue so. I just could n't keep from crying. His

cheese longings are like my longings for Angel Mother and Angel Father. He did just crawl up and put his nose against my curls. I did stand first on one foot and then on the other. The things I was going to say did go in a swallow down my throat.

Sadie McKinzie did wipe her hands on her blue gingham apron with cross stitches on it. She did have askings what was the matter with Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus. And I just said, 'O Sadie McKinzie, it's his cheese squeak.' And she said not a word, but she did go in a quick way to her kitchen. She brought back a piece of cheese. It was n't a little piece. It was a great big piece. There's enough in it for four breakfasts and six dinners. When Sadie McKinzie did give it to me for him, she did smooth back my curls and she did give me three kisses — one on each cheek and one on the nose. She smiled her smile upon us, and we were most happy and we did go from her house to the cathedral. There I did have a thank service for the goodness of God and the goodness of Sadie McKinzie, and the piece of cheese that did bring peace to the lovely Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus.

When I was come to the house we live in, the mamma and the little girl and the baby — they were all gone to the house of Elsie. I made a start at the works. I did feed the chickens, and there was much wood to bring in and baby clothes to wash and ashes to empty from the stove. These four things I did. I looked looks about to see what other works did have needs to be done. I had remembers that, when the papa went away to work this morning, he said he did not have time to cut the ham before he went. I have know if he is too busy in the morning to get a thing done, it mostly don't get done when he comes home from work at

night. It so does not because he has so tired feels.

To-day I had thinks the time was come when I better help about that ham. I went out to the woodshed. I went not out to get wood. I went out to the woodshed to tend to that ham. I had thinks I better make an early start or that ham would n't be cut up by evening. I piled wood high enough so I could stand on tiptoes and reach to the flour-sack the ham was tied in. But I could not get that sack down. I pulled and pulled, but it would n't come down. I did n't have knows what I was going to do.

Pretty soon, by having concentration of my thinks, I thought of a way. I got the scissors and cut the bottom out of that sack. That ham came down right quick. It landed on its back on the wood-pile. My foot slipped and I landed on top of it. I got up and dragged it up on the chopping-block. Then I got the butcher knife from its place in the cook-table drawer. I went to work. That knife did n't seem to make moves like the moves it does make when it is in the hands of the papa. I tried to make it go down in a quick way. It went not so. I looked close looks at it. Its appears did have looks like it did have needs of a sharp penning. I have seen the papa sharp pen it on the grindstone by the singing brook. So did I. I poured a goodly amount of water on that stone wheel. Most of the water splashed off. The rest did trickle away. Then I did hold that knife to the stone wheel. And I did make tries to turn it in a quick way like I have seen the papa do. But I could not make that wheel go in quick turns. It would not so go. I made big tries for a long time.

When I had thinks the knife did look some better, I did go again to my work. I walked three times around that ham there on the chopping-block. I so did

to take looks at it to see where I better make begins. I did have thinks in under its outside where it is most big would be the proper place. I made begins. I did make the knife to go a little way. Then I made a stop to rest. Then I made the knife go some more. I made another stop to rest. I went on. Pretty soon a slice of ham landed. It fell off the chopping-block on to a stick of wood. I picked it up. I held it up to take a look at it. My, I did feel such proud feels from my toes to my curls. I had it cut in such a nice way. It had frills around it and holes in between — just like Elsie's crochet doily that she keeps on her best stand table. I have knows the papa never did cut a slice of ham that way. The slices of ham he cuts, they never do have frilly looks with holes in between. After I did hang that slice of ham on a nail by the door, I did cut another slice. It was not so wide but it had more longness and some strings on it like the little short strings on the nightcap of Jenny Strong. I had not decides yet where to hang it. It was when I was having thinks about it — it was then I did hear a heavy step.

I turned me all about, and there was a tramper by the woodshed door. He had not gentle looks like some trampers have. His beard did grow in the hobo way. And his appears did look like he knew not knowings of neatness. He stood there looking looks at that ham. He kept his looks on it and he did walk right into the woodshed. He had asking if the mamma was at home.

I said, 'No, she is not. She is at the house of Elsie.'

Then he says, 'I guess I'll take this ham along with me.'

I almost lost my breathings because I did have remembers of all the days the papa has plans to have that ham for breakfast and dinner and supper. So I just sat down on the chopping-

block. I sat on the ham and I spread my blue calico apron out over it. I put my hand on its handle that it hangs in the woodshed by. Me and my apron covered that ham so he could n't have seeing of it. And while I sat on the ham I did pray God to keep it safe for the breakfasts and dinners and suppers of the papa and the mamma.

The trumper looked queer looks at me. He came a little more near. I did pray on. And God in his goodness sent answer to my prayer in a quick way. Brave Horatius came on a run from somewhere. He made a stop at the woodshed door. He looked a look in. He gave a growl. Then he went at that trumper. He did grab him by his ragged pants. I have thinks maybe his teeth did touch the ankle of the trumper, because he gave a little pain squeal and shook his leg. Then he did go in a hurry away. Brave Horatius followed after.

I was just going to start work again on that ham when the mamma was come home from her visit. She did soon give me a whipping and put me here under the bed. Now I have wonders what that whipping was for. I did feed the chickens and carry in the wood and do the baby's washing and empty the ashes. And more I did beside — I cut two slices of ham with frills on them.

Some of the trampers that go the way that goes to the upper camps do have stops when they go by here. They stop to get a bite to eat. And some come to the front door, and some do come to the back door. They knock on the door. Some rap their knuckles hard and some tap in a gentle way. There was one who so did one week ago. Sleeps was just come upon the baby after I did sing it *Le chanson de Saint Firmin*, and I did go to the door to see who it was. The man that it was, he said he was on his way to get work

at the upper camps. He was a man with a clean sad face and a kind look in his eyes. And the roll upon his back was a heavy roll. I straightway did go and get my bowl of bread and milk that I was going to have for dinner. I gave it to him. He ate it in a hungry way, like Brave Horatius does eat his supper when we are come back from a long explore trip. Then, when the man did eat all the bread and milk, he did split some wood out in the woodshed. He did pile it up in a nice way. Then he went. He went on to the upper camps. When he did go he said, 'The Lord's blessing be with you, child.'

I said, 'It is.' And I did tell him, 'We have a cathedral in the woods; and this eventime, when we have prayers there, we will pray that you may get work at the upper camps.' And at coming of eventime we did. And Peter Paul Rubens did grunt amen at in-between times. Now every day we do pray for the man that was hungry and had a kind look in his eyes.

When I was come to the house, I went around and I did walk in the back door-way. The mamma was n't in. I took long looks about to see what works I best do first. There was washed-up dishes in a bake-pan, so I did dish-towel them all and put them away. There was needs to climb upon a chair and upon a box to put those dishes where they ought to be put. While I was up there, I took looks about to see what there was. I saw a cake of Bon Ami. Bon Ami is to give things a shine-up. And this morning I gave the knives a shine-up and the forks too. Then I tried Bon Ami on the black kettles and the bakepans. It did not give unto them such nice appears, so I gave them a shine-up with vaseline. After that I did take the broom from its place and I gave the floor a good brooming. I broomed the boards

up and down and cross-ways. There was not a speck of dirt on them left. What I did sweep off with the broom I did place into a shoe-box lid and dust it in the stove. Then the floor did look clean like the mamma does say it ought to look all of the time. I put the broom back in its place, where the mamma does say it ought to be.

Then I did look looks from the floor to the window. I thought I better clean the window too while I was fixing things. Just when I started to put Bon Ami on the window, I did look out to see what I could see. I saw Agamemnon Menelaus Dindon going in a slow walk by. He was giving his neck a stretch-out. He gave it another one, and when he made a swallow his throat did look appears of croup. And croup does always have needs of being fixed up. So I laid down the Bon Ami, and I went and I did pour a whole lot of coal-oil down the throat of Agamemnon Menelaus Dindon. That was to make his croup go away. Now he will be feeling well feels real soon. He did n't want to take the coal-oil. I had to hold him tight. Some turkey gobblers can kick most hard. After that I went out in the woodshed where the papa keeps his tools. He keeps them in a big box. Some days he forgets to lock the box. Those days I have very interesting times in the woodshed. There are all kinds of queer-looking things in that tool-box.

Just when I did have the lid open, the mamma did call. She was come again home, and she sent me back to Elsie's to get the tidy she was crocheting that she did forget and leave there. So I did go the way that does lead to the house of Elsie. It is not far from the house we live in, and Elsie has not been married long. She only has one baby. She has much liking for it. Elsie is a very young girl — a very young girl to be married, the mamma says. To-day,

when I came to the house of Elsie, she was trotting on her knee that dear baby boy the angels brought her when she did live at the other camp where we did live too. To him she was singing a song. It was

‘Gallop-a-trot,
Gallop-a-trot,
This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Gallop-a-trot.’

She tossed her head as she did sing. And the joy-light danced in her eyes. I have thinks it must be wonderful happiness, being married. I have seen the same joy-light in the eyes of her tall young husband. It is there much when he is come home at eventide from work in the woods. Then she does have many kinds words and kisses for him. He has adores for her, and too he has a pumpadoor that he smooths back with vaseline. Why to-day I did see he had used most all of the vaseline out of that jar that sets on their kitchen-shelf. That vaseline jar has an interest look. I have been watching it. And every day when I do stand on tiptoe and take peeks at it, there is not so much vaseline in it as there was in it the day before. I have thinks it does take a goodly amount to keep his pumpadoor smooth.

While I was bringing home the tidy the mamma did leave at the house of Elsie, I saw a gray board. I did turn it over. Under that old gray board were five little silk bags. They were white and they did feel lumps. I know baby spiders will come out of them when come spring days, because last year I found bags like these, and this year in the spring baby spiders walked out. They were very fidgety youngsters.

Just when I did most have decides to take them to the nursery, I heard the mamma calling. I put the board back again in the way it was before I came that way. Then I did run a quick run in the house. And the mamma did

send me in a hurry to the woodshed. It was for two loads of wood she wanted. I did bring in the first load in a hurry. The second load I brought not so. I did pick up all the sticks my arms could hold. While I was picking them up, I looked long looks at them. I went not to the kitchen with them in a quick way. I was meditating. I did have thinks about the tree they all were before they got chopped up. I did wonder how I would feel if I was a very little piece of wood that got chopped out of a very big tree. I did think that it would have hurt my feelings. I felt of the feelings of the wood. They did have a very sad feel.

Just when I was getting that top-most stick a bit wet with sympathy tears, then the mamma did come up behind me with a switch. She said while she did switch, 'Stop your meditations.' And while she did switch, I did drop the wood. I felt the feels the sticks of wood felt when they hit the floor. Then I did pick them up with care, and I put them all in the wood-box back of the cook-stove. I put them there because the mamma said I must put them there. But all the time I was churning I did hum a little song. It was a good-bye song to the sticks in the wood-box back of the kitchen stove.

When the churning was done and the butter was come, the mamma did lift all the little lumps of butter out of the churn. Then she did pat them together in a big lump, and this she put away in the butter-box in the woodshed. When she went to lay herself down to rest on the bed, she did call me to rub her head. I like to rub the mamma's head, for it does help the worry lines to go away. Often I rub her head, for it is often she does have longings to have it so. And I do think it is very nice to help people have what they do have longings for.

By and by, when the mamma did have sleeps and after I did print, I did

go to listen to the voices. The wind was calling. He was in a rush. I raced. Brave Horatius ran. We played tag with the wind. By and by I came to a log. I climbed upon it. The wind did blow in a real quick way. He made music all around. I danced on the log. A grand pine tree did wave its arms to me. The wind did blow back my curls. They clasped the fingers of the bush people most near. I did turn and untangle them.

When I did turn to untangle my curls, I saw a silken cradle in a hazel bush. It was cream with a hazel leaf half way round it. I put it to my ear and I did listen. It had a little voice. It was not a tone voice; it was a heart voice.

And I did hurry away in the way that does lead to the house of the girl that has no seeing. I went that way so she too might know its feels and hear its heart voice. She does so like to feel things. She has seeing by feels. Often I do carry things to her when I find them, and she knows some of my friends. Peter Paul Rubens has gone with me to visit her. So has gone Felix Mendelssohn and Nannerl Mozart — the two mice with voices that squeak mouse-songs in the night. And Plato and Pliny, the two bats, and others go too. And their goings and what she has thinks about them I have printed here in my prints. And it is often I go the way that does lead to her house, for the girl who has no seeing — she and I — we are friends. One day I told her about the trees talking. Then she did want to know about the voices — and now I do help her to hear them.

I led her in the way that does lead to that grand fir tree, Good King Louis VI. And when we were come unto him, I did touch his finger-tips to her cheeks. She liked that. Then we did stand near unto him, and I told her of the trees in the night, of the things they tell to

the shadows that wander through the woods. She said she did n't think she would like to be a shadow. And just then she stubbed her toe. She did ask me what that was there near unto her foot. I told her it was a *ville* I did build there — the *ville* of St. Denis. She wanted to know why I buildid it there. I told her there was needs of it being near unto Good King Louis VI, for he so loved it; so I buildid it there where his branches shelter it and his kindness looks kind looks upon it. And I did tell her about his being on his way to St. Denis when he died. While I buildid up again the corner of the abbey, I did give explanations about how lovely it is to be a gray shadow walking along and touching the faces of people. Shadows do have such velvety fingers.

After that we did go on. We went on to where dwell Alan of Bretagne and Étienne of Blois and Godefroi of Bouillon and Raymond of Toulouse. To each I led the girl who has no seeing, and she was glad to know them all. They are grand trees. As we went our way we did listen unto the voices. And I took all the hairpins that were in her hair out of it. I so did, so the wind could blow it back and whisper things into her ears. The wind does have so much to tell of far lands and of little folks that dwell near unto us in the fields and in the woods.

When I was come near unto the barn, I did go in to get Plato and Pliny. I put them in my apron-pockets. The barn was rather dark. There were

friendly shadows in its corners. When I came out I thought of Peter Paul Rubens. I did have thinks cathedral service would be good for his soul. I went again into the barn to get his little bell that he does always wear around his neck to service, and I did put it on. There was a time when there was no little bell for Peter Paul Rubens to wear to service. That was in the days before one day when I did say to the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice, 'I do have needs of a little bell for Peter Paul Rubens to wear to church.' I got it. And Peter Paul Rubens always knows he is going to the cathedral when I put that little bell around his neck. It does make lovely silver tinkles as he goes walking down the aisle to the altar.

To-night so we did go and too with us was Elizabeth Barrett Browning. When we were come near unto the hospital, I went aside for Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus. In the cathedral the wind and the trees sang a vesper song. And I prayed for quite a long time little prayers and long prayers for the goodness of us all. Peter Paul Rubens did grunt amen in between.

Now I hear the mamma say I wonder where Opal is. She has forgets. I'm still under the bed where she did put me quite a time ago. And all this nice long time light is come to here from the lamp on the kitchen table — light enough so I can print prints. I am happy. I think I better crawl out now and go into the bed for sleeps.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ of this chapter of Opal's Journal

LARS PORSENA OF CLUSIUM, a crow.
 AGAMEMNON MENELAUS DINDON, a turkey.
 FELIX MENDELSSOHN
 NANNERL MOZART } mice.
 LOUIS, LE GRAND CONDÉ }
 THOMAS CHATTERTON JUPITER ZEUS, a
 most dear wood-rat.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the gray horse.
 APHRODITE, the mother pig.
 PETER PAUL RUBENS, her son.
 BRAVE HORATIUS, the shepherd dog.
 PLATO } bats.
 PLINY }
 ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, a cow.

IN THE DELTA

THE STORY OF A MAN-HUNT

BY BEULAH AMIDON RATLIFF

[We print this genuine letter without alteration. — THE EDITORS.]

DREW, MISSISSIPPI, *April 24, 1919.*

DEAR FATHER, —

The reason I have not written you for several days is because we have been all upset with a 'nigger chase.'

Sunday Paul and I went out to Fitzhugh plantation for dinner, and walked home in the afternoon. It is only six miles, and such a lovely country road, though only Ethiopians walk on the country roads here. If we had proceeded on our hands, we could scarcely have received more stares and comment! Just as we got into the house Mrs. Clara telephoned that Gardner's murderer had 'taken to the woods' near Fitzhugh, and a chase was on. The proper thing seemed to be to get into our car and go racing back to Fitzhugh. We found the road crowded with cars going the same way.

I believe I wrote you about the Gardner murder, which was committed when I first came down here: a man from Blaine, riding along the road with a friend, was killed by a negro who had never seen him before. 'Will jes' felt biggoty an' took a shot at the car,' the negro's companion said. That was about a month ago, and several rewards have been offered for the negro's arrest.

Shortly after we started home Sunday, Dr. Sims of Blaine, who knew this negro, Will Lane, had seen him walking

along the railroad just beyond Fitzhugh, headed south toward Blaine. It seems that negro criminals, instead of leaving the country, almost always go 'back home,' trusting their friends to hide them. Dr. Sims had his wife and little girl in the car and did not dare shoot for fear Lane was armed. He turned around and drove to Fitzhugh, stopped Mr. Tom, who was on his way to the afternoon train, and asked him if he was going away.

'Just to get a paper,' said Mr. Tom, and proceeded about his business.

The worthy doctor was too excited to think clearly. When Mr. Tom came back, he asked him whether he had a rifle. Mr. Tom said that he had.

'Got any buckshot?' demanded Dr. Sims.

'Plenty,' said Mr. Tom, in his incurious fashion.

After all this parley the doctor told him that the man who killed Gardner was 'up the road.' But it was n't until the doctor's wife, sitting in the car, called out, 'He's taken to the woods,' that Mr. Tom realized that Lane had been in sight (and within gunshot) for a full fifteen minutes. Of course, if he had known, the trouble would have been over. Mr. Tom is 'the best shot in the county,' and 'has a way with the niggers.' Dead or alive, Lane would have been 'stopped.' But by that time Lane was in the tangled woods, a quarter of a mile beyond the railroad track.

Just before we reached Fitzhugh Paul and I met Mr. Tom and Mr. Vick Burnett 'on the trail,' with bloodhounds from the convict farm at Parchman.

'Stay with Mrs. Clara if I don't get back to-night,' Mr. Tom called to us.

He and Burnett had the only saddles on the place. Paul was disappointed. Five minutes sooner, and he, instead of Burnett, would have ridden to the hunt with Mr. Tom. How thankful I was for those five minutes!

The whole country seemed to congregate at Fitzhugh, and those who did not congregate telephoned. Men hurried in and out of the house, with rifles and shotguns, and rode across the lawn on mules or horses. There was much excitement, conjecture, and general talk, with Dr. Sims going from one group to another, telling just how Lane kept looking at him to see whether he was recognized, and by what signs he recognized Lane 'beyond doubt,' and what he would have done if he had not had Mrs. Sims and Sissy in the car.

Mrs. Clara was the one calm person on the plantation. It seems that Mr. Tom always takes charge of such expeditions. He is tireless, unexcitable, and utterly fearless, and he has a strange, intuitive knowledge about negroes; they say he 'senses' what they are going to do next.

Paul and I settled down to be body-guard at Fitzhugh, for it grew dusk and then dark, and no Mr. Tom. Someone telephoned that they had found the trail.

'That 's all we may know for a week,' said Mrs. Clara.

About ten o'clock Mr. Tom telephoned from Wildwood plantation, away back from the railroad, that the trail was hot and they might come up with Lane at any time.

Two hours later Mr. Tom telephoned from Cole's. They had lost the trail in the middle of the road and could not

do anything more until daylight. He wanted Paul to come for him with the car. Cole is the tenant on Mr. Tom's 'little place,' on the road to his 'old place.' There is a long, straight road from Fitzhugh plantation to Drew, following the railroad. A mile from Drew the road to the 'old place' branches off to the east.

Paul and I dressed in a hurry, and went rushing through the night in the big yellow car, which is like a living thing, it is so easy and wise.

There were armed 'volunteers' at all the culverts and crossroads. We found three guards sitting on the little cement bridge over the branch a mile from Fitzhugh, and one of them called out, 'Nothing doing,' as we passed. Half a mile farther, a guard, nearly wild with excitement, stopped us. Will Lane had been there not three minutes before. He came up the track from the direction of Drew. Evidently he had made a circle through the woods and regained the railroad; but the sight of the crowd at Whitney had turned him back to look for a road that would enable him to circle Whitney without getting too far from the railway. He does not know this part of the country (Blaine is nearly twenty miles below Drew) and he had to stick to the tracks or run the risk of losing himself completely. The guard shouted to him to stop. He ran down the embankment, away from the road, and disappeared in the brush. They heard him crashing along up the right of way. We passed him between the bridge and the next guard, we later learned, for the bridge guard saw him try to cross the branch on the trestle after we passed, called to him to stop, and then watched him deliberately turn around, walk off the trestle and disappear in the woods along the branch. Not a shot was fired after him. Excellent reasons were given, but the fact remains that six of the dom-

inant race, with rifles, did not stop one hunted nigger. Of course, he has a 'desperate' reputation since the murder; but the loquacious reasons for the 'getaway' never referred to this.

The guard begged us to 'get Mr. Tom,' and this we proceeded to do at rather a reckless pace. Mr. Tom roused the man with the bloodhounds, who proved to be a trusty (colored) from the convict farm at Parchman. The dogs were nice little sleek brown beasts, gentle as kittens, and so pretty that it was impossible to visualize them as bay-ing bloodhounds.

Mr. Tom was startled to find me in the car, and intimated that this was 'no place for a lady'; but there was nothing to do except take me along. We went back to the place where Lane had left the railroad, and the dogs took the trail at once, starting unhesitatingly up the branch.

'He'll look for a good place to cross, I believe,' said Mr. Tom; 'then go over and come back to the railroad along the far side, unless we are too close to him. That nigger won't get away from the tracks if he can help it.'

Quite a little procession went stumbling across the wet field, led by the graceful little dogs, sniffing along, with the negro in his stripes holding the reins and encouraging them; then came Mr. Tom and Paul and I; and behind and beside us a dozen armed volunteers, among them one of the bridge guards, still explaining, *sotto voce*, why he did n't shoot.

The stars seemed as large as they do in the desert, and a great red moon was half-way up the sky. You could see for miles and miles by its white, deceptive light. An owl hooted along the branch now and then, and made everybody jump. About half a mile from the tracks Mr. Tom, Paul, and I stopped. We were sure the dogs would cross and come back on the other side in a few

minutes. While we waited, Mr. Tom reminisced in his slow drawl about 'the last big hunt, after the man that killed Kutner.'

'And that was a real chase, too,' he said. 'The first day we ran that nigger, his trail led to the cabin of a nigger named Ray. Beyond Ray's we could n't find a trace of it, so we decided he had got a lift from there. I told Ray, —

"Now, the best thing you can do is tell all you know. It may go hard with you anyway, but your only chance is to tell the truth."

'He said, "Yes, suh, boss, I sho' will tell all I knows."

'He was scared to death. That was a nasty shooting and everybody was stirred up. Ray told his story without any hesitation. Filly, the nigger who killed Kutner, had come to his cabin, he said, but he did n't want to have anything to do with him and told him to get out. Then Filly pulled a gun, according to Ray, and ordered food, quick. With the gun pointed at him, Ray gave him some cornbread and meat and a "drink of coffee." Then, Ray said, Martin, another nigger, came along on a horse. He stopped outside the cabin and whistled. Filly got up behind and they rode away.

'Martin lived near Ray and we got hold of him in a few minutes and questioned him. He insisted he had n't seen Filly since the murder, and said he and Ray were always having trouble. We whipped him till he could n't stand up, but while we were whipping him he kept screaming that he did n't take Filly away. Then we filled him up with water till he lost his senses, but he stuck to his story.

'Finally I went to Ray's wife, who had been hiding in the cabin, and asked her about it. She said she had n't seen Filly, and swore he had n't been at the house. I took her out in the yard and made Ray tell his story before her.

Then we began to whip her. She yelled that she would "tell it," and began to give the story she had heard Ray tell. She had it almost right, but there was just enough difference to prove she was lying to save herself and trying to repeat what Ray had said.

'I told the crowd I did n't believe Martin had helped Filly, and that Ray had made up his story because he thought he had to tell something to save his neck. I did n't want any more to do with it and came home.

'We never did get hold of Filly. We finally struck his trail again. Someone saw him drop off a train forty miles away. We carried the hounds down there on a flat car and followed the trail for a week, but we lost him out in the hills. I'd like to get my hands on that nigger, just to find out how he got away from here. He was at Ray's cabin, of course, but I'm convinced it was while they were in the field. He may have stopped somebody passing there who did n't know him and begged a ride, but more likely he was helped. I'd certainly like to know who carried him away.'

I wanted to know whether anything happened to Martin and Ray.

'The crowd let Ray off with a whipping,' said Mr. Tom, 'but they hung Martin.'

The owl screeched and I shivered. Mr. Tom suggested that we go back to the car. We found Burnett waiting there. He was tired. He and Mr. Tom had trailed all the evening, a hot trail across Wildwood plantation to the Sunflower River. There they found a negro who had put Lane over the river. Lane told him who he was, after he was on the other side. He had secured a bottle of turpentine some way and sat on the bank rubbing turpentine on his feet. (That is supposed to destroy the scent.) Lane told his ferryman that the dogs were after him, and, according to the

negro, asked for a gun and a mule. Mr. Tom thought he might have asked for the mule; but if he asked for a gun, it was to give the impression that he was unarmed.

'He had a gun to kill Gardner, and he must have known he would need it again.'

Soon after he crossed the river the trail disappeared.

At four o'clock we all went back to Fitzhugh. It was gray dawn, with fading stars, and away up the branch the barking of dogs marked the progress of the chase. The hounds do not bark, of course, but all the dogs they meet do. We dropped into bed, and were asleep almost before we knew it. The bloodhounds from Crystal Springs, supposedly the best in the state, were expected in the morning.

'Keep him moving all night, get fresh dogs on him in the morning, and it's done,' said Mr. Tom.

Yesterday morning one of the volunteers reported that they had followed a fresh trail along the branch all night. Once they actually saw Lane in a lot, trying to catch a mule, 'but we did n't shoot for fear of killing the mule.' This was accepted as perfectly legitimate.

The hounds from Crystal Springs did not come yesterday, but they got fresh dogs from Parchman and went on. All yesterday Paul and Mr. Tom were in the woods along Sunflower, and the trail zigzagged back and forth, now up the river, now down.

'That buck's worth trailing,' said Mr. Tom.

Paul and Mr. Tom got back to Fitzhugh in the evening, and Paul was ready to go home for a good sleep, leaving other zealots to follow the hounds.

Mr. Tom came in town early this morning, bringing lots of news. Someone had taken Lane in a car to Ruleville, six miles beyond Drew, on the way to Blaine. That was about noon

yesterday, but he had left such a complicated trail that the dogs did not reach the place where he was picked up till late last evening.

At Ruleville Lane went to the home of a negro family he had known for years. Only the woman was at home. He asked for something to eat, and she gave him a good meal, which he bolted. Then he took to the woods again. He had been twenty-four hours without food or rest. As soon as the woman's husband came home, she told him Lane had been there and she had fed him. He reported it at once to his 'boss,' knowing the trail would eventually be followed to his cabin, and consequences would be dire if he was found to have been 'harboring.' The 'boss' finally reached Mr. Tom over long-distance, and last night the dogs were taken to Ruleville on the train and carried to the house of Lane's friends, where they picked up the trail. In the woods they came on the place under some bushes where Lane had slept for several hours in the afternoon; then the trail led straight back into the canebrake— heavy, slow going for everybody. This afternoon they were in the woods behind Doddsville, the next station to Blaine. That was Gardner's home town, and the whole place has turned out.

'It's their hunt now,' Mr. Tom says; and he and Paul are peacefully at work shingling the kitchen porch at Fitzhugh. 'They'll have him by morning. It would have been better for that nigger to have been caught up here where we are n't so excited.'

I try to tell this tale without confusing it by my impressions, but I am afraid it is an untidy piece of reporting. There were many sidelights. For instance, the woman from Blaine who stopped at Fitzhugh in her car to learn the progress of the hunt.

'They'll get him, and I hope they torture him a couple of hours before they hang him,' she said.

The sheriff of this county said to some men from Blaine, 'If we catch him up here I'll 'phone you all and bring him down on the train. You can meet me and overpower me at Doddsville.'

MR. TOM.— We can't let biggity niggers get away with things like this. If we do, no one will be safe on the roads.

JIMMY (age six).— Dirty nigger gonna get his if Daddy has to chase him a week.

MR. DERMOTT.— If we could trail him all day to-day and all night, and catch him in the morning, we'd have had a good chase.

VICK BURNETT.— Deer-huntin' has its excitement, but there's nothin' as excitin' as chasin' a man. He's worth outwittin'.

Wednesday morning.

Paul drove up then, having come into town for Paris green. He wanted me to go out to Fitzhugh with him, and of course I went. It was a hot, sleepy day, and I was fidgety. 'Nigger chases' get on your nerves. I seem to be getting my higher education in the practical aspects of the race-question, and it's wearing business.

I found Mr. Tom deep in the construction of the new kitchen porch where the churning can be done in coolness and peace. Jimmy, little Paul, Billy, and the baby were assisting, and all the tools disappeared all the time. Rose, one of the field negroes, was whining nearby. Across the railroad from the plantation house there is a row of cabins, in which a good many of the croppers live. One of them is Dick Washington, who has a wife named Maria. But 'jes' this summer' he is also 'living with' Rose, to Maria's great annoyance.

Yesterday Maria was evidently irri-

tated to 'the point beyond which,' and 'stuck a knife in Rose'—in her thigh, I believe, and not very far in. Rose came to Mr. Tom, appealing for justice. She insisted that he 'heah de story in private.' Finally Mr. Tom threw down his hammer and went around the corner of the house with her. A moment later we saw Rose limping across the lot to the commissary, with Mr. Tom following her. She turned around with such a desperate face and sniffled,—

'Please, please, suh!'

'Go on,' said Mr. Tom briefly.

'What's the matter with Rose?' I asked Mrs. Clara.

'I guess Tom is going to give her some liniment for her hip,' Mrs. Clara replied, and winked at Paul.

Presently Rose came dragging out of the commissary, and Mr. Tom resumed his carpentering.

'I don't want to hear another word out of you!' he said to Rose.

'You won't, suh,' she promised heartily.

Jimmy danced up and down.

'Rose got a whipping! Rose got a whipping! Rose got a whipping!' he taunted.

Mr. Tom has a reputation for unusual fairness to his negroes.

They caught Lane this afternoon, just outside Itta Bena. A negro discovered the fugitive hiding near his cabin, and told his 'boss,' who 'stopped' Lane and turned him over to the

sheriff of Sunbriar County. The 'boss' wanted the reward, Mr. Tom explained at length, and to get it, it was necessary to turn Lane over to an officer of the law instead of to the crowd. They have him in jail at Itta Bena, and the sheriff of this county is going after him to-night. Mr. Tom says he will notify the people of Blaine what train he is taking, and he will be 'met and overpowered' *en route*. 'Then Lane won't have long to worry.' The hunters say they were on Lane's trail, and would have come up with him in about half an hour.

While all the Parchman bloodhounds were out looking for Lane, three convicts at Parchman seized the opportunity to escape. Now people are trailing around the landscape with guns, looking for them.

I don't suppose I can ever forget that broad field before dawn, and the screech-owl and the convict in stripes and the cocked guns and Mr. Tom's low, pleasant voice, telling about the whipping and the torture and the screaming negro; or the little rustlings which might have been a desperate hunted thing creeping through the mud and the brush; or the six-foot strap of harness leather hanging in the commissary which, Mr. Tom told me, 'stung mighty sharp.'

'Don't be so squeamish, Beulah,' Mrs. Clara advises; 'remember you've come to live in the delta.'

With love,

BEULAH.

MARK TWAIN¹

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

WHEN I was a boy of fourteen, Mark Twain took hold of me as no other writer had then and as few have since. I lay on the rug before the fire in the long winter evenings, while my father read *The Innocents Abroad* and *Old Times on the Mississippi*, and *Roughing It* and I laughed till I cried. Nor was it all laughter. The criticism of life, strong and personal, if crude, the frank, vivid comments on men and things, set me thinking as I had never thought, and for several years colored my maturing reflection in a way that struck deep and lasted long.

Such is my youthful memory of Mark. For forty years I read little of him. Now, leaping over that considerable gulf, reading and rereading old and new together, to distil the essence of his soul in this brief portrait, has been for me a wild revel, a riot of laughter and criticism and prejudice and anti-prejudice and revolt and rapture, from which it seems as if no sane and reasoned judgment could ensue. Perhaps none has, or ever does. But I have done what I could.

This much is clear, to start with: that Mark is not to be defined or judged by the ordinary standards of mere writers or literary men. He was something different — perhaps something bigger

¹ The material essential to an intelligent estimate of Mark Twain's character will be found, of course, in Albert Bigelow Paine's monumental and very human biography, in three volumes, published by Messrs. Harper and Brother, and referred to in this article. — THE EDITOR.

and deeper and more human; at any rate, something different. He did a vast amount of literary work and did it, if one may say so, in a literary manner. He was capable of long, steady toil at the desk. He wrote and rewrote, revised his writing again and again, with patience and industry. He had the writer's sense of living for the public, too, instinctively made copy of his deepest personal emotions and experiences. One of his most striking productions is the account of the death of his daughter Jean; yet no one but a born writer would have deliberately set down such experiences at such a moment, with publication in his thought. And he liked literary glory. To be sure, he sometimes denied this. In youth he wrote, 'There is no satisfaction in the world's praise anyhow, and it has no worth to me save in the way of business.' Again, he says in age, 'indifferent to nearly everything but work. I like that; I enjoy it, and stick to it. I do it without purpose and without ambition; merely for the love of it.' All the same, glory was sweet to him.

Yet one cannot think of him as a professional writer. Rather, there is something of the bard about him, of the old, epic, popular singer, who gathered up in himself, almost unconsciously, the life and spirit of a whole nation, and poured it forth more as a voice, an instrument, than as a deliberate artist. Think of the mass of folk-lore in his best, his native books! Is it not just

such material as we find in the spontaneous, elementary productions of an earlier age?

Better still, perhaps, we should speak of him as a journalist; for a journalist he was, essentially and always, in his themes, in his gorgeous and unfailing rhetoric, even in his attitude toward life. The journalist, when inspired and touched with genius, is the nearest equivalent of the old epic singer, and most embodies the ideal of giving forth the life of his day and surroundings with as little intrusion as possible of his own personal, reflective consciousness.

And as Mark had the temperament to do this, so he had the training. No man ever sprang more thoroughly from the people or was better qualified to interpret the people. Consider the nomadic irrelevance of his early days, before his position was established, if it was ever established. Born in the Middle West toward the middle of the century, he came into a moving world, and he never ceased to be a moving creature and to move everybody about him.

He tried printing as a business; but any indoor business was too tame, even though diversified by his thousand comic inventions. Piloting on the vast meanders of the Mississippi was better. What contacts he had there, with good and evil, with joy and sorrow!

But even the Mississippi was not vast enough for his uneasy spirit. He roved the Far West, tramped, traveled, mined, and speculated, was rich one day and miserably poor the next; and all the time he cursed and jested alternately and filled others with laughter and amazement and affection, and passed into and out of their lives, like the shifting shadow of a dream. Surely the line of the old poet was made for him, —

Now clothed in feathers he on steeples walks.

And thus it was that he met his friend's challenge to walk the city roofs, where they promenaded arm in arm, until a policeman threatened to shoot and was restrained only by the explanatory outcry, 'Don't shoot! That's Mark Twain and Artemus Ward.'

This was his outer youthful life, and within it was the same. For with some the feet wander while the soul sits still. It was not so with him. Though he always scolded himself for laziness, complained of his indolence or gloried in it, yet when he was interested in anything, his heart was one mad fury of energy. Hear his theory on the subject: 'If I were a heathen, I would rear a statue to Energy, and fall down and worship it! I want a man to — I want *you* to — take up a line of action, and *follow* it out, in spite of the very devil.' And practice for himself never fell short of theory for others.

To be sure, his energy was too often at the mercy of impulse. Where his fancies led him, there he followed, with every ounce of force he had at the moment. What might come afterwards he did not stop to think — until afterwards. Then there were sometimes bitter regrets, which did not prevent a repetition of the process. He touches off the whole matter with his unfailing humor: 'I still do the thing commanded by Circumstance and Temperament, and reflect afterward. Always violently. When I am reflecting on these occasions, even deaf persons can hear me think.'

Perhaps the most amusing of all these spiritual efforts and adventures of his youth were his dealings with money. He was no born lover of money, and he was certainly no miser; but he liked what money brings, and from his childhood he hated debt and would not tolerate it. Therefore he was early and always on the lookout for sources of gain, and was often shrewd in

profiting by them. But what he loved most of all was to take a chance. His sage advice on the matter is: 'There are two times in a man's life when he should not speculate: when he can't afford it and when he can.' Apparently his own life escaped from these all-embracing conditions, for he speculated always. A gold mine or a patent, an old farm or a new printing machine—all were alike, to him, vast regions of splendid and unexplored possibility. And much as he reveled in the realities of life, possibility was his natural domain—gorgeous dreams and sunlit fancies, strange realms of the imagination, where his youthful spirit loved to wander and shape for itself cloud futures that could never come to pass, as he himself well knew, and knew that to their unrealizable remoteness they owed the whole of their charm.

But, you say, this was, after all, youthful. When years came upon him, when he had tasted the sedate soberness of life, dreams must have grown dim or been forgotten. Far from it. His lovely wife called him 'Youth' till she died, and he deserved it. Though he was married and a great author, and had a dozen homes, he never settled down, neither his feet nor his soul. The spirit of his early ideal, 'A life of don't-care-a-damn in a boarding-house is what I have asked for in many a secret prayer,' lingered with him always. You see, he had restless nerves, to which long quiet and solitary, sombre reflection were a horror. And then he had perfect, magnificent health, the kind that can endure boarding-houses without ruin. 'In no other human being have I ever seen such physical endurance,' says his biographer. And Mark himself declared that he never knew what fatigue was. Who that was made like this would not be glad to wander forever? So Mark was most happy and most at home when he was wandering.

He saw and liked to see all things and all men and women. The touch of a human hand was pleasant to him, and the sound of a human voice, speaking no matter what lingo. He made friends of pilots and pirates and miners and peasants and emperors and clergymen—above all, clergymen, over whom he apparently exercised such witchery that oaths from him fell on their ears like prayers from other people. No man ever more abused the human heart or railed more at the hollowness of human affection, and no man ever had more friends or loved more. To be sure, he could hate, with humorous frenzy and, it would seem, with persistence. But love in the main prevailed; and, indeed, what anchored his wandering footsteps was not places but souls, was love and tenderness. He had plenty for the pilots and the pirates and clergymen. He had much more for those who were nearest him. His infinite devotion to his daughters, most of all to his wife, who was fully worthy of it, and who understood and brought out the best in him and tolerated what was not so good, is not the least among the things that make him lovable.

As he was a creature of contradictions, it is no surprise to find that, while he prayed for boarding-houses, he loved comfort and even luxury. He would have eaten off a plank in a mining-camp, and slept on one; but the softest beds and the richest tables were never unwelcome, and one attraction of wandering was to see how comfortable men can be, as well as how uncomfortable.

Now, in order to have luxury, you must have money. And Mark, in age as in youth, always wanted money, whether from mines in Nevada, or from huge books sold by huge subscription, or from strange and surprising inventions that were bound to revolutionize the world and bring in multi-millions. He

always wanted money, though rivers of it ran in to him — and ran out again. He spent it, he gave it away, he never had it, he always wanted it.

And always, till death, his soul wandered more than his body did. And his adventures with money were always matters of dream, even where the dreams were punctuated with sharp material bumps. Again and again some exciting speculation appealed to him, as much for its excitement as for its profit. He built great cloud-castles, and wandered in them, and bade his friends admire them, and made colossal calculations of enormous success. Then the clouds collapsed and vanished, and the flaw in the calculations became evident — too late. Calculations were never a strong point with him, whether of assets or liabilities. He spent a white night working over the latter. ‘When I came down in the morning, a gray and aged wreck, and went over the figures again, I found that in some unaccountable way I had multiplied the totals by two. By God, I dropped seventy-five years on the floor where I stood!’

Even his loves had an element of dream in them, and surely dream made up a large portion of his hatred. Certain natures offended him, exasperated him, and he amused himself with furious assertion of how he would like to torment them. If he had seen one of them suffer, even in a finger’s end, he would have done all in his power to relieve it. But in the abstract, how he did luxuriate in abuse of these imaginary enemies, what splendor of new-coined damnation he lavished on them, and all a matter of dreams.

Something of dream entered also into his widespread glory; for such wealth of praise and admiration has surely not often fallen upon walkers of the firm-set earth. During the first decade of the twentieth century he drifted in his white dream-garments — as Emily

Dickinson did in solitude — through dream-crowds, who applauded him and looked up to him and loved him. And he ridiculed it, turned it inside out to show the full dream-lining, and enjoyed it, enjoyed his vast successes on the public platform, enjoyed the thronging tributes of epistolary admirers, enjoyed the many hands that touched his in loving and grateful tenderness.

And at the end, to make the dream complete, as if it were the conception of a poet, a full, rounded, perfect tragedy, misfortunes and disasters piled in upon the dream-glory and thwarted and blighted it, even while their depth of gloom seemed to make its splendor more imposing. Money, which had all along seduced him, betrayed him, for a time, at any rate, and he wallowed in the distress of bankruptcy, till he made his own shoulders lift the burden entire. One of his daughters, who was very dear to him, died when he was far away from her. His wife died, and took happiness with her, and made all glory seem like sordid folly. His youngest daughter died suddenly, tragically. What was there left?

Nothing. Toys, trifles, snatched moments of oblivion, billiards, billiards till midnight, then a little troubled sleep, and more billiards, till the end.

In perhaps the most beautiful words he ever wrote he summed up the fading quality of it all under this very figure of a dream:—

‘Old Age, white-headed, the temple empty, the idols broken, the worshipers in their graves, nothing but you, a remnant, a tradition, belated fag-end of a foolish dream, a dream that was so ingeniously dreamed that it seemed real all the time; nothing left but You, centre of a snowy desolation, perched on the ice-summit, gazing out over the stages of that long *trek* and asking Yourself, “Would you do it again if you had the chance?”’

II

Mark Twain is generally known to the world as a laugher. His seriousness, his pathos, his romance, his instinct for adventure are all acknowledged and enjoyed. Still, the mention of his name almost always brings a smile first. So did the sight of him.

There is no doubt that he found the universe laughable and made it so. The ultimate test of the laughing instinct is that a man should be always ready to laugh at himself. Mark was. The strange chances of his life, its ups and downs, its pitiful disasters, sometimes made him weep, often made him swear. But at a touch they could always make him laugh. 'There were few things that did not amuse him,' writes his biographer, 'and certainly nothing amused him more, or oftener, than himself.' One brief sentence sums up what he was never tired of repeating: 'I have been an author for twenty years and an ass for fifty-five.'

And he not only saw laughter when it came to him: he went to seek it. He was always fond of jests and fantastic tricks, made mirth out of solemn things and solemn people, stood ready, like the clown of the circus, to crack his whip and bid the world dance after him in quaint freaks of jollity, all the more diverting when staid souls and mirthless visages played a chief part in the furious revel.

On the strength of this constant sense and love of laughter many have maintained that Mark was one of the great world-humorists, that he ranks with Cervantes and Sterne and the Shakespeare of *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*, as one who was an essential exponent of the comic spirit. With this view I cannot wholly agree. It is true that Mark could find the laughable element in everything; true also that he had that keen sense of melancholy

which is inseparable from the richest comedy. Few have expressed this more intensely than he has. 'Everything human is pathetic. The secret source of humor itself is not joy, but sorrow. There is no humor in heaven.' Yet the very extravagance of expression here suggests my difficulty. Somehow in Mark the humor and the pathos are not perfectly blended. The laughter is wild and exuberant as heart can desire, but it does not really go to the bottom of things. Serious matters, so-called serious matters, are taken too seriously; and under the laughter there is a haunting basis of wrath and bitterness and despair.

To elucidate this, it is necessary to examine and follow the process and progress of Mark's thinking. In early years, as he himself admits, he thought little—that is, abstractly. His mind was active enough, busy enough, and, as we have seen, his fancy was always full of dreams. But he let the great problems alone, did not analyze, did not philosophize, content to extract immense joviality from the careless surface of life, and not to probe further. Even the analysis of laughter itself did not tempt him. In this he was probably wise, and he maintained the attitude always. 'Humor is a subject which has never had much interest for me.' Indeed, the analysis of humor may be safely left to those gray persons who do not know what it is. But much of the jesting of Mark's youthful days is so trivial that it distinctly implies the absence of steady thinking on any subject. Not that he was indifferent to practical seriousness. Wrong, injustice, cruelty could always set him on fire in a moment. There was no folly about his treatment of these. But at that stage his seriousness was busy with effects rather than with causes.

Then he acquired money and leisure and began to reason on the nature

of things. This late dawning of his speculative turn must always be remembered in considering the quality of it. It accounts for the singular gaps in his information about simple matters, for the impression of terrific but not very well guided energy which comes from his intellectual effort. It accounts for the sense of surprise and novelty in his spiritual attitude, which Mr. Howells has so justly pointed out. He seems always like a man discovering things which are perfectly well known to trained thinkers, and this gives an extraordinary freshness and spirit to his pronouncements on all speculative topics.

When he grew aware of his reasoning powers, he delighted in them. His shrewd little daughter said of him, 'He is as much of a philosopher as anything, I think.' He was a philosopher by inclination, at any rate. He loved to worry the universe, as a kitten worries a ball of yarn. Perhaps this seemed to make up in a small way for the worries the universe had given him. He loved to argue and discuss and dispute and confute, and then to spread over all bitterness the charm of his inextinguishable laughter. His oaths and jests and epigrams convulsed his interlocutors, if they did not convince them.

As to his theoretical conclusions, it may be said that they were in the main nihilistic. But before considering them more particularly, it must be insisted and emphasized that they were wholly theoretical and did not affect his practical morals in the least. Few human beings ever lived who had a nicer conscience and a finer and more delicate fulfilment of duty. It is true that all his life he kept up a constant humorous depreciation of himself in this regard. If you listened to his own confessions, you would think him the greatest liar in existence, and conclude that his moral depravation was equaled only by his

intellectual nullity. This method is often effective for hiding and excusing small defects and delinquencies. But Mark needed no such excuse. What failings there were in his moral character were those incident to humanity. As an individual, he stood with the best.

The most obvious instances of his rectitude are in regard to money. In spite of his dreams and speculative vagaries, he was punctiliously scrupulous in financial relations, his strictness culminating in the vast effort of patience and self-denial necessary to pay off the obligations of honor which fell upon him in his later years. But the niceness of his conscience was not limited to broad obligations of this kind. 'Mine was a trained Presbyterian conscience,' he says, 'and knew but the one duty — to hunt and harry its slave upon all pretexts and all occasions.' He might trifle, he might quibble, he might jest; but no one was more anxious to do what was fair and right, even to the point of overdoing it. 'I don't wish even to seem to do anything which can invite suspicion,' he said, as to a matter so trivial as taking advantage in a game.

And the moral sense was not confined to practical matters of conduct. Human tenderness and kindness and sympathy have rarely been more highly developed than in this man who questioned their existence. The finest touch in all his writings is the cry of Huck Finn, when, after a passionate struggle between his duty to society and his duty to friendship, he tears the paper in which he proposed to surrender the nigger, Jim, and exclaims, 'All right, then, I'll go to hell.' And Mark himself would have been perfectly capable, not only of saying he would go, but of going.

As he loved men, so he trusted them. In the abstract, judging from himself, he declared they were monsters of selfishness, greedy, deceitful, treacherous,

thoughtful in all things of their own profit and advantage. In the individual, again judging from himself, he accepted them at their face value, as kindly, self-sacrificing, ready to believe, ready to love, ready to help. Being himself an extreme example, both in skeptical analysis and in human instinct, he often fell into error and trusted where there was no foundation to build on.

In consequence, his actual experience went far to justify his skeptical theories, and he presents another example, like Swift, like Leopardi, of a man whose standard of life is so high, who expects so much of himself and of others, that the reality perpetually fails him, and excess of optimism drives him to excess of pessimism. For example, his interesting idealization or idolatry of Joan of Arc, his belief that she actually existed as a miracle of nature, makes it comprehensible that he should find ordinary men and women faulty and contemptible enough compared with such a type.

It is not the place here to analyze Mark's speculative conclusions in detail. They may be found theoretically elaborated in *What is Man?* practically applied in *The Mysterious Stranger* and the *Maxims of Pudd'nhead Wilson*, and artistically illustrated in *The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg* and innumerable other stories. They may be summed up as a soulless and blasting development of crude evolutionary materialism, as best manifested in the teachings of Robert Ingersoll. Man's freedom disappears, his best morality becomes enlightened selfishness, his soul is dissipated into thin air, his future life grows so dubious as to be disregarded, and the thought of death is tolerable only because life is not. The deity, in any sense of value to humanity, is quite disposed of; or, if he is left lurking in an odd corner of the universe, it is with such entire discredit that one can only

recall the sarcasm of the witty Frenchman: 'The highest compliment we can pay God is not to believe in him.'

In all this perpetually recurrent fierce dissection of the divine and human one is constantly impressed by the vigor and independence of the thinking. The man makes his views for himself; or since, as he repeatedly insists, no one does this, at least he makes them over, rethinks them, gives them a cast, a touch that stamps them Mark Twain's and no one else's, and, as such, significant for the study of his character, if for nothing more.

On the other hand, if the thinking is fresh and vigorous, one is also impressed and distressed by its narrowness and dogmatism. Here again the man's individuality shows in ample, humorous recognition of his own weakness, or excess of strength. No one has ever admitted with more delightful candor the encroaching passion of a preconceived theory. I have got a philosophy of life, he says, and the rest of my days will be spent in patching it up and 'in looking the other way when an imploring argument or a damaging fact approaches.' Nevertheless, the impression of dogmatism remains, or, let us say better, of limitation. The thinking is acute, but does not go to the bottom of things. The fundamental, dissolving influence of the idealistic philosophy, for instance, is not once suggested or comprehended. This shows nowhere more fully than in the discussion of Christian Science. Everything is shrewd, apt, brilliant, but wholly on the surface.

The effect of the bitter and withering character of Mark's thought on his own life was much emphasized by the lack of the great and sure spiritual resources that are an unfailing refuge to some of us. He could not transport himself into the past. When he attempted it, he carried all the battles and problems of to-day along with him, as in *A Connecti-*

cut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. He had not the historical feeling in its richest sense. Art also, in all its deeper manifestations, was hidden from him. He could not acquire a love for classical painting or music, and revenged himself for his lack of such enjoyment by railing at those who had it. Even nature did not touch great depths in him, because they were not there. He felt her more theatrical aspects—sunsets, ice-storms. Her energy stimulated a strange excitement in him, shown in Twitchell's account of his rapture over a mountain brook. I do not find that he felt the charm of lonely walks in country solitude.

It is on this lack of depth in thinking and feeling that I base my reluctance to class Mark with the greatest comic writers of the world. His thought was bitter because it was shallow; it did not strike deep enough to get the humble tolerance, the vast self-distrust, that should go with a dissolving vision of the foundations of the individual universe. His writing alternates from the violence of unmeaning laughter to the harshness of satire that has no laughter in it. In this he resembles Molière, whose Scapins are as far from thought as are his Tartuffes from gayety. And Mark's place is rather with the bitter satirists, Molière, Ben Jonson, Swift, than with the great, broad, sunshiny laughers, Lamb, Cervantes, and the golden comedy of Shakespeare.

Indeed, no one word indicates better the lack I mean in Mark than 'sunshine.' You may praise his work in many ways; but could anyone ever call it merry? He can give you at any time a riotous outburst of convulsive cachinnation. He cannot give you merriement, sunshine, pure and lasting joy. These are always the enduring elements of the highest comedy. They are not the essential characteristics of the work of Mark Twain.

III

But perhaps this is to consider too curiously. The total of Mark's work affords other elements of interest besides the analysis of speculative thought, or even of laughter. Above all, we Americans should appreciate how thoroughly American he is. To be sure, in the huge mixture of stocks and races that surrounds us, it seems absurd to pick out anything or anybody as typically American. Yet we do it. We all choose Franklin as the American of the eighteenth century and Lincoln as the American of the nineteenth. And most will agree that Mark was as American as either of these.

He was American in appearance. The thin, agile, mobile figure, with its undulating grace in superficial awkwardness, suggested worlds of humorous sensibility. The subtle, wrinkled face, under its rich shock of hair, first red, then snowy white, had endless possibilities of sympathetic response. It was a face that expressed, repressed, impressed every variety of emotion known to its owner.

He was American in all his defects and limitations. The large tolerance, cut short with a most definite end when it reached the bounds of its comprehension, was eminently American. The slight flavor of conceit, at least of self-complacent satisfaction, the pleasant and open desire to fill a place in the world, whether by mounting a platform at just the right moment or wearing staring white clothes in public places, we may call American with slight emphasis, as well as human.

But these weaknesses were intimately associated with a very American excellence, the supreme candor, the laughing frankness which recognized them always. Assuredly no human being ever more abounded in such candor than Mark Twain. He confessed at all times,

with the amplitude of diction that was born with him, all his enjoyment, all his suffering, all his sin, all his hope, all his despair.

And he was American in another delightful thing, his quickness and readiness of sympathy, his singular gentleness and tenderness. He could lash out with his tongue and tear anything and anybody to pieces. He could not have done bodily harm to a fly, unless a larger pity called for it. He was supremely modest and simple in his demands upon others, supremely depreciative of the many things he did for them. 'I wonder why they all go to so much trouble for me. I never go to any trouble for anybody.' The quiet wistfulness of it, when you know him, brings tears.

Above all, he was American in his thorough democracy. He had a pitiful distrust of man; but his belief in men, all men, was as boundless as his love for them. Though he lived much with the rich and lofty, he was always perfectly at home with the simple and the poor, understood their thoughts, liked their ways, and made them feel that he had been simple and poor himself and might be so again.

He was not only democratic in feeling and spirit, he was democratic in authorship, both in theory and practice. Hundreds of authors have been obliged to write for the ignorant many, for the excellent reason that the cultivated few would not listen to them. Perhaps not one of these hundreds has so deliberately avowed his purpose of neglecting the few to address vast masses as Mark did. The long letter to Mr. Andrew Lang, in which he proclaims and explains this intention, is a curious document. Let others aim high, he says, let others exhaust themselves in restless and usually vain attempts to please fastidious critics. I write for the million, I want to please them, I know

how to do it, I have done it. 'I have never tried in even one single instance, to help cultivate the cultivated classes. . . . I never had any ambition in that direction, but always hunted for bigger game — the masses. I have seldom deliberately tried to instruct them, but have done my best to entertain them. To simply amuse them would have satisfied my dearest ambition at any time.'

It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the weak points in this theory. Whatever Mark, or anyone else, professes, it cannot be questioned that he prefers the approbation of the cultured few, when he can get it. Moreover, it may easily be maintained that the many in most cases take their taste from the few; and if this does not hold with a writer's contemporaries, it is unflinching with posterity. If a writer is to please the generations that follow him, he can do it only by securing the praise of those who by taste and cultivation are qualified to judge. In other words, if Mark's works endure, it will be because he appealed to the few as well as to the many.

However this may be, there can be no question that Mark reached the great democratic public of his own day and held it. To be sure, it is doubtful whether even he attained the full glory of what he and Stevenson agreed to call 'submerged authorship,' the vast acceptance of those who are wept over at lone midnight by the shop-girl and the serving-maid. But his best books — *Tom Sawyer*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *Life on the Mississippi*, *The Prince and the Pauper* — may justly be said to belong to the literature of American democracy; and the travel books and many others are not far behind these.

In view of this fixed intention to appeal to the masses and to affect the masses, it becomes an essential part of the study of Mark's career and char-

acter to consider what his influence upon the masses was. He talked to them all his life, from the platform and from the printed page, with his sympathetic, human voice, his insinuating smile. What did his talk mean to them, how did it affect them, for good or for evil?

In the first place, beyond a doubt, enormously for good. Laughter in itself is an immense blessing to the weary soul — not a disputable blessing, like too much teaching and preaching, but a positive benefit. 'Amusement is a good preparation for study and a good healer of fatigue after it,' says Mark himself. And amusement he provided, in vast abundance, muscle-easing, spirit-easing.

Also, he did more than make men laugh, he made them think, on practical moral questions. He used his terrible weapon of satire to demolish meanness, greed, pettiness, dishonesty. He may have believed, in the abstract, that selfishness was the root of human action, but he scourged it in concrete cases with whips of scorpions. He may have believed, in the abstract, that men were unfit to govern themselves, but he threw scorn biting as vitriol on those who attempted to tyrannize over others.

Finally, Mark's admirers insist, and insist with justice, that he was a splendid agent in the overthrow of shams. He loved truth, sincerity, the simple recognition of facts as they stand, no matter how homely, and with all his soul he detested cant of all kinds. 'His truth and his honor, his love of truth, and his love of honor, overflow all boundaries,' says Mr. Birrell. 'He has made the world better by his presence.' From this point of view the praise was fully deserved.

Yet it is just here that we come upon the weakness. And if Mark made the world better, he also made it worse — at any rate, many individuals in it:

for, with the wholesale destruction of shams, went, as so often, the destruction of reverence, 'that angel of the world,' as Shakespeare calls it. The trouble was that, when Mark had fairly got through with the shams, there was nothing left. One of his enthusiastic admirers compares him to Voltaire. The comparison is interesting and suggestive. Voltaire, too, was an enormous power in his day. He wrote for the multitude, so far as it was then possible to do it. He wielded splendid weapons of sarcasm and satire. He was always a destroyer of shams, smashed superstition and danced upon the remains of it. But Voltaire was essentially an optimist and believed in and enjoyed many things. He enjoyed literature, he enjoyed glory, he enjoyed living; above all, he believed in and enjoyed Voltaire. When Mark had stripped from life all the illusions that remained even to Voltaire, there was nothing left but a naked, ugly, hideous corpse, amiable only in that it was a corpse, or finally would be.

Mark himself frequently recognizes this charge of being a demolisher of reverence, and tries to rebut it. I never assault real reverence, he says. To pretend to revere things because others revere them, or say they do, to cherish established superstitions of art, or of morals, or of religion, is to betray and to deceive and to corrupt. But I never mock those things that I really revere myself. All other reverence is humbug. And one is driven to ask, what does he really revere, himself? His instinctive reverence for humanity in individual cases is doubtless delicate and exquisite; but in theory he tears the veil from God and man alike.

To illustrate I need only quote two deliberate and well-weighted utterances of his riper years. How could you wither man more terribly than in the following?

'A myriad of men are born; they labor and sweat and struggle for bread; they squabble and scold and fight; they scramble for little mean advantages over each other; age creeps upon them; infirmities follow; shames and humiliations bring down their prides and their vanities; those they love are taken from them and the joy of life is turned to aching grief. The burden of pain, care, misery, grows heavier year by year; at length ambition is dead; pride is dead; vanity is dead; longing for release is in their place. It comes at last, — the only unpoisoned gift earth ever had for them, — and they vanish from a world where they were of no consequence, where they have achieved nothing, where they were a mistake and a failure and a foolishness; where they have left no sign that they have existed — a world which will lament them a day and forget them forever.'

For those who thus envisaged man there used to be a refuge with God. Not so for Mark. Man deserves pity. God — at least, any God who might have been a refuge — deserves nothing but horror and contempt. The criticism is, to be sure, put into the mouth of Satan; but Satan would have been shocked at it: he was not so far advanced as Mark: —

'A God who could make good children as easily as bad, yet preferred to make bad ones; who could have made every one of them happy, yet never made a single happy one . . . who mouths justice and invented hell — mouths mercy and invented hell — mouths Golden Rules, and forgiveness multiplied by seventy times seven, and invented hell; who mouths morals to other people and has none himself; who frowns upon crimes, yet commits them all; who created man without invitation, then tries to shuffle the responsibility for man's acts upon man, instead of honorably placing it where

it belongs, upon himself; and finally, with altogether divine obtuseness, invites this poor, abused slave to worship him.'

Can it be considered that doctrines such as this are likely to be beneficial to the average ignorant reader of democracy, or that the preacher of them made the world wholly better by his presence? It is true that they do not appear so openly in Mark's best-known books, true that the practical manliness and generosity of Tom and Huck largely eclipse them. Yet the fierce pessimism of Pudd'nhead Wilson stares at the reader from the popular story of that name and from the equally popular *Following the Equator*, and even in the history of Tom and Huck the hand that slashes reverence is never far away.

The charge of evil influence fretted Mark as much as that of irreverence. He defends himself by denying that there is such a thing as personal influence from doctrines. Our happiness and unhappiness, he says, come from our temperament, not from our belief, which does not affect them in the slightest. This is, of course, gross exaggeration, as the story of Mark's own life shows again and again. One can perhaps best speak for one's self. It took years to shake off the withering blight which Mark's satire cast for me over the whole art of Europe. For years he spoiled for me some of the greatest sources of relief and joy. How many never shake off that blight at all! Again, in going back to him to write this portrait, I found the same portentous, shadowing darkness stealing over me that he spread before. I lived for ten years with the soul of Robert E. Lee, and it really made a little better man of me. Six months of Mark Twain made me a worse. I even caught his haunting exaggeration of profanity. And I am fifty-six years old and not very susceptible to infection. What can

he not do to boys and girls of sixteen?

It is precisely his irresistible personal charm that makes his influence overwhelming. You hate Voltaire; you love Mark. In later years a lady called upon him to express her enthusiasm. She wanted to kiss his hand. Imagine the humor of the situation — for Mark. But he accepted it with perfect dignity and perfect tender seriousness. 'How God must love you!' said the lady. 'I hope so,' answered Mark gently. After she had gone, he observed as gently and without a smile, 'I guess she has n't heard of our strained relations.'

How could you help being overcome by such a man and disbelieving all he disbelieved? When he clasps your hand and lays his arm over your shoulder and whispers that life is a wretched, pitiable thing, and effort useless, and

hope worthless, how are you to resist him?

So my final, total impression of Mark is desolating. If his admirers rebel, declare this utterly false, and insist that the final impression is laughter, they should remember that it is they, and especially Mark himself, who are perpetually urging us to take him seriously. Taken seriously, he is desolating. I cannot escape the image of a person groping in the dark, with his hands blindly stretched before him, ignorant of whence he comes and whither he goes, yet with it all suddenly bursting out into peals of laughter, which, in such a situation, have the oddest and most disconcerting effect.

Yet, whatever view you take of him, if you live with him long, he possesses you and obsesses you; for he was a big man and he had a big heart.

TWO SINS AGAINST TOLERANCE

BY F. LYMAN WINDOLPH

In a catechism which I used to study there was a classification of sins on the basis of virtues in the somewhat discouraging ratio of two to one. The path of godliness, it appeared, was beset with temptations on either side. One could have too much or too little of the quality of every virtue, but whether one sinned by way of excess or by way of deficiency, one was equally far from being in a state of grace. Thus it was said that the sins against Hope were Presumption on the one hand and Despair on the other.

I hold no brief either for or against

such a method of classification as a piece of abstract casuistry, but I am interested in its present application to the theory and practice of Tolerance, which is the newest and therefore the least generally understood of the cardinal virtues. Moreover, at the risk of seeming unduly dogmatic, I am willing to assert that the sins against Tolerance are Skepticism and Bigotry, and that, paradoxical as it may seem, we Americans are simultaneously in danger of becoming skeptics as a matter of philosophy and bigots as a matter of fact.

I

The roots of skepticism lie in the very general modern acceptance of what I have come to regard as one of the most pernicious heresies under the sun, namely, the doctrine that right and wrong are entirely relative matters which rest on nothing more enduring than personal opinion. I am not attacking the teachings of any formal school of philosophy. I am only trying to express the attitude of most of the people who think of themselves and speak of themselves as liberals. Go into any church which calls itself liberal, or advanced, and you will be told in substance that it is not necessary to be right but only to think you are right.

This is not only a very soft doctrine, but it is softer than the facts. Upon the very fabric of life is stamped the stern command that you must be right at your peril. Not for nothing was it written that it must needs be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh. To say that polygamy is a meritorious practice for Mormons because they honestly believe in it is to say that the world was flat before Columbus proved that it was round. To say that Republicans and Democrats are equally patriotic is to state a perfectly evident fact, but to say that they are equally right is to state an absurdity. Moreover, it is an absurdity which no one is so foolish as to commit in practical affairs. No one for a moment supposes that a clear conscience will heat a cold room or turn a bad meal into a good one. We live our lives subject to rigorous physical laws, and when we violate them we take the consequences. What we are to eat and how we are to live are questions which we are bound to answer at our own risk. If we fail to answer them correctly, mere goodness of intention will not help us a whit.

Much good work has been done in recent years in the field of prison reform, but some of it has been marred by a failure to remember that a prisoner is, after all, a man who has committed a crime. It is utterly beside the point to answer that, if we knew all, we would forgive all. There is respectable authority for the proposition that it is our duty to forgive all whether we know all or not. God alone can measure the length and breadth of human sin in the light of his infinite mercy. But neither our knowledge nor our forgiveness is any reason, so far as I can see, for supposing that a murderer is any the less a murderer because he has added unwritten amendments to the text of the Ten Commandments. It is precisely the case of the man who is out of step with the regiment. As a piece of pure logic, it is possible (though unlikely) that the man and the regiment are both out of step with the music. But it is unthinkable that they are both in step with it, and at the same time out of step with each other.

Nor do I think that any more can be said on behalf of this particular kind of liberalism if we pass altogether outside the domain of individual ethics. It is generally conceded, for instance, that the Civil War was the most tremendous domestic crisis through which America has passed up to the present time. The cause of the North triumphed, and, after the lapse of half a century, most Americans are agreed that its triumph was righteous. Every mind indignantly rejects the idea that sin can in any wise be imputed to the men who faced each other on the battlefields of that war. We are humbly conscious rather that their conduct was equally above all praise. And yet it is a mockery, which they would be the first to resent, to suggest that they, or the principles for which they fought, were, in any sense of the word, equally right.

Another national crisis is upon us to-day. As I write these words, a battle is being waged, behind the rights and wrongs of puzzling specific instances, between those who are seeking to destroy and those who are seeking to fulfil the social and political hopes and aspirations to which the American Commonwealth was dedicated. In the issue thus joined it is altogether likely that each side honestly believes in the justice and wisdom of its cause. It is certain, however, that one side or the other is mistaken, and neither idealism, however unselfish, nor loyalty, however devoted, can abate the awful consequences of that certainty. Let our citizens look to it, for on one side or the other fights the invisible ally whose 'truth is marching on.'

It must be admitted, of course, that truth is one thing and our idea of it another; but this is only the tacit admission behind every human affirmation. If we never spoke except upon certain knowledge, we should always be silent. 'A decent respect to the opinions of mankind' bids us beware of a wayward cocksureness; but pure skepticism implies an indecent disrespect to our own opinions, which is one of the clearest of the stigmata of decadence. It was the disciples of Pyrrho and not of Socrates who doubted whether they doubted. Our forefathers professed 'a decent respect to the opinions of mankind,' but they nevertheless had no scruples about pitching several thousand pounds of tea into Boston harbor. They also hanged witches at Salem, and did many other fierce and wrong acts; but they never committed the sin of Pontius Pilate, whose name has been detestable for two thousand years, because, at a stupendous crisis, he could do no better than to ask, 'What is truth?'

I have a friend, a lawyer, who has frequently had occasion to examine two medical experts as witnesses on his side

of various important cases. The physicians in question are in all respects equally distinguished practitioners, but my friend considers one of them a much safer witness than the other. He bases this belief on the answer which each is accustomed to make to a usual question in the course of cross-examination. This question is whether the witness may not be mistaken in his opinion. The first doctor always says, 'Certainly,' without more. The second replies, 'I may be mistaken, *but I think not*'; and my friend is satisfied that the emphasis on the added words carries great weight with juries.

Logically, the second answer is a piece of tautology, because in stating any opinion one necessarily expresses a belief in its correctness; but the tautology springs from unfairness inherent in the question itself. An admission of possible error is the unspoken preface of every speech. Fallibility is the inertia against which a man moves when he undertakes to speak at all. How positively he may be justified in speaking depends upon 'an assemblage of probabilities' of which he must be the judge. This 'assemblage of probabilities' may be so strong as to amount to a moral certainty, or so weak as to make the adherence to a judgment based upon it mere stubbornness; but in either case tolerance certainly demands nothing so absurd as a concession that one opinion is as good as another because both may be wrong.

Now tolerance is a by-product of democracy, professing the same doctrine and subject to the same limitations. The essence of democracy is not equality, but equality before the law. The essence of tolerance is not doubt, but charity and a sense of fair play. The vice of the bigot and the despot is not certitude, but a refusal to hear both sides of the case. Freedom of thought no more implies an approval of heresy

than freedom of action implies an approval of crime. Everyone has a right to a hearing, just as everyone has a right to a chance in the world; but truth and worth are, none the less, solemn and detached realities which nothing can controvert.

All this is, in a sense, a protest against a modern point of view. In another sense it is a personal profession of faith. The objective distinction between good and evil, and our fitness to make that distinction, seem to me first principles which increase in importance with our own perplexities. If the world is indeed a wilderness, it is both untrue and foolish to keep repeating that all paths lead straight to the broad highway; and it is equally foolish to follow only half-heartedly what seems to us the best path, for the reason that our neighbor may possibly have hit upon a better one. There is no way out of the labyrinth except to find the clue, and nothing will discharge our obligation to find it except performance. On such a theory, life is a perilous quest which may end in achievement. On any other, it is a meaningless nightmare without an end in view. It was Shakespeare who wrote, 'for there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so.' But it is worth remembering that he put these words in the mouth of Hamlet, who was either a madman or a sane man successfully feigning madness, as the critics may prefer.

II

But if the sin of skepticism lies in a perversion of liberal thinking, the menace of bigotry is chiefly to be found in an equally dangerous perversion of conservative conduct and leadership. Every war brings with it a temporary curtailment of the sphere of individual liberty of which no citizen can justly complain. No sea-captain, even though

we may conceive him to have been placed in authority by the free choice of his crew, can afford to debate questions of navigation in the midst of a storm. At such a time the blindest obedience becomes the part, not only of duty but of self-interest, and there is no choice but to put mutineers, irrespective of their motives, in irons. But with the return of fair weather, the stars swing once more in their accustomed places. It is time to bring the mutineers up from the hold for whatever hearing 'the law of the land' accords them.

The American people are just now confronted with the wave of social unrest which is sweeping over the world in the wake of the world-war. It is, I suppose, impossible to approach the questions which are now before us for consideration without some mental predisposition one way or the other. I know that my own predisposition, both innately and as a matter of training, is what is generally called conservative. I really believe, for instance, that a representative republic such as ours is a better and, rightly considered, a more progressive form of government than a social democracy. I am as far as possible from being a Bolshevik or an anarchist. I do not believe in governmental ownership of public utilities in any form or under any disguise. I opposed both the constitutional amendment providing for the popular election of United States senators and the amendment enacting national prohibition, and since their adoption I have had no occasion to change my opinion about either of them.

These are simply my own conclusions, which may be quite incorrect as a matter of fact, though, like my friend's witness, *I think not*. But, so far as my fellow citizens are concerned, my conclusions are, in a certain sense, at least, entirely irrelevant. They are part of

a composite judgment, nothing more, and they are entitled to only so much weight as their own intrinsic worth, backed by the weight of my personal authority, be that much or little, is able to win for them. 'All power,' says the Constitution of my own state, in words which fairly express the political philosophy underlying the Constitution of the United States as well, 'is inherent in the people and all free governments are founded on their authority and instituted for their peace, safety and happiness. For the advancement of these ends they have at all times an inalienable and indefeasible right to alter, reform or abolish their government in such manner as they may think proper.'

But the right thus stated is, in the United States, happily more than the abstract product of any paper constitution. It is a perfectly practical fact, and every American knows it. Whenever a substantial majority of our fellow citizens, having soberly considered both sides of the case, desires to adopt the social and political theories of Lenin and Trotsky, it not only has a theoretical right so to do, but it has, by means of constitutional amendments, the actual power to accomplish such a result. Precisely because this is the case, every right-minded American must have viewed with satisfaction the recent conviction and sentence in New York of two aliens who had advocated the overthrow by force of our present form of government. The crime for which they were indicted is defined by a special statute and is known as 'criminal anarchy,' but logically it is treason—not treason against the United States in the technical sense, but treason against the basic principle of democracy, which is that the will of the whole people (necessarily determined in practice by the will of the majority) is paramount to the will of any part of the people.

Now, if it be true that the people

have a right 'to alter, reform or abolish' their government at will, — and we Americans should be the last to dispute it, — and, further, if it be true that it is here and now treason against democracy and tolerance for a radical minority to seek to blow up with bombs the leaders and representatives of a political organization with which they happen to disagree, it is equally — and for the same reasons — treason against democracy and tolerance for a conservative majority forcibly to prevent a full and free discussion of the views of political thinkers with whom they happen to disagree. Indeed, one proposition necessarily depends on the other. Revolution by force is a crime only when revolution by argument and persuasion is an ever-present possibility. Free speech is not merely one of the results of democracy: it is likewise one of the continuing causes of democracy. When free speech ceases, public opinion ceases; and when the rule of public opinion ceases, despotism begins. The American tradition affirms that the forcible overthrow of despotism is not base but noble.

Some months ago a well-known clergyman and educator delivered a public lecture in the city in which I live. In the course of his remarks he said that if he were President of the United States he would order the arrest of every Socialist and anarchist in the country, would have them taken to New York harbor, and thence 'on a ship of stone with sails of lead' would 'start them straight for the closest port of Hell.' The speaker was an educated native-born citizen, and was speaking in a small and thoroughly American inland city, but one seldom hears more seditious language on the lips of an illiterate immigrant haranguing foreigners in the heart of one of our great centres of population. In principle such an utterance is quite as bad as that for

which the New York anarchists were sent (as I think rightly) to jail, and in practice it is a great deal more sinister and alarming. The number of radical agitators in the United States is said to be about twenty thousand. The number of influential conservatives is many times as great. It is, therefore, chiefly upon the temperance and fortitude of conservative leadership that the safety of America depends.

I have said that I have faith in our political institutions. I have faith in our people as well. 'It is not uninteresting to the world,' said Thomas Jefferson, 'that an experiment should be fairly and fully made whether freedom of discussion, unaided by power, is not sufficient for the propagation and protection of truth.' We find ourselves in the midst of this experiment, and I for one am willing to debate the apostles of Bolshevism, not only because tolerance entitles both sides to a hearing, but because I believe I have a better case than they have and because I have confidence in the court and jury.

The Constitution of the United States can claim for itself none of the sacred character which the Hebrews attributed to the laws of Moses. It was devised by wise and patriotic men after a score of compromises. It was adopted after the most unrestricted consideration in the forum of public opinion. It stands vindicated in the record of nearly a century and a half of progress and development without a parallel in the history of civilization. If, then, the form of government which the Constitution set up cannot now win for itself vindication as a working success from the same tribunal which approved it as a mere experiment over a century ago, the obvious conclusion would seem to be that our government is not really so good as I think it is — in other words, that my own conclusion on this point is

quite wrong; and in that case we ought by all means to avail ourselves of the first opportunity to replace our present political structure by a better one.

Finally, and as a mere matter of conservative expediency, it will do no good in any event to tie down the safety-valve. Most of the undesirable agitators in the country are, as everybody knows, of foreign birth, and most of them were born in countries where there has already been too much tying down of the safety-valve. The unthinking conservative first of all begets the unthinking radical. However much we may wish that the soap-box orator had chosen to set up his soap-box, as Diogenes set up his tub, in the land of his nativity, he has in fact done no such thing. The soap-box is at our street corners, and we are confronted by the necessity of letting it remain there, so long as its occupant confines his attention to pointing out the supposed advantages of substituting another form of government for the one under which we are now living, or of repudiating the very principles which form the most significant part of America's contribution to the world's heritage of freedom.

There is only one other possible point of view, and that is that the people are incompetent to select their own form of government. If that is true, then democracy has failed; and if democracy has failed, then America has failed. Personally I have no fear on this point, but even if I had, — being an American and remembering the aspirations, the denial, the blood and tears, the anguish and longing that have gone into the making of America, — it seems to me that I would at least give democracy the benefit of the doubt, and continue, though with a waning faith, along the old paths, even as Peter, after he had denied his Lord, nevertheless 'followed afar off . . . to see the end.'

SKETCHES IN PEASANT RUSSIA

BREADANDSALTNESS

BY EDWIN BONTA

No matter what other things of a flattering nature a nation may find to say about itself, we may be reasonably sure that it will vaunt its spirit of hospitality. So general is this proper conceit, so time-honored, that we believe Cain must have found the land of Nod noted for its kindness to the 'stranger within its gates.' For this reason we feel our position quite unassailable when we say that the Russians too are particularly keen on this native trait, known to themselves as 'breadandsaltness.'

Catchpole was tired. I was tired. And why should n't we be? Had n't we been traveling since six o'clock in the evening, in a rigid old wagon without springs — and over a corduroy road in which more than half the logs had sunk out of sight in the bog? How can you think a journey of this kind is comfortable? How can you believe our dispositions were not frayed to a thin fringe? The wonder of it, as I look back, is that he and I could go through four days and nights of it together — days and nights of almost incessant travel — and come through friends.

We had now been on the road already eight hours, and it was nearing two o'clock in the morning.

We were reaching the end of our stage, said Mefódi, where we should change horses before going on with the journey. 'End of the stage' at once suggested post-house, and tea, and rest,

and perhaps even sleep — four whole hours of it — before we must be up and on our way once more.

And then, to cast down our rising spirits, had come Mefódi's announcement that there would n't be any post-house.

'What? No post-house? No rest? No supper? No sleep?'

'Not necessary!' Mefódi assured us. 'You may be very quiet. There is a friend to me in this town, this Verkhóvaya. You will go to him!'

'But, Mefódusha,' I cut in, 'impossible! It's already two o'clock —'

'It is nothing!' interrupted Mefódi. 'You will go to him!'

'Agreeable!' said I, relapsing into the hay.

My traveling companion rolled a tired eye in my direction. 'What was the meaning of that little lot?' he asked.

With a stifled sigh, I retailed in English, for the hundredth time that day, the scrap of conversation we had held.

Some minutes after, Mefódi pulled up his horse before a house in the village, and pounded on the door with the butt of his whip.

'This,' he announced, 'is the house of Makár.'

The door opened at length, and a very tousled, very sleepy head was thrust out.

'Zárávstui, Makár!' said Mefódi; and pointing with the butt of his whip, 'My friend Petr Ivanich Weaver. Become acquainted, please!' And he bowed

as graciously as possible, owing to the quiltiness of his costume.

The tousled head bobbed down and back. '*Very pleasant!*' said its owner, drowsily.

'My friend's friend, Captain Catchpole,' continued Mefódi. 'Become acquainted, please!'

'*Very pleasant!*' said Makár, bobbing again with the head.

'The officers will night it with you, Makár Stepánich,' explained Mefódi.

'*Very pleasant!*' responded Makár, bobbing some more.

We hesitated at being wished on a total stranger in this manner.

'You 're sure we won't be in the way — sure we won't uncalm you at all?' I asked.

Makár dug his knuckles into sleepy eyes. 'Uncalm us?' he repeated to himself. 'Uncalm us? — oh, please!' he replied cordially, and bobbed once again.

The captain poked gingerly with his stick at a filthy remnant of a door-mat, or glanced furtively over the shoulder of Makár's nightshirt at the disorder within the house. (Night-shirt, did we say? More correctly, under layer of integuments — the upper layers having been laid off at bedtime.)

'Be so kind!' said Makár, leading the way through a dark hall-way smelling of hay, fish, wet boots, damp clothing, moist plaster, and folks.

'Damn!' muttered my companion under his breath, as he stumbled over a padded driver asleep on the floor; and 'Damn!' again as he tripped over a second.

'*Chort!*' I said, as, carefully avoiding the above two, I stepped squarely on the soft stomach of a third.

Makár noted our annoyance and embarrassment. 'It is nothing!' he said.

He flung open the inner door and ushered us into the single room that made their home. A smoky lamp burned dimly on the table. In the corner a dis-

ordered bed from which he, and his, had apparently hastily arisen. In a far corner another bed, in which two sturdy youngsters were tucked away.

'Plant yourselves, please! Thither!' Makár pointed to the usual long bench under the windows, and then disappeared for the moment behind the great masonry stove.

Catchpole planted himself nowhither but continued standing by the doorway. With his bamboo he started poking at the tattered edge of wall-paper around the casing. I had hoped he would n't disturb this! Many strange things lurk behind tattered wall-paper.

When Makár, now clothed, reappeared from behind the stove, my companion was still busy with his stick.

'Good Lord!' he exclaimed suddenly, at the bottom of his breath.

'What?' I asked, apprehensively.

Seen in the flickering shadow, his features showed extreme disgust.

'Bugs!' he snapped in a low tone.

'And what does he say?' asked Makár.

'My friend,' I explained, 'positively refuses to believe that anyone could show such hospitality to two strangers, especially at such a time of night! You saw, no doubt, the unbelieving expression, and the strong gesture?'

'So?' said Makár complacently.

Mefódi appeared with our hamper and our sleeping-bags, and promptly retired again, taking his place on the floor of the hallway beside the other sleepers. The Makárov wife now appeared from behind the stove, greeted us graciously, and hastened to boil the samovar for tea.

'You will sup,' explained Makár, 'and, after, you will sleep here!'

He bowed low, and with conscious pride indicated the tumbled bed — his best — for his guests.

'What's he saying?' asked my companion

'He says we will sleep there,' I interpreted, pointing to the bed.

'Fancy!' my companion exclaimed.

'That is — what did he say?' asked Makár in his turn.

'The captain is overcome by the nature of your hospitality,' I explained.

'I say!' my friend interrupted. 'Are you telling him I'll sleep in that bed?'

'But Catchpole, we must!' I replied. 'Only think! Here we are, perfect strangers! We're nothing to this man. And yet out of sheer kindness of heart he and his wife get up at two A.M. and give us shelter, give us tea — and even climb out and offer us their own bed! Why, common decency demands —'

'Decency!' he gasped. 'If I did sleep there, it would be the most indecent thing I ever did!'

'But we have got to live on fairly peaceable terms with these people,' I ventured.

'Well, damme!' he replied. 'Who wants to quarrel with them? Patch it up any way you like — as long as you or I don't sleep in that bed,' he added.

How this was to be accomplished, I was not prepared to say. Certainly not by telling them the true cause of our failing enthusiasm! As I tried to think of a means, my eyes roved aimlessly about the room, lighting upon the group of ikons in the 'beautiful corner.' And then it was that the inspiration seized me.

I addressed myself to Makár and the Makárov spouse, thanking them in no uncertain terms for their unstinted breadandsaltness. I assured them that not the smallest attention had gone unnoted or unappreciated. And then, as to the bed — I leaned over and whispered a deep secret in the ear of each.

Two pairs of eyes opened wide with wonderment and surprise. Two excited peasants disappeared behind the stove, and there followed a spirited discussion in low tones. Little Pável awaked, and

sitting up in bed, took in their conversation, too, his eyes opening wide.

All hours are the same hour. Two A.M. or two P.M. — what does it matter when there is excitement toward? Quietly Pável slipped into his boots and was out of the door and off down the village street, apparently on some such errand as another Paul pursued years ago along the dark road to Lexington.

At least, as we sat at supper soon after, friends began dropping in. Slipped in silently and shyly, and took places along the seat under the windows. What Pável had told them we could not say — but there they were.

We opened our hamper, and the captain fished out a couple of tins of beef and a paper of sugar and tucked them quietly into the angle of the mother's arm as she came with the samovar.

Her face lighted with pleasure. Setting down the load to give her hands free play, she started thanking him in voluble Russian.

Now if there is one thing Catchpole dislikes, it is effusiveness. He rummaged about hastily in his meagre Russian vocabulary for a word to stem this flow. Then, pushing out a slender hand deprecatingly, '*Boomsillavatska!*' he replied, unsuccessfully.

As we two sat at supper, Makár (*vice* Mefódi, retired) showed off his guests with a proud air of proprietorship. In the shadowy corner by the stove there was much whispering, and some giggling.

'Not the haughty one, Makár,' I heard them ask shyly. 'The other queer one — what for a man is this?'

'This?' answered Makár knowingly. 'This is an *Amerikánets*. One tells from the thick nape of the neck. They drink much cold water, these strange people, and it shows in the back of the neck.'

Selecting isolated spots in the middle of the floor, we unrolled our sleeping-bags. Russia was deeply interested.

Catchpole then dropped down in the chair by the lamp, sweeping a distressed glance across the faces of the populace lining the walls of the little room. 'You may tell them, Weaver,' he said, 'that the show is over for this evening. Tell them they may go. I'm ready for bed.'

'Why, I can't tell them, old man,' I explained. 'They're not our guests, they're Makár's.'

The captain scowled and sat along in silence. Meanwhile the populace patiently waited. Russia has time, as the German proverb says.

My friend twitched convulsively and gave utterance to dire threats. 'Tell them,' he said 'that if they don't go I shall take my tunic off just the same!'

I told them. Russia stirred with expectant excitement, and remained fast.

The captain, true to his given word, removed his blouse ceremoniously and deliberately, and sat in the presence of the populace in his shirt-sleeves — the first time in the history of the great Empire.

Still Russia had time. Still Russia waited. Several uneventful moments passed, after which my friend turned to me again. 'Weaver,' he said despairingly, 'would n't you think they'd take the hint? Would n't you think they'd go *now*?'

I was busy unwinding my puttees, and did n't answer. But potent is the power of suggestion. Soon he too was unwinding his puttees, attentively watched by many pairs of round eyes.

'Now perhaps they'll go,' he ventured, hesitantly, straightening up once more.

But I was busy taking off my shoes and did n't hear him. He looked from me to his pair of boots, from his pair of boots to the many pairs of eyes, and back again at me.

And bending over once more, he too started unlacing his boots. From boots

we progressed to shirts. And, undaunted, from shirts to socks. And still Russia sat, undismayed. The captain, non-plussed, slumped back hopelessly in his chair, a long sock dangling limply from his hand. Obviously, the only remaining part of our ceremony was breeches.

He turned a patient eye on me. 'Now, Weaver, damme!' he sighed; 'they've got to go, you know!'

'Yes,' I echoed doubtfully, 'they've got to go.'

Then it was that my companion had *his* inspiration. A tell-tale light flashed in his eye for an instant as he sat up and turned his face smilingly toward the row of faces. 'Good-night!' he said, in his best Russian.

The row of faces looked mystified.

He turned in his chair, and with a deft hand, before anyone could guess his intent, flicked the sock across the top of the lamp chimney. *Tfu!* Out went the light, and we found ourselves in the blackest of nights.

There was a long wait in the dark; and a loud steady drone, as of a swarm of angry bees.

At length Makár brought a splint and lit the lamp again. As it burned up once more, the eager eyes peered blinkingly through the new-made light. But too late!

The strangers were tucked away in their bags.

'I say, Peter Weaver,' droned my companion from the depths of his, after the last of the villagers had filed out, 'I don't like to be always begging translations — no, not half! But I should like to know what you said to the old blighter and his wife, that started all the row.'

'Why,' — I yawned sleepily, — 'I had to tell them something about that bed business. I told them it was part of our religion to sleep on the floor.'

A MARGINAL ACQUAINTANCE

BY KATHERINE WILSON

THERE was little of the subtle influence of previous occupancy clinging to my tiny dwelling. A gray little bungalow in a village of bungalows that sheltered a 'literary colony,' it suffered naturally from the heterogeneity of a furnished house for rent. Five years of promiscuous ingress and egress, since the passing of its original owner, had rubbed from its portals all stamp of individuality; and when, therefore, in installing certain of my own *lares* and *penates*, that somewhat of that missing quality might hastily be lent during my occupation with a piece of literary work, I came suddenly upon signs of a grimly persistent presence, it was to be startled almost into a stammered apology for my intrusion.

For confronting me from a dark far corner of a 'skied' top-shelf, stolid and forbidding in the gloom, stood an old-model typewriter, its bars and keys festooned with cobweb chains, while beside it, lined up like sentries before a closeted past, was a row of veteran magazines. A shabby guard they were, dusty and unkempt, their tri-corns tattered, their edges frayed, some with their coats quite gone. But foremost among them, one sturdier and less antedated than the rest had managed to retain his own, and in an upper corner — on the lapel, as it were, like the decoration of some royal order — was a brief inscription written in a fine and neatly rounded hand: '*Emma Peeples. Keep.*'

Involuntarily I stepped back. It was something like five years, I had been informed, since Miss Peeples, the

original owner of the house, had dwelt here — five years since that worthy lady, passing on, had left her abiding-place to the tender mercies of transient renters. Yet here, in the face of that inconsequent horde, stood stolidly this old typewriter, like a time-locked gate, and the tattered magazine guard, faithful warders of a presence reigning still through that last precisely executed order: '*Emma Peeples. Keep.*'

It was arresting, this! There was something of stern tenacity in the terseness of that phrase, something that in its simple literalness was not to be gainsaid. And I was seized with a swift interest in one who, through the power of the written word alone, had thus managed to defy the oblivion of death. For I had not the slightest doubt that inside that frayed and dusty guard of magazines the person of Miss Peeples persisted still.

The power of a phrase! Certainly Miss Peeples had known it well — she who had relied upon that brief one of her own to stay so long the vandal's hand — through all those years to maintain on that 'skied' top-shelf her personal sanctum. And what was there of value and significance there to her? Was there, perhaps, in those frayed back-numbers, a treasury of contributions from her own hand — that hand which had known so well the force of the written word? For undoubtedly Miss Peeples wrote! The typewriter and the literary colony attested that. Then it was not unlikely that Miss Peeples herself was living in those pages in her

own masterly phrase. For all I knew, she might be hidden there behind some *nom de plume*. She might even prove, could I but find her, to be an old and dear, though by her own name an unfamiliar, friend. In any case, 'Tell me what you read,' said some wisacre, 'and I'll tell you what you are.' And that in those frayed back-numbers there was something significant to her was in itself as significant, as this other fact was graphic, of this Miss Peeples who, in defiance of the effacing hand of Time, had managed to write herself thus imperishably in that fine and neatly rounded hand: '*Emma Peeples. Keep.*'

I must know Miss Peeples! That was plain. Not to do so would be as absurd as if we were to go about the house together day after day, withholding a friendly greeting for lack of a formal introduction. For my part, now that I knew she was there, it would be almost as ungracious as to accept the lady's hospitality while deliberately ignoring her presence. And surely Miss Peeples would not grudge me her acquaintance — and in her own house! I could not believe that she would withhold from me the comradeship of our mutual interests. It was not in miserly or jealous spirit, I felt sure, that my hostess had written in that fine and neatly rounded hand: '*Emma Peeples. Keep.*'

So it was sustained by this assurance that, after a respectful interval, I ventured one day to take into my own hands those frayed and dusty covers, and in the friendliness of one of Miss Peeples's rustic chairs, before Miss Peeples's hospitable hearth, to open the pages of acquaintance with Miss Emma Peeples.

I was rewarded beyond my fondest hopes. For my first cursory frilling of the leaves disclosed, dispersed along the margins in that same fine and neatly rounded hand, copious commentaries in pencil. I was delighted, charmed!

Miss Peeples was already prepared for converse with me. She was ready, even to the extent of proffering the first remark; to permit my friendship.

We had turned, I remember, to a page of literary memoirs by the dean of American letters, and with her pencil Miss Peeples now called my attention to a line referring to a distinguished magazine which, wrote the author, 'still remains the most scrupulously cultivated of our periodicals.'

'It's as vulgar and provincial as any of them!' declared Miss Peeples, with asperity.

I confess I was surprised. To happen thus upon an exponent of the higher criticism was more than I had dreamed. In all my anticipations of Miss Peeples I had not suspected such virtuosity as this — a perspicacity that hesitated neither at attacking 'the most scrupulously cultivated of our periodicals,' nor at taking issue with the dean of American letters! I rejoiced. Here, I gloried, is a fine scorn of compromise and an independence of thought quite rare in a contributor. To my delight, here was disclosed at the start what I found on closer acquaintance to be a fundamental characteristic of my new friend: in the honesty and zeal of her convictions this lady was no respecter of persons.

But I was relieved to discover at once that by 'vulgarity' and 'provincialism' Miss Peeples referred quite exclusively to form, not content. I found her scrupulously exacting, for instance, in the choice of words. Aside from reiterated objections to the common confusions of 'shall' and 'will,' 'would' and 'should,' 'would better have' and 'had better have,' and in addition to an unbelievable number of serpentine interlineations in protest against split infinitives, Miss Peeples accorded me many concrete examples of her standards of propriety in diction. In an ar-

ticle on Entomology, a noted authority's persistent and familiar reference to his tiny subjects as 'bugs' as persistently elicited from Miss Peeples a correction of the word to 'insects' — a more seemly attitude, one must admit; while a sentence by the same author to the effect that 'the Horticultural Commissioners receive a salary of four dollars per day,' drew from Miss Peeples in marginal disapproval: "A day" or "per diem," but not a mixture!" I found her particularly inexorable as to prepositions. 'We went Wednesday and returned the evening of Friday' was presented with 'on' to precede properly each adverb; while 'made the latter part of the time' was quietly but firmly supplied with 'during' after the verb, as a fit chaperon to its activities.

All of which, I mused happily, disclosed in Miss Peeples a praiseworthy precision, a reassuring insistence upon the small proprieties, only too often ignored in these alarming days of free literature. I confess that I was impressed, if somewhat perturbed, with the number of grammatical irregularities which Miss Peeples had succeeded in ferreting out in so ostensibly correct a magazine. Yet, while it suggested that the lady had been at infinite pains to discover so many lapses in syntactical conduct, still, I reflected, of such vigilance are the censors of our rhetorical morals, to whose constant fidelity we owe the maintenance of our literary standards.

I have said that Miss Peeples conceded nothing to eminence where indiscretions were involved. A distinguished novelist, famous for the purity of his phrase, having carelessly made use of the expression, 'entreat to be done,' was brought up promptly to his manners by Miss Peeples's stern admonition, 'to have done'; while a certain Supreme Justice, writing somewhat pompously of a specific incident at law,

asserted that the details of the case 'failed of recordation,' the last two syllables of which offense Miss Peeples indicted with one clean-cut stroke of her righteous pencil. And when the same offender quoted himself as asking, 'Can you aid the Court *any* in this?' Miss Peeples broke forth in indignant expostulation: 'From a Judge? Disgraceful!'

But it was not only purity but accuracy of grammatical conduct that Miss Peeples demanded from writers, and writers of fiction no less than of fact. A youthful character in a story having been allowed to remark loosely that it was 'a quarter of five,' was confronted on the margin by Miss Peeples with this irrefutable fact: ' $\frac{1}{4}$ of 5 = $\frac{1}{4}$ past 4. *To*.'

A moment's mental gymnastics achieved the answer. A quarter of five is a quarter *on* five, which is but a quarter past four, whereas in reality it was a quarter *to* five. But for Miss Peeples's timely intervention, that young man would have been half an hour late! And the mathematical rigor of Miss Peeples's conscience in such matters was afforded in another instance. A Harvard professor, writing on a technical subject and venturing to 'disassociate steam into its component parts,' called down upon his unsuspecting head Miss Peeples's tart rebuke in a grim disassociation of the word into its component parts. 'To *dis-as*,' said Miss Peeples crisply, 'is to subtract-add. It must be either *dis* or *as*. Both would be neither.'

I was impressed with this cryptic truth. I was tremendously impressed. Here, I marveled, was a mind capable of the subtlest perceptions, the finest discriminations. Beyond a doubt I was getting on in my acquaintance with Miss Peeples! A lady undeniably fastidious, with a keen and penetrating intelligence, my friend was taking form

before me with positive profile. Somewhat thin of feature, I discerned, Miss Peeples was wont to scan her pages with perspicacious eyes through a small *pince-nez*, her perceptions in no wise impaired by a slight nearsightedness. Undaunted in its charge, her small but assertive chin held pointedly to the letter of her decision, while blue-veined nostrils quivered with the earnestness of her zeal. A pale, high brow surmounted a face a little wan, perhaps, but animated by resolute purpose, a purpose which in its fine, if intolerant, virtue, scorned to utter in any but pure prose the imaginations of her heart.

Eagerly I began to look for hints of these. What of Miss Peeples's literary tastes, I wondered? What of the sentimental proclivities of this lady so keen to niceties of phrase? What subtleties of phraseology, what points of style, what forms of art; what intricacies of allusion and delicate imagery did she enjoy? Would she vouchsafe me comradeship in these? What authors were her choice, what school of fiction? And if she herself was playing hide and seek with me behind that *nom de plume*, in what form did she embody the preciseness of her faiths? Was that faculty for exact analysis employed as scrupulously with her characters as with her words? Was Miss Peeples, perhaps, one of those literary surgeons, the psycho-analysts, who, employing the pen for a scalpel, falter not at any operation on the human heart?

It was with renewed zest that I paged the magazine further for glimpses into the personality of my friend. There continued to be many painstaking corrections margin-wise, and an almost pitiless readjustment of split infinitives, — barely a contributor escaped! — but with these elementary details I was no longer concerned. I sought more significant things. And I found my first revelation in an essay on the

popular appeal of books. Now, I promised myself, we approached a real communion.

In his contention that it was something other than art — something more akin to sentimentality — that moved the popular taste, the essayist ventured to assert: 'One book of Jane Austen is worth, for delicate veracity and self-sacrificing fidelity to art, all the books that Walter Scott wrote; yet she is the goddess of an idolatry beside which the worship of Scott is a race-religion.' From her place on the margin Miss Peeples had pulled her face into a long-drawn question mark!

Can it be, I marveled, that my friend Miss Peeples takes issue with that 'delicate veracity,' that 'self-sacrificing fidelity to art,' so undeniably accredited to Miss Austen? Incredible! Then it must be the racial worship of Scott to which she objects. But it must be that she is unwilling to concede the *virtue* of his appeal, since she cannot deny the *fact* of it. That picturesque romanticism, that sentimental portraiture, that exhaustive chronicle of imaginary loves and hates, heroisms and intrigues, all that fanciful invention which the Scottish imagination gave out to a greedy world, find no favor in her sight. Not for Miss Peeples, with her Calvinistic pen, a 'race-religion' that chants to illusion, makes genuflections to the man in the moon, pursues its devotions in a castle in the air! Miss Peeples, I perceive, demands more of verity than this, must have more of fact in her fiction. My new friend, it seems, professes Realism.

Then a piece of realistic writing, I cry! Give us something that rings true — a tale that lingers on a moment's stress, an hour's pain. Hand us, on the point of a literal pen, a frozen tear, a drop of blood — Ah, here's the thing! The night is dark with storm. A lonely spot. A furtive figure crouching in the

gloom. Out of the black the shriek of an approaching train. A pause. The figure clutches at something sagging in his hand. The train shrills by. There is a leap, a swing; a form hurtles through the air, seizes the rail of the rear platform, hurls up the snow-banked steps, and lurches into the light of the car's glass door, with grim tenacity *lugging a grip*.

Ah, here, I gloated, is Miss Peeples's passion for verity realized, here a reality she approves. *Lugging a grip*. Here, dear lady, I rejoiced, is all the telling power of the fitting phrase. The night. The storm. The wait. The grim attack. And on the car's rear platform a furtive figure *lugging a grip*. Here is a thing to strike your sense of the graphic, the true. You yourself have marked it! I felicitate you! It proves you. None but the innate literary sense would have discerned the perfect fitness of such a stroke as that.

Miss Peeples smiling, imperturbable, a little patiently pitying, met me in her fine and neatly rounded manner with the calm correction, 'Carrying a bag!'

I sank back in my chair. 'But, dear lady,' I protested —

My friend was obdurate. 'Carrying a bag!'

And all at once there was a vanishing — the night, the storm, the lonely spot, the figure lurking, the shrilling train. Vanished! And in their stead appeared an erect and leisurely gentleman, in all the poise of respectability, approaching the clean-swept steps of a waiting Pullman, 'carrying a bag.' Gone, all gone! Gone the potency of the fitting phrase, the fancy. Gone the comradeship of words. Gone Miss Peeples! For with almost startling literalness it was that. As mysteriously as if her literary standing were not in the very act involved, the Miss Peeples of my vision had vanished utterly with the approach of that gentlemanly figure 'carrying a bag.'

And was this all, I lamented, my eyes seeking the empty pages? Was this as much as I was to know of Miss Emma Peeples — this as near as I was to come to fellowship with her? Were we to exchange no appreciative nods, no sympathetic smiles, indulge no understanding silences over the poetry of a phrase, the laughter in a tear, the heroism in a smile? Was she not to rejoice me now and then with a flash of luminous insight, of kindly patience, and an enduring faith which the born author harbors in his heart for the follies of men? Was I, after all, to be denied Miss Peeples even as a new, if not under some other than her own name a long-familiar, friend?

Alas, I waited in vain for Miss Peeples to respond. The margins vouchsafed no revelation, and at last I was forced to admit that, so far as Miss Peeples's literary communings were concerned, nothing was to be expected from her more intimate than 'carrying a bag.'

So I had to readjust my entire estimate of Miss Peeples. I had made the mistake of regarding my new acquaintance as an author. Never, I knew now, would she be that! Never would Miss Peeples be other than what I had least suspected — a *lady*. The knowledge robbed me of her! It robbed me of even the hope of her. And there was a chill disappointment in the sad admission to which I had to come at length — that not only was Miss Peeples not coquetting with me behind an elusive *nom de plume*; not only was she not numbered among that company of old and lasting friends; but she would be missing, also, from the ranks of even those merely ephemeral acquaintances whose hail and farewell greetings are wafted as they pass. For no writer succeeds even momentarily in mounting the juggernaut of fame, who approaches it thus sedately 'carrying a bag.'

Charming as Miss Peeples might have proved as a lady, I found myself with little disposition to pursue the acquaintance further, even though by various tentative overtures I was invited to do so. I was no longer interested now in Miss Peeples's naïve confession of her preference for a 'pitcher' of milk to a 'jug' of the same. A lady would, of course, forswear the vulgarity of such an article; only a man and a writer would succumb. I even had little concern with the temerity — which could have arisen only in the passion of a maiden-lady for *form* — which actually tampered with the 'black side-whiskers' of a pirate king to the extent of deftly snipping off the 'side' and leaving only 'whiskers'! And when, at last, on a reference by an unconventional author to a 'stick of wood,' Miss Peeples tartly inquired, 'What can a stick be, if it is n't of wood?' it was quite useless, I realized, if not actually impertinent, to venture the suggestion that it might be of dynamite, or e'en of chewing-gum. Alas, a lady could know naught of either!

When, therefore, something of lost illusions and blighted hopes revealed itself unwittingly in one of Miss Peeples's last remarks, it found me no longer unprepared, though none the less sorrowful. We were glancing, just at parting, over an exposition by an editor of the perplexities of choosing material for publication. 'Always, by preference,' he wrote, 'one accepts a really good story from an unknown writer rather than a poor or even an indifferent one from the most celebrated author.' And marginally, in her fine and neatly rounded manner, Miss Peeples commented briefly, —

'O si sic omnia!'

The power of the fitting phrase! In

one more terse line had Miss Peeples disclosed how well she knew it — a phrase that at a stroke summed up the weary hours, wasted effort, and chill despair that had attended another poor aspirer's dreams of authorship. In one line was thus written 'Finis!' to the story of a life that had missed the zest of its own wine through too close scrutiny of the glass — a career in metonymy, as it were, mistaking the part for the whole, the container for the thing contained. When, therefore, one day, in casual converse with an old resident of the bungalow village, I inquired sympathetically of Miss Peeples's passing, the brief reply seemed the one inevitable answer: —

'Miss Peeples? Ah, yes! For years the poor lady tried to write. She was reduced at length to earning her livelihood by some less precarious means than literature. While training to become a nurse, she contracted an infection from which she died.'

It was while I was restoring with a sigh the pile of frayed and dusty magazines to their 'skied' top-shelf, not without some compunctions for having invaded that guarded sepulchre, that by a curious fatality a page fell open to reveal a last persistent query of Miss Peeples. There was a bit of verse entitled, 'Prisoners and Captives': —

Amid the medley of ironic things
We break our hearts upon from age to age,
Glimmers a question: had the bird no wings,
Who would have taken thought to build a cage?

And beneath it, in her fine and neatly rounded hand, Miss Peeples had written, —

'Stuff and nonsense! Don't we *walk*?'

Alas, dear lady, was my compassionate answer, I fear we do! At any rate, 't is not such literalness that mounts on Pegasus!

HAPPINESS

BY LYTTON STRACHEY

SOMETIMES it so befalls that ruthless chance
Relents, and in the swiftly gliding dance
Of life's strange atoms wields a wand benign
And waves them marvelously to combine.
Most happy, happy fortune! Oftenest known
To those in whom the waiting soul has grown
A little weary, and whose deep desires
(As in black coal sleep unextinguished fires)
All joy's rich possibilities ignore,
And, not despairing, yet expect no more.
Ah, then, when haply on the listless ear
Insidious music murmurs and draws near,
And knocks, and pleads, and will not be denied,
Until the spirit's portals, opening wide,
Admit voluminous harmonies enwound
With long triumphant mysteries of sound,—
Or when, upon a sudden, in a breath,
Like a soul caught from out the lap of Death,
A secret silence, for a second's space,
Lives, and reveals a heaven in a face, —
Then, then, like the remote dissolving snow
In spring-warmed Alpine vales, begin to flow
The softly trickling rivulets of delight,
Scarce felt at first, but with a gathering might
Hurrying, and the urgent torrents press and pour
In multitudinous gladness, more and more,
And join, and spread, till lo! — deep, calm, and strong,
Beatitude's full flood is rolled along.
Then Time, with indrawn breath, stands still, and smiles;
And, like a vast soap-bubble that beguiles

With gilded nothingness destruction's power,
 Quivering and safe hangs the miraculous hour.
 And oh! then gently, with familiar art,
 Through the swooned brain and the enchanted heart,
 Pale Passion weaves her way, while over all
 Tears shed from inaccessible glories fall.

GIRLS

BY R. S. V. P.

GIRLS are called incomprehensible. They have always been so since first men looked at them — looked at them out of men's minds as part of man's world. They will keep on being so, always, or until we stop looking at them with men's eyes, speaking of them in men's terms, and testing them by men's needs. I collected for a year every general statement about girls that I heard spoken or saw in a book. I have the collection before me. They were jotted down in order, each one in cheerful disregard of its usual disagreement with the one that came before. But they can be sorted out into three separate paragraphs, each of which agrees within itself fairly well, though it cannot be said to have sequence, and the three do not make a harmonious whole.

One series says, 'Girls are always giggling. They are vain, coquettish, and anxious to please; full of caprice, romantic, sentimental, clinging, yielding, easily influenced, and dependent; given to "crushes," jealous, malicious, and "catty"; scheming, deceitful, and untruthful, dishonorable, and unreliable in promises, fickle, and inconstant.

Their central passion is for admiration and devotion from others. They are easily intoxicated by social intercourse, and they are intrinsically selfish.'

But others, quite as convinced, declare that 'Girls are motherly and unselfish. Their longing is to devote themselves to some one or other, asking only to love and be loved. They have a sensitive delicacy and purity which is ineffable, an almost angelic quality, an extraordinary bloom and glow of maidenhood. They are easy to manage because they are naturally good and well-behaved. They give no trouble in school, they learn their lessons, stand high in their classes, and are excellent judges of character; they are full of social perception and of interest in forwarding the purpose of others.'

And then from a third angle come the serious assertions: 'They are not gregarious, or social. Everything which happens wears to them a personal aspect. They cannot keep a secret; are illogical and inconsequent, incomprehensible and unaccountable; indirect in thought and action, jumping to conclusions in a thoroughly unintellectual

way and giving no good reason, unbusinesslike and impractical, and without any interest in doing things really well.'

The first is social comment, the second is domestic comment, and the third is intellectual comment. Yet these three views, though not quite mutually contradictory, are diametrically opposed. We all know that each of these statements is frequently true; not only each may be true of some girl, but all may be true of the same girl. Girls, they say, are selfish and they are unselfish; intellectual and also unreasonably; social and yet purely personal.

By pursuing such a course of external observation, we shall wander on in a maze of conflicting impressions and shall never get a clue to real girl nature. The first fact is that we must go within to find the truth. A girl is an unfinished woman. From her cradle she is always a woman. Take the least girl-like, the most hoydenish and positive of your intimate acquaintance, and she is still a woman, as truly as the most gentle and vague of girls; she is like a woman as a boy never is. For a girl is what the world has needed and what life has created, working slowly from far-off times till now. Cherisher of wounded, wearied men, nourisher and guardian of helpless children from of old, she has become the little sister of all mankind, supremely interested in people. Persons, whether herself or someone else, are her great concern. This human need preoccupies her. Because of this preoccupation, she has no other overmastering tastes. Her desire is, not to excel, but to satisfy. No matter how selfish or how artistic or how athletic she may be, she measures her happiness, not by things achieved or by obstacles and enemies overcome, but by persons pleased.

She may think she wants to learn to sketch, but the voice of a dear friend will summon her from it. She learns her

lessons well (if she does), not particularly because she has a consuming zeal to learn Latin, but because she likes to do what is expected and to come up to expectation. Her liking for Latin is mental; it is the agreeable pleasure of exercising a faculty; her concern for persons is of the heart. This is one part of the clue to her nature — the social part.

Commonly, when anyone says that a girl always takes everything personally and is interested always in persons, someone else says apologetically that this is caused by the restriction which has always been put upon her, and prophesies that girls will outgrow it in future generations. There is no reason for being apologetic. Her preoccupation with persons is her chief charm and her great usefulness. Fortunately, no amount of prophecy can change it. For, to the end of time, girls can inherit only as they have always inherited, through women who have been mothers and therefore have been preoccupied with persons. In every generation, a girl's physical structure will foster this preoccupation and urge her to be what girls have always been — beloved sisters, incomparable friends, hostesses and entertainers, knitters of the human family into firm unity.

To serve this central purpose of her nature, she not only claims no all-dominant interests of her own, but she also has an intercommunicability, sympathetic, perceptive, and responsive. Her whole constitution fits itself to this. There is a quiet, continuous thrill, as it were, by which all her parts communicate continually and have an equal share in all her doings. This cogent germinative warmth is her characteristic power; it pervades her body and soul, and informs her every thought and action, from the most deliberate to the least considered — permeating her mind and penetrating through every infinitesimal

tesimal nerve into the least-noticed as completely as into the most apparently dominant parts of her being. This germinative element is the second part of our clue — the emotional. A girl, through this, easily relates new knowledge to old; she is, as it were, interpermeated by all she learns and all she experiences; so that she is evidently and consciously affected by all that happens to her. This makes her seem all of a piece — either wholly tending to be delightful, or wholly selfish and unpleasant.

From this comes what appears to be early development. She seems 'quite grown-up,' sometimes, at thirteen or fourteen, because she so easily behaves as she is expected to behave and does not wait to accept the reason or adjust it to her nature. Her nature does the adjusting. Moreover, she easily understands social reasons (which are the cause of all her aspirations to good behavior), for she understands how other people feel. Any special other person she may not care to please, but it is always human nature toward which she reacts.

This interpermeability and this sympathetic acceptance of what arrives from without make her frequently appear to be a good scholar when she is merely a docile learner. She takes what comes, without selection or rejection on personal grounds — for she has practically no overmastering likes and dislikes in the mental or physical world. In the human world — yes; elsewhere — no. To explain to a normal conscientious girl the reasonableness of a certain course is almost always sufficient to make her follow it; at any rate, she feels no strong resistance, because she has no counter-impulses, no personal, strong, fixed loves and hates in the world of inert matter.

The imputation of untruthfulness against her is often just. Her ruling

desire to keep things smooth for herself, or for another, to make things pleasant, to avoid hurt feelings, to please or be pleased, causes her to begin very early to use subterfuge. Yet, in that persistent question of hers, 'What will other people think?' (or 'What do I think of other people?') lies the origin of all morality. A false statement, cleverly made to avoid unpleasantness, became a lie as soon as other people expressed dislike at being deceived, and not till then. An untruth is a natural weapon of defense. Everyone tells one when he is cornered. The only difference between the timid and the brave lie, the savage and the civilized evasion, resides in the moment when the speaker will consider himself cornered. All subordinates lie, except those who have just superiors. The superiors call it a lie — the subordinate calls it a shield. With good women it is a veil, to conceal what will hurt or embarrass a friend.

Again, girls appear unaccountably and incomprehensibly capricious only to those who do not understand their physical and nervous structure. The sympathetic action of their nerves is so swift and complete that changes in physical condition affect their whole thought and emotion. As for their coquettishness — watch a party of girls among themselves, or watch a girl talking in a railroad train when you cannot see her companion. All the smiles, nods, swift appeals for sympathy, charming, ineffable lines of beauty are the same for one interesting companion as for another. You can seldom tell, simply by watching her, whether she is talking to a boy or a girl. She will brighten at someone's approach — someone who interests her. It may be her father, or her baby sister; often it is an old lady, when she believes the old lady is interested in her personally, or if she is herself interested in the old lady

and cares about the old lady's opinion of her.

Of course, her natural appetite to suit people is easily turned into love of admiration, if admiration is held up to her as the one desirable food. And her love of persons can easily be turned into an exclusive interest in boys, if the admiration of boys is talked of as especially desirable, or if no other adequate outlet for the exercise of her powers is afforded her. Then follow, inevitably, jealousy, sentimentality, malice, and scheming.

As for the many other adjectives that have been used to describe girls, they apply to individuals or to classes of girls, not to all girls, and they interpret more the mental state of the onlooker than the spirit of the girl. A girl's girlishness, of course, manifests itself through her own personal traits. The same varieties of moral and intellectual traits possible in individuals produce endless varieties of girl. And they engender endless sorts of curious misconceptions about her and false ambitions for her. In general, one may truly say that the fewer a girl's intellectual interests, the more conspicuous is her girlishness; for intellect is impersonal and tends to create more and more of impersonal thoughts and of delicate individual modes of expression. But this is not to say that a girl who has learned to think impersonally has likewise learned to feel impersonally. No training of any sort can estrange her spirit from the love of persons, or force her emotion into narrow channels.

One other characteristic she has, one other emphasis, which, rightly understood, gives the clue to most of whatever else is puzzling about her. It is mental. She has an amazing and unbelievable power to stop her comprehension at any given point. This is the psychological concomitant of her physical interpenetrability. Her nature

tends to be diffuse, not intensive. She sheds illumination in all directions — not one fierce searchlight shaft of penetrative attention. She can suddenly draw a cloud across her understanding, and shut off from her mental sight conclusions too obvious to deny. Right in the known area of her own interest and knowledge there rises a vagueness. She can be cognizant of facts germane to her most intimate concerns and experiences, down to a certain depth or up to a certain bound or on to a certain barrier — beyond that she can be as honestly ignorant of it and oblivious to it as if it did not exist or as if she knew none of the surrounding or following facts which lead inevitably to it. This is not pretense, or insincerity, or wilful blindness. It is a physical and emotional necessity. It is a natural means of instinctive self-defense, and a blessed softener and beautifier and clarifier of her inner visions. She is, by her whole nature, close to life. So soon as she feels that a matter is too complex for words and logic, she swiftly turns from thought, and diffuses her intelligence to take refuge in her intuition; that is, she acts on instinct. Why not? Intelligence and instinct are turned in opposite directions: the former toward inert matter, the latter toward life. Instinct is sympathy. It is to the very inwardness of life that intuition leads us.' And so when, in matters which closely concern her own self, a girl seems to move in a silvery haze, let us not protest — or invade the holy of holies. She has her own courage — her own insights, her own wisdom. And our meddling efforts to rationalize and define will shatter a lovely thing without producing any good in its place.

This is not to say that girls must not be taught to think clearly and see straight. They must. Even to make their intuition more perfect, they need to think more perfectly. 'Intuition is

instinct that has become self-conscious — capable of reflecting upon its object.' So, girls need intellect, but beware how you prescribe what they shall think about; beware how you enter the temple.

With this threefold clue to her real nature, one can see the real meaning of each of the three sets of comments, and pass a quizzical judgment on the clumsy objectiveness of them. The social commenter says, 'Girls are always giggling. They are vain, coquettish, and anxious to please; full of caprice, romantic, sentimental, clinging, yielding, easily influenced, and dependent; given to "crushes," jealous, malicious, and "catty"; scheming, deceitful, and untruthful, dishonorable, and unreliable in promises, fickle and inconstant. Their central passion is for admiration and devotion from others. They are easily intoxicated by social intercourse and they are intrinsically selfish.' And the man with the clue answers sagely and astutely, 'Yes, because they are preëminently interested in persons.'

The domestic appreciator exclaims, 'Girls are motherly, and unselfish. Their chief longing is to devote themselves to some one or other, asking only to love and to be loved. They have a sensitive delicacy and purity which is ineffable, an almost angelic quality; an extraordinary bloom and glow of maidenhood. They are easy to manage because they are naturally good and well-behaved. They give no trouble in school, they learn their lessons, stand high in their classes, and are excellent judges of character; they are full of social perception and of interest in forwarding the purposes of others.' And we respond with ardor, 'Yes, because they are preëminently interested in persons and their emotion spreads with a germinative warmth.'

The intellectual critic protests, 'They are not gregarious, or social. Every-

thing which happens wears to them a personal aspect. They cannot keep a secret; are illogical and inconsequent, incomprehensible and unaccountable; indirect in thought and action, jumping to conclusions in a thoroughly un-intellectual way and giving no reason, unbusinesslike and impractical, and without any interest in doing things really well.' We seek to explain by saying, 'Yes, often; because they are preëminently interested in persons and their mental attention easily fuses into a general responsiveness to their surroundings.' And their surroundings have often been absurdly restricted.

Time out of mind, girls have been just as simple as boys; but because they have been unable to explain themselves, and because they were so unlike those who passed judgment upon them, they have remained incomprehensible, but always charming. And lest the charm be lost (which never could be lost, enwoven as it was in the very stuff of which they were made), barriers and protections have been set about them to keep them separate.

But in our day, all special restrictions and restraints have been removed from girls. They now do all which their physical construction will justify. Little girls no longer wear thin slippers and long skirts, so that they must go to see a freshet in a child's wagon as Lucy must in *Rollo's Vacation*. But basketball and hockey, cross-country 'hikes' and bicycles have not altered their girl-ishness a whit. Relieve them as we may of artificial encumbrances and mistaken demands, they remain still the same little maidens. Occupation and pre-occupation have changed for them. But their nature remains the same; and if we stop puzzling about them and see them from within instead of from without, we come to understand them and take all the old comfort in them. They are still the light of our eyes and the joy

of our life, so winning, so ineffable, so dear, that we scarce dare trust ourselves to speak of it. We lightly smile about them, because we cannot explain them; and we cannot explain because their quality and value are too evasive and intimate for explanation.

Nevertheless, in spite of the old-time fealty toward her and the new-time freedom for her, a girl was and is often restless and dissatisfied because the world's expectation from her seems so nondescript and unsatisfactory. Just so, the air might complain that it had no settled place or purpose, and the sunshine might think itself formless and somewhat lacking in definite aim.

Though a girl's life may thus seem uncertain and dispartite without, within it has a fine unity and vivid sensitive existence, incomparably interesting and magical. Never pity a girl for being a girl. She has joys of the spirit and vivid delicate adventures of the heart, which you can guess only if you can read the flutter of an eyelid, the delicate flush at the temples, and the tremor of a pulse.

I have yet to meet any girl whose dissatisfaction is anything but intellectual, and whose restlessness does not really arise from lack of productive occupation, not from dislike of being a girl. And I have yet to meet any one who has ever been a girl and has passed the age of forty, who does not feel that her crowning satisfactions lie wherever her womanhood is most perfected. Productive occupation for a girl is what-

ever her mental and physical faculties fit her to do with satisfaction. Every girl should, of course, cultivate her talents and develop her special interests, intending always to put them to ultimate use in some specific paid occupation which will assure her of value in the world. She may not choose just yet what it shall be, but she must know it will be something.

Never fear for a girl, whatever work she undertakes, if you know her to have been bred in all high-mindedness, for she carries with her in every fibre a charm against disaster. On the other hand, if she has been bred to follow after pleasure and to desire admiration, she must be watched at every turn to prevent her making a fool of herself. But if she is right-minded and not vain, guard her and protect her afar off, not to save her from being led astray,— she is her own best protection against that, if she is indeed unselfish and high-hearted,— but to save her from the suffering and confusion of body and spirit which will permeate her whole being, if her virgin reserve is by one jot or tittle invaded. She walks in beauty, free and unafraid, inviolable, remote, so long as she is guarded by an invisible ring of solicitude and protection all about her steps. And from that protection she will go forth safe, when she steps from girlhood to womanhood and carries her ripened and strengthened powers into the independent yet so human work of woman's service to her kind.

THE THIRD WINDOW. III

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

I

HE heard, as he waked next morning, that it was heavily raining. When he looked out, the trees stood still in gray sheets of straightly falling rain. There was no wind.

The mournful, obliterated scene did not oppress him. The weather was all to the good, he thought. He had always liked a rainy day in the country; and ghosts don't walk in the rain. If Malcolm had n't come in the moonlight, he would n't come now. He felt sunken, exhausted, and rather sick; yet his spirits were not bad. He was fit for the encounter with Antonia.

When he went down to the dark dining-room, darker than ever to-day, he found only one place laid. The maid told him that both the ladies were breakfasting in their rooms. This was unexpected and disconcerting. But he made the best of it, and drank his coffee and ate kedgeree and toast with not too bad an appetite. A little coal-fire had been lighted in the library, and he went in there after breakfast and read the papers and wrote some letters, and the morning passed not too heavily.

But at luncheon-time his heart sank, almost to the qualm of the night before, when he found still only one place laid. After half an hour of indecision over his cigarette, he wrote a note and sent it up to Antonia.

DEAREST TONY, —

You don't want to drive me away, I suppose? Because I don't intend to go.

When am I to see you? I hope you are n't unwell?

Yours ever, BEVIS.

The answer was brought with the smallest delay.

DEAREST BEVIS, —

I'm not ill, only so dreadfully tired. Cicely will give you your tea and dine with you. I will see you to-morrow.

Yours ever, TONY.

This consoled him, much, though not altogether. And the handwriting puzzled him. He had never seen Tony write like that before. He could infer from the strong slant of the letters that she had written in bed; but it was in a hand cramped and controlled, as if with surely unnecessary thought and effort.

He was horribly lonely all the afternoon.

Tea was brought into the library, and with it came Miss Latimer. She wore rain-dashed tweeds, and under her battered black felt hat her hair was beaded with rain. At once he saw that she was altered. It was not that she was more pale than usual, — she was less pale, indeed, for she had a spot of color on each cheek, — but, as if her being had gathered itself together, for some emergency, about its irreducible core of flame, she showed, to his new perception of her, an aspect at once ashen and feverish; and even though in her entrance she was composed, if that were possible, beyond her wont, his subtle

sense of change detected in her self-mastery something desperate and distraught.

She did not look at him as she went to the tea-table, drawing off her wet gloves. The table had been placed before the fire, and Bevis, who had risen on her entrance, dropped again into his seat, the capacious leather divan set at right angles to the hearth, its back to the window. Miss Latimer, thus, facing him across the table as she measured out the tea, was illuminated by such dying light as the sombre evening still afforded.

They had murmured a conventional greeting, and he now asked her if she'd been out walking in this bad weather. It was some relief to see that she had not been with Tony the whole day through.

'Only down to the village,' she said. 'There is a woman ill there.'

He went on politely to inquire if she were n't very wet and would not rather change before tea — he would n't mind waiting a bit. But she said, seating herself and pouring on the boiling water, that she was used to being wet and did not notice it.

He was determined not to speak of Antonia and to ask no questions. To ask questions would be to recognize the new bond between her and Antonia. But, unasked, emphasizing to his raw consciousness his own exclusion, she said, 'Antonia is so sorry to leave you alone like this. She had one of her bad nights and thought a complete rest would do her good.'

He reflected that it was more dignified to show strength by generosity and to play into her hands.

'Does she have bad nights?' he asked.

'Oh, very. Did n't you know?' said Miss Latimer. 'She's obliged to take things.'

'Drugs, do you mean?' He had not

known at all. 'That's very bad for her.'

'Very bad. But her doctor allows it, apparently.'

'She took one last night and it did no good?'

'None at all. I hope she is getting a little sleep now. Sugar?' Miss Latimer poised a lump before him in the tongs, and, on his assent, dropped it into his cup.

Could two creatures have looked more cosy, shut, for the blind-man's-holiday hour, into the tranquil intimacy of the studious room, with the even glow of its tended fire, the cheer of its humming kettle, the scented promise of its tea-table? She passed him toasted scones from the hot-water basin and offered home-made jam. He wanted no jam, but he found himself quite hungry, absurdly so, he thought, until he remembered that he had really eaten no lunch. He was coming, now that the opening had been made, and while he ate his scone, to a new decision. It was the moment, and perhaps the only one he would have, for finding out just how much she counted against him. He determined, if it were necessary, on open warfare.

'I don't think Wyndwards suits Tony,' he said.

'Don't you?' Miss Latimer returned, but quite without impertinence. 'She's always been very well here before.'

'Before what?'

'Her husband's death,' Miss Latimer replied.

'Yes,' said Bevis, disconcerted. 'Well, it's that, perhaps.'

'It is that, undoubtedly,' said Miss Latimer.

Her voice, high and piping, was as dry and emotionless as her horrid little hands. What control it showed that it should be so. He felt that he hated her; hated her the more that she was not wishing to score off him as he wished to

score off her. Yet he did not dislike her, if one could draw that distinction. And now he noticed, as she lifted her cup, that her hand trembled as if with the slight, incessant shaking of palsy. The fear of an emergency burned in her. He felt sure that she, too, had not slept.

'Well, it all comes to the same thing, does n't it?' he said. 'Since Malcolm's death the place oppresses her, quite naturally; and it would be much better that she should leave it — as soon as possible.'

'I don't think it would do Antonia any good to leave Wyndwards,' said Miss Latimer, not looking at him.

'You think it would do her good if I did, I imagine,' Bevis commented, with his dry laugh. 'Thanks awfully.'

She sat silent.

'You saw, of course, last night, how it was with us,' he said. 'Perhaps you saw it before.'

Still she was silent, and for so long that he thought she might not be going to answer him. But she replied at last. 'No; not before. I did not suspect it before.'

Ah! He had an inner triumph. She had n't had her head down all the time; he was sure of it now. She had, when they went to the window, watched them. He did not quite know why this certainty should give him the sense of triumph; unless — was that it? — it pointed to some plotting secret instinct in her.

'Yet you must have wondered how I came to be here — so intimately,' he said.

'No; I did not wonder; I know that young women nowadays have friendships like that. I knew that you had been Malcolm's friend.'

'You did not see that it was more than friendship till last night?'

She paused, but only for a moment. 'I saw that you were in love with her from the first.'

'But only last night saw that that we were in love with each other?'

Again she did not reply. Turning her head slightly aside, as if in distaste for the intimacies he forced upon her, she took up the teapot and, still with that slightly, incessantly shaking hand, poured herself out a second cup of tea.

He would not pause for her distaste. 'I am afraid you dislike it very much.'

To this she replied, 'I dislike anything that makes Antonia unhappy.'

He owned that it was a good answer. Leaning back on the divan, his foot crossed over his knee, his hand holding his ankle, he contemplated his antagonist.

'My point is that it would n't make her unhappy if she came away,' he took up. 'If she came away and married me at once. It's the place and its associations that have got upon her nerves — how much, you saw last night.'

She had poured out the cup and she raised it automatically to her lips while he spoke. Then, untasted, she set it down, and then, with the effect of a pale, sudden glare, her eyes were at last upon him.

'I do not know what you mean by nerves. Antonia is not as light as you imagine,' she said. 'She loved her husband. She does not find it easy to forget him here, it is true; but I do not think she would find it easy if she left his home with another man.'

'No one asks her to forget him,' said Bevis. She could not drink her tea, but he passed his cup, blessing the bland ritual that made soft, sliding links in an encounter all harsh, had it been unaccompanied, with the embarrassment of their antagonism. 'May I have another cup, please?' — There was a malicious satisfaction, too, in falling back upon the ritual at such a moment, — 'with a little water? — I cared for Malcolm. I have no intention of forgetting him.'

Her eyes were still on him, and dis-

traction, almost desperation, was working in her, for, though she took his cup as automatically as she had lifted her own, though she proceeded to fill it, it was, he noted with an amusement that almost expressed itself in a laugh, — he knew that he was capable of feeling amusement at the most unlikely times and places! — with the boiling water only. She put in milk and sugar and handed it to him, unconscious of the absurdity.

‘I did not mean in that sense,’ she said.

‘I should like to know what you do mean.’ He drank his milk and water. ‘I should like to know where I am with you. Do you dislike me? Are you my enemy? Or is it merely that you are passionately opposed to remarriages?’

She rose as he asked his questions, as if the closeness of his pursuit had become too intolerable. ‘I do not know you. How could I be your enemy? I only dislike you because you make Antonia unhappy.’

‘Would you like me if I made her happy?’

The pale glare was in her eyes as she faced him, her hands on the back of her chair. ‘You can never make her happy. Never, never,’ she repeated. ‘You can only mean unhappiness to her. If you care for her, if you have any real love for her, you will go away, now, at once, and leave her in peace.’

‘So you say. So you think. It’s a matter of opinion. I don’t agree with you. I don’t believe it would be to leave her in peace. You forget that we’re in love with each other.’ He, too, had risen, but in his voice, as he opposed her, there was appeal rather than antagonism. ‘Let us understand each other. Is it that you hate so much the idea of remarriages? Do you feel them to be infidelities?’

She had turned from him, but she paused now by the door, and it was as

if, arrested by the appeal, she was willing to do justice to his mere need for enlightenment. ‘Not if people care more for someone else.’

Care more? He did not echo her phrase, but he meditated, and then, courageously, accepted it. ‘And if they can, you don’t hate it?’

At that she just glanced at him. He seemed to see the caged prisoner pass behind his bars and look out in passing; and he saw not only what her hate could be, but the dark and lonely anguish that encompassed her.

‘People should be true to themselves,’ was all she said.

When she was gone, Bevis, characteristically, went back to the table and made himself a proper cup of tea. He had managed to make tea for himself and a wounded Tommy when he had lain, with his shattered leg, in No Man’s Land.

II

Miss Latimer did not come to dinner, and he was thankful for it; though there was little to be thankful for, he felt, as he sat in the library afterwards and wondered what Tony was thinking of there in the darkness above him, if she were alone and in the dark. The thought that she was not, the thought that Miss Latimer, with her stone-curler eyes and pallid, brooding face, was with her made him restless. He could not read. He threw his book aside and stared into the fire.

Next morning the rain had ceased, and it was cold and sunny. He found Miss Latimer in the dining-room. She was already dressed for going out and had started her breakfast.

‘My poor friend in the village is dying,’ she said, ‘and has asked for me. I have a message to you from Antonia. She is still resting this morning but will come down at three, if you will be in the library then.’

Her courteous terseness put barriers between them; but none were needed. He could not have asked questions or appealed this morning. He imagined, though he had looked at his face in the mirror with unregarding eyes, that he, too, was perceptibly aged, and his main feeling about Miss Latimer was that she was old and ugly and that he was sick of her.

After breakfast he went out into the hard, bright air. He walked about the grounds and found himself looking at the house with consciously appraising eyes, from the lawn, from the ring-court, from the kitchen-garden. It was a solid, tasteful, graceful structure; mild, with its sunny façade looking to the moors; cheerful with its gable-ends; but as he had felt it at the first he felt it now more decisively, as empty of tradition and tenderness. It had remained, too, so singularly new; perhaps because, in its exposed situation, none of the trees carefully disposed about it had yet grown to a proportionate height. Yes, in spite of the passion and grief now burning within its walls, it was impersonal, unlovable, and it would need centuries, in spite of the care and love lavished upon it, to gain a soul.

He knew, as he walked, that he was taking comfort from these reflections, and was vexed that he should need them. He had completely placed, psychologically, if not scientifically, the events of the other evening, and it was not necessary that he should be satisfied that Wyndwards was a place to which the supernatural could not attach itself. Yet that desire, indubitably, directed his wanderings, and he could compute its power by the strength of the reluctance he felt for visiting the flagged garden where, if anywhere, the element he thankfully missed might lurk.

But when, putting an ironic compulsion upon himself, he had entered the little enclosure, his main impression, as

before, was one of mere beauty. It was the only corner of Wyndwards that had achieved individuality; the placing of the fountain, the stone bench, the beds among the flags, was a pleasure to the eye. And like a harbinger of good cheer, he heard, from the branches of the budding wood beyond the garden wall, the wiry, swinging notes of a chiff-chaff, and his own soul as well as the flagged garden seemed exorcised by that assured and reiterated gladness. Ghosts, in a world where chiff-chaffs sang, were irrelevancies, even if they walked. And they did not walk. In sunlight as in moonlight he found the flagged garden empty.

He sat down on the stone bench for a little while and watched the fountain and listened to the chiff-chaff, while he lighted a cigarette and told himself that the day was pleasant. With reiteration the bird's monotonous little utterance lost its special message for him and dropped to an accompaniment to thoughts which, if unhaunted, were not happy, in spite of the pleasant day. He felt that he hated silent, sunny Wyndwards. He cursed the impulse that had brought Antonia there, and him after her. It had seemed at the time the most natural of things that his young widowed friend should ask him to pay her a spring visit in her new home. His courtship of her, laconic, implicit, patient, had prolonged itself through the dreary London winter following the Armistice, and springtime on the moors had seemed full of promise to his hopes.

Alas! Why had they not stayed in safe, dear, dingy London — London of tubes and shops and theatres, of people and clever tea- and dinner-tables? There one lived sanely in the world of the normal consciousness, one's personality hedged round by activity and convention from the vagrant and disintegrating influences of the subliminal, or

the subconscious, whichever it might have been that had infernally played the trick of the other evening. He sat there, poking with his stick at the crevices between the flags, and the song of the chiff-chaff was his only comfort.

Miss Latimer did not return to lunch, and he was in the library waiting for Tony long before the appointed hour. She came before it struck, softly and suddenly entering, turning without a pause to close the door behind her, not looking at him as she went to the fire and leaned there, her hand upon the mantelpiece. She was dressed in black, a flowing gown with wide sleeves that invested her with an unfamiliar, invalided air; but her hair was beautifully wreathed and she wore her little high-heeled satin shoes, tying about the instep. For a moment she stood looking down into the fire; then, as she raised her face, he saw the change in her.

‘Why, Tony,’ he said gently, ‘you look very ill.’

Her eyes met his for a moment, and, instinctively, he kept the distance they measured.

‘I’m not very well,’ she said. ‘I have n’t been able to sleep. Not for these two nights.’

‘Not at all?’

‘Not at all.’

‘Don’t take drugs,’ he said after a moment. ‘Miss Latimer tells me that you take drugs. I did n’t know it.’

‘It’s very seldom,’ she said, with a faint, deprecatory smile. ‘I’m very careful.’

Still he felt that he could not approach her, and it was with a sense of the unmeet, or at all events, the irrelevant, that he helplessly fell back on verbal intimacy. ‘You could, I am sure, sleep in the train to-night — with me to look after you.’

She said nothing to this for a moment, but then replied, as if she had really

thought it over, ‘Not to-night; Cicely won’t get back in time. Her poor woman is dying; she could n’t leave her. But to-morrow — I intend to go to-morrow — with Cicely.’

‘Leaving me here?’ he inquired, with something of his own dryness; so that, again with the faint, defensive smile, she said, ‘Oh — you must come with us; we will all go together — as far as London. We are going down to Cornwall, Bevis, to some cousins of Cicely’s near Fowey.’

He came then, after a little silence, and leaned at the other end of the mantelpiece. ‘What’s the matter, Tony?’ he asked. He had not, in his worst imaginings, imagined this. She had never before spoken as if they were, definitely, to go different ways. And she stood looking down into the fire as if she could not meet his eyes. ‘You see,’ he said, but he felt it to be uselessly, ‘I was right about that wretched table business. It’s that that has made you ill.’

‘Yes; it’s because of that,’ she said.

‘You must let me talk to you about it,’ he went on. ‘I can explain it all, I think.’

‘It is explained,’ she said.

Her voice was cold and gentle, cold, it seemed to him, with the immensity of some blank vastness of distance that divided them. And a cold presage fell upon him, of what he could not say, or would not.

‘You would not explain it as I should,’ he said. ‘You must listen to me and not to Miss Latimer.’

‘It is all explained, Bevis,’ she repeated. ‘It was true. What it said was true.’

‘How do you mean — true?’ he asked; and he heard the presage in his voice.

‘He is there,’ she said. And now he knew why she was far from him and what the stillness was that wrapped her round. ‘He comes. Cicely has seen

him. She saw him there that night — beside the fountain.'

It was, he saw it now, what he had expected, and his heart stood still to hear it. Then he said, 'You mean that she tells you she sees him; that she thinks she sees him; since he's come just as you led her to expect he would, and just where.'

She shook her head gently and her downcast face kept its curious, considering look.

'It was n't I, nor you, nor Cicely. He was with us. We could see nothing, you and I. He could not show himself to us; we had put ourselves too far from him. But when we left her, Cicely went to the window and saw him standing in the moonlight. He was not looking up at her, but down at the fritillaries. She and he planted them there together, before we were married. And all the while she looked, he stayed there, not moving and plainly visible. I knew it. I knew he was there when I looked, although I could see nothing.' She spoke with an astonishing and terrifying calm.

'And she came at once and told you this? That night?'

'Not that night. She went down into the garden. She thought he might speak to her. But he was gone. And when she came back and looked from the window, he was gone. No; it was next morning she told me. She tried not to tell; but I made her.'

'Curious,' said Bevis after a silence, 'that she could have talked to me yesterday afternoon, and given me my tea, as if all this had never happened.'

But he knew as he spoke that it had not been so with Miss Latimer. Something had happened; he had seen it when she was with him; and he now knew what it had been.

Jibes and skepticism fell as idly upon Antonia as faint rain. She was unaware of them. 'No; she would never speak to you about it. There was no surprise in

it for her, Bevis. She has always felt him there. When we went to the window, she thought that we should surely see him; and when we did not, she pretended to sleep, purposely, so that we should go and leave her to look out. It comforted her to see him. It was only for me she was frightened.'

'Yes; I rather suspected that,' he muttered; 'that she was shamming. I did n't want to leave her there alone.'

'You could n't have kept her from him always, Bevis,' Antonia said gently. 'If it had not been then, she would have seen him last night, I am sure; because I am sure he intended her to see him, meant and longed for it. But it was only the one time. Last night he was not there.'

He left the fire and took a turn or two up and down the room. His thoughts were divided against themselves. Did he feel, now, when, after all, the worst had happened, less fear, or more, than he had felt? Did he believe that Miss Latimer had lied? Did he believe Malcolm had appeared to her? And if Malcolm had, in very truth, appeared, did it make any difference? After all, what difference did it make?

'Tony,' he said presently, and really in a tone of ordinary argument, 'you say it was only for you she was frightened. What frightened her, for you?'

She thought this over for a little while. 'Was n't it natural?' she said at last. 'She knew how I should feel it.'

'In what way feel it?'

'She knew that until then I had not really believed him still existing,' said Antonia, with her cold, downcast face. 'Not as she believed it; not even as you did. She knew what it must mean.'

'That when you really believed, it must part us?'

'Not only that. Perhaps that, alone, would not have parted us. But that he should come back.'

Still she did not look at him and he continued to limp up and down the room, his hands behind him, his eyes, also, downcast. He, too, was seeing Malcolm standing there, beside the fountain, as he had seen him when Antonia had first told him of her fear. He had visualized her thoughts on that first day; and though, while they sat at the table, he had not remembered Tony's fear, it had doubtless been its doubled image that had printed itself from their minds on Miss Latimer's clairvoyant brain. But now, seeing his dead friend as he always thought of him, the whole and happy creature, a painful memory suddenly assailed him, challenging that peaceful picture of his ghost; and he was aware as it came, as he dwelt on it, of a stir of hope, a tightening of craft, in his veins, along his nerves. Subtlety, after all, might serve better than flesh and blood. This, he was sure, was a memory not till then recalled, at Wyndwards; and it might strangely help him.

'Tony, how was Malcolm dressed when she saw him?' he asked.

'In his uniform.' He had avoided looking at her in asking his question, but he heard from her voice that she suspected nothing. 'As he must have been when he was killed.'

'Bareheaded, or with his cap?'

She did not answer at once, and, raising his eyes, he saw that she was looking at him. 'Bareheaded. Yes,' she assented. And she repeated, 'As he was when he was killed, Bevis.'

'Did he look pale — unhappy?'

He knew that he must go carefully, for, if what he hoped were true, if Miss Latimer had not seen Malcolm as he had been when he was killed, she, not he, must reveal the error.

'Very calm,' she said.

'Nothing more?'

He had his reasons; but, alas, she had hers. Her eyes still dwelt on him as she answered, 'Yes. Something more.

Something I did not know. Something Cicely did not know.' She measured what he kept from her, with what a depth of melancholy, seeing his hope; as he, abandoning hope, measured what she had, till then, kept from him. 'They told me that Malcolm was shot through the heart, Bevis. It was not only that. I do not know why they felt it kinder to say that. They told you the truth. There was something more. You do know,' she said.

Her eyes were on his and he could not look away, though he felt, sickening him, that a dull flush crept revealingly to his face. 'I know what?' he repeated, stupidly.

'How he was killed. That's what Cicely saw.'

'She got it from my mind,' he muttered, while the flush, that felt like an exposure of guilt, dyed his face and, despite his words, horror settled round his heart. 'She's a clairvoyant. She got the khaki from you and the wound in the head from me.'

Now her eyes dropped from him. He had revealed nothing to her, except his own hope of escape. He had brought further evidence; but it was not needed. She was a creature fixed and frozen in an icy block of certainty.

'A wound in the head,' she repeated. 'A terrible wound. That was what Cicely saw. He must have died at once. How did you know, Bevis? You were not with him.'

'Alan Chichester told me,' said the young man hoarsely. 'The other was true, too. The shot in the breast would have been enough to kill him. It was instantaneous; the most merciful death. And he was not disfigured, Tony.'

She rested pitying eyes upon him. She pitied him.

'His features were not touched; not on the side he turned to her. But Cicely saw that half his head was shot away,' she answered.

His busy mind, while they spoke, was nimbly darting here and there with an odd, agile avoidance of certain recognitions. This was the moment of moments in which to show no fear. And his mind was not afraid. Clairvoyance — clairvoyance, it repeated; while the horror clotted round his heart. As if pushing against a weight, he forced his will through the horror and went back to his place at the other end of the mantelpiece; and, with a conscious volition, he put his hand on hers and drew it from the shelf.

'Tony dear,' he said, 'come sit down. Let us talk quietly.' — Heaven knew they had been quiet enough! — 'Here; let me keep beside you. Don't take your hand away. I shan't trouble you. Listen, dear. Even if it were true, even if Malcolm came, — and I do not believe he comes, — it need not mean that we must part.'

She had suffered him to draw her down beside him on the leathern divan, and, as she felt his kindly hand upon her and heard his voice, empty of all but an immense gentleness, tears, for the first time, rose to her eyes. Slowly they fell down her cheeks and she sat there, mute, and let them fall.

'Why should you think it means he wants to part us?' he asked in a gentle and exhausted voice.

He asked, for he must still try to save himself and Tony; yet he knew that Miss Latimer had indeed done something to him; or that Malcolm had. The wraith of that inscrutability hovered between him and Tony, and in clasping her would he not always clasp its chill? The springs of ardor in his heart were killed. Never had he more loved and never less desired her. Poor, poor Tony! How could she live without him? And wretched he, how was he to win her back from this antagonist?

He had asked his question, but she knew his thoughts.

'He has parted us, Bevis. We are parted. You know it, too.'

'I don't. I don't.' Holding her hand he looked down at it while his heart mocked the protestation. 'I don't know it. Life can cover this misery. We must be brave, and face it together.'

'It can't be faced together. He would be there, always — seeing us.'

'We want him to be there; happy; loving you; loving your happiness.'

'It is not like that, Bevis.' She only needed to remind him. The reality before them mocked his words. 'He would not have called to us if he were happy. He would not have appeared to Cicely. He is not angry. I understand it all. He is trying to get through; but it is not because he is angry. It is because he feels I have gone from him. He is lonely, Bevis, and lost. Like the curlew, like the poor, forgotten curlew.'

When she said that, something seemed to break in his heart, if there were anything left to break. He sat for a little while, still looking down at the hand he held, the piteous, engulfed hand. But it was pity, not only for her, but for himself, and, unendurably, for Malcolm, in that vision she evoked, that brought the slow tears to his eyes. And then thought and feeling seemed washed away from him, and he knew only that he had laid his head upon her shoulder, as if in great weariness, and sobbed.

'O my darling!' whispered Tony. She put her arms around him. 'O my darling Bevis! I've broken your heart, too. Oh, what grief! What misery!'

She had never spoken to him like that before; never clasped him to her. He had a beautiful feeling of comfort and contentment, even while, with her, he felt the waters closing over their heads.

'Darling Tony,' he said. He added after a moment, 'My heart's not broken when you are so lovely to me.'

Pressing her cheek against his fore-

head, kissing him tenderly, she held him as a mother holds her child. 'I'd give my life for you,' she said. 'I'd die to make you happy.'

'Ah, but you see,' he put his hand up to her shoulder so that he should feel her more near, 'that would n't do any good. You must stay like this to make me happy.'

'If I could!' she breathed.

They sat thus for a long time and, in the stillness, sweetness, sorrow, he felt that it was he and Tony who lay drowned in each other's arms at the bottom of the sea, dead and peaceful, and Malcolm who lived and roved so restlessly in the world from which they were mercifully sunken. They were the innocent ghosts and he the baleful living creature haunting their peace.

'Don't go. Why do you go?' he said, almost with terror, as Antonia's arms released him.

She had opened her eyes; but not to him. Their cold, fixed grief gazed above his head. And the faint, deprecatory smile flickered about her mouth as, rising, she said, 'I must. Cicely will soon be back. And I must rest again. I must rest for to-morrow, Bevis dear.'

'We are all going away to-morrow? You will really rest?'

'All going away. Yes; I will rest.' Still she did not look at him, but around at the room. 'I shall never see Wyndwards again.'

'Forget it, Tony, and all it's meant. That's what I am going to do. I am to travel with you?'

She hesitated; then, 'Of course. You and I and Cicely.'

'And I may see you in London? You'll take a day or two there before going on?'

'A day or two, perhaps. But you must not try to see me, Bevis dear.'

He had risen, still keeping her hand as he went with her to the door, still feeling himself the bereft and terrified

child who seeks pretexts so that its mother shall not leave it. And he thought, as he went, that their lives were strangely overturned since this could be; for until now Tony had been his child. It had been he who had sustained and comforted Tony.

'Why do you go?' he repeated. 'You can rest with me, here; not saying anything; only being quiet, together.'

'No, Bevis dear; no.' She shook her head slowly, and her face was turned away from him. 'We must not be together, now.'

He knew that it was what she must say. He knew the terror in her heart. He saw Malcolm, mourning, unappeased, between them. Yet, summoning his will, summoning the claim of life against that detested apparition, expressing, also, the sickness of his heart as he saw his devastated future, 'You must n't make me a lonely curlew, too,' he said.

He was sorry for the words as soon as he had uttered them. It was a different terror they struck from her sunken face. She stood for a moment and looked at him, and he remembered how she had looked the other day, — oh! how long ago it seemed! — when he had frightened her by saying he might get over her. But it was not his child who looked at him now. 'I have broken your heart. I have broken your heart, too,' she said.

'Far from it!' he declared. And he tried to smile at her. 'Wait till I get you safely to London! You'll see how it will revive!'

The door stood open between them, and it was not his child who looked at him, answering his sally with a smile as difficult as his own. 'Dear, brave Bevis!' she murmured.

And, as she turned and left him, he saw again the love that had cherished him so tenderly, faltering, helpless, at the threshold of her lips and eyes.

III

Miss Latimer dined with him. She told him that the poor woman had died, and they talked of the Peace Conference. Miss Latimer read her papers carefully and the subject floated them until dessert. She spoke with dry skepticism of the League of Nations. Her outlook was narrow, acute, and practical. As they rose from the table, she bade him good-night.

'Do you mind giving me a few moments in the library, first?' he said. 'I don't suppose we'll have another chance for a talk. You and Antonia are going to Cornwall, I hear.'

She hesitated, looking across at him, still at the table, from the place where she had risen.

'Yes. We are. I have a great deal to do.'

'I know. But our train is not early. I should be very much obliged.'

Under the compulsion of his courtesy she moved before him, reluctantly, to the library.

'You see,' — Bevis following, closed the door behind them, — 'a great deal has happened to me since we talked yesterday. I've heard of things I did not know before. They have changed my life and Antonia's. And since it's owing to you that they've come, I think you'll own it fair that I should ask for a little more enlightenment.'

His heart had stayed sunken in what was almost despair since Tony had left him. He had no plan, no hope. It was in a dismal sincerity that he made his request. There might be enlightenment. If there were, only she could give it. She was his antagonist; yet, unwillingly, she might show him some loophole of escape.

Reluctance evidently battled in her with what might be pride. She did not wish to show reluctance. She took a straight chair near the table, at a little

distance from the fire, and sat there with rather the air of an applicant for a post, willing, coldly and succinctly, to give information.

Bevis limped up and down the room.

'Why have you been working against me?' he said at last. He stopped before her. 'Or, no, I don't mean that. Of course you would work against me. You would have to. But why have n't you been straight with me? Did n't you owe it to me as much as to Tony to tell me what had happened?'

She looked back coldly at him. 'I have not worked against you. I owe you nothing.'

'Not even when what happened concerned me so closely?'

'It was for Antonia to tell you anything that concerned you.' She paused and added, in a lower voice, 'I should not choose to speak of some things to you.'

'I see.' He took a turn or two away. 'Yes. After all, that's natural. But now you see me defeated and cast out. So perhaps you'll be merely merciful.'

He stopped again and scrutinized her. Yes, he had seen in her face yesterday what her hatred could be. It was — all defeated and cast out as he was — hatred for him he saw now, evident, palpable, like a sword. And why should she hate him so much? Had she anything to fear? Like *Oedipus* before the Sphinx, he studied her.

'You believe that you saw Malcolm the other night?'

She had not told him that she would be merciful, yet, evidently, she was willing to give information, since she sat there.

Something more evidently baleful came into her eyes as she answered, 'It is not a question of beliefs.'

'Of course; naturally. What I mean is — you did see him. Well, this is what I would like to know. Did you see him when you sat at the table with your

head down, before we left the room?’

The question — he had not meditated it: it had come to him instinctively, like a whisper from some unseen friend — was as unexpected to her as it had been to him. She had expected, no doubt, to be questioned as to Malcolm’s dress, attitude, and demeanor. She kept her eyes fixed; but a tremor knotted her brows, as if with bewilderment.

‘As I sat at the table?’ she repeated. ‘How do you mean?’

He did not take his eyes off her. He seemed to slide his hand along a sudden clue and to find it holding.

‘I mean the vision of him standing beside the fountain. Did it come to you first while we were at the window seeing nothing?’

She stared at him, and the bewilderment gained her eyes. ‘A vision? What do you mean by a vision? No. It was when you had gone. It was when I went to the window that I saw him standing there.’

Yet, even as she spoke, he saw that she was thinking with a new intensity. Something had been gained. Safety required him, at the moment, not to examine it overmuch, not to arouse her craft.

‘I see,’ he said, as if assenting; and again he turned from her and again he came back, with a new question. ‘You think that he came because he is suffering?’

She had looked away from him while she thought, and as her eyes turned to him he saw the new edge to their hatred.

‘Yes. Suffering,’ she said. And her eyes added: ‘Because of you.’

‘You told Tony he was suffering?’

‘I answered her questions.’

‘He will be appeased by her sacrifice of me?’

She paused a moment, as if with a cold irony for his grossness. ‘It is her heart he misses,’ she then said.

He stood across the table from her,

considering her. For the first time he seemed to see in full clearness the force of the passion that moved her. Her very being was centred in one loyalty, one devotion. She would, he felt sure, sacrifice anything, anyone to it. He considered her, and she kept her cold, ironic face uplifted to his scrutiny. There was desecration, he felt, in the blow his mind now prepared. Yet, as she was merciless, so he, too, must be.

‘How is it he comes to you and not to Tony?’ he asked her. ‘How is it you know what he suffers?’

Unsuspecting, she was still ready to deal with him, since that was to be done with him. ‘I have always been like that. I have always known things and felt them, and sometimes seen them. I have known Malcolm since he was a child. There is nothing he has felt that I have not known. It frightened him, sometimes, to find that I had known everything. The bond is not broken.’

‘No. It is not. But do you see what I am going to tell Antonia to-morrow?’ he said, not stirring as, with his folded arms, he looked across at her. ‘That such a bond as that sets her free. It’s you he comes for; you he misses. Realities take their place after death. Things come out. He did n’t know it while he was alive. You were too near for him to know it. But it’s you who are his mate. You are the creature nearest to him in the universe.’

She sat still for a moment after he had finished. Then she rose. Her little face, with its lighted glare, was almost terrifying. He saw, as he looked at her, that he had committed a sacrilege, yet he could not regret it.

‘You know you lie,’ she said. It had been a sacrilege, yet it might help him and Tony, for now all her barriers were down. ‘If that were true, how could I wish to keep her for him? He is the creature nearest to me in the universe, but I am not near him. Never, never,

never!' said Miss Latimer, and her voice, as she spoke, piped to a rising wail. 'He was fond of me, never more than fond, and Antonia was the only woman he ever loved. I was with him in it all. I helped him sometimes to answer her letters, for she frightened him with her cleverness, and he was not like that. He was not clever in your way. And he would grow confused. Nothing ever brought us so near. It was of her we talked that last night, beside the fountain, in the flagged garden. It was then he told me that he knew, whatever happened to him, that he and Antonia belonged to each other forever.'

It was the truth, absolute and irrefutable. Yet, though before it, and her, in her bared agony, he knew himself ashamed, the light had come to him as it blazed from her. It gave him all he needed. He was sure now, as he had not been sure before, of what was not the truth. Malcolm, as a wraith, a menace, was exorcised. There was only Miss Latimer to deal with.

'I beg your pardon,' he said. 'I was wrong. You convince me. But there's something else.' She had dropped down again on her chair and she had put up her hand to her face, and so she sat while he spoke to her. 'You see, your love explains everything,' he said. 'I mean, everything that needs explaining. Don't think I speak as an enemy. It's only that I understand you and what has happened to you, and to us, better than you do yourself. You are so sure of your fact that you feel yourself justified in giving it to Antonia in a symbol; so, as you say, to keep her for him. You are sure he is here; you are sure he suffers; and you feel it right to tell her you have seen him, to save her from herself, as you would see it; and from me.'

Her hand had dropped, and the face she showed him was, in its bewilder-

ment, in its desperation, its distraction, strangely young; like the face of a child judged by some standard it does not understand.

'A symbol? What do you mean by a symbol?' she asked; and her voice was the reedy, piping voice of a child.

He pressed home his advantage. 'You have not seen Malcolm. You believe that he is here and you believe he suffers. But you have not seen him. On your honor — can you look at me and say, on your honor, that you have seen him?'

She looked at him. She stared. And it was with the eyes of the desperate child. 'How could I not have seen him? How could I have known?'

'The table rapped it out for you, because you are a medium. It's a mystery that such things should be; but you say yourself that, in life, your mind read Malcolm's. In the same way, the other night, it read Tony's. You saw what she saw. Everything is open to you.'

She had risen and, with a strange gesture, she put her hand up to her head. 'No — no. It was more than that. It was more than that. Antonia did not know. I did not know. No one knew, till I saw it; how he died. I saw him. Half his head was shot away.'

He leaped to his triumph. 'It was my mind that showed you that. I did know. I did know how he died. You read my mind as well as Tony's. Our minds built up the picture for you.'

Her hand held to her head, she stared at him. 'It is not true! Not true. You say so now when I have told you.'

'Ask Tony if it's not true. I told her what you'd seen before she told me. Miss Latimer — I appeal to you. Our lives hang on you. Tell me the truth — tell it to me now, and to Tony to-night. You did not see him. Not what we mean by seeing. Not as Tony believes you saw. You had your inner vision while you leaned there on the table,

and it convinced you of the outer. I've shown you how you built it up. Every detail of our knowledge was revealed to you. It's we who created Malcolm's ghost.'

But she had turned away from him, and it was as if in desperate plight, blindly pushing aside the chair against which she stumbled, still with her hand held as if to Malcolm's wound.

'Not true! Not true!' she cried; and she flung aside the hand he held out to arrest her. 'He is here! He has saved her! I saw him! Beside the fountain!'

IV

She was gone and he need not pursue her. Her desperation had given him all that he had hoped for, and there was no recantation or avowal to be wrested from that panic. He had followed her to the door, and he watched her mount the stairs, running as she went, and without one backward glance. And when, at the end of the corridor above, he heard her door shut, he still stood in the open doorway, his head bent, his hands in his pockets, and took, it seemed in long draughts of recovery, full possession of his almost miraculous escape. How difficult to put it into words. How difficult to bring it to Tony. For it had been by his intuition only that he had triumphed over his foe, and intuition, only, told him that it was a triumph and that he was free. How heavy the shackles that had fallen from him, he knew from the delicious sense of peace that filled him, bringing sweet tears to his eyes. Free. He had only a human antagonist to deal with, and all the fire that had failed him that afternoon was kindling again in his heart. Malcolm was exorcised and he could save Tony.

When he went upstairs at last, he paused at her door to listen. All was still within her room. He stood there

for a long time and wondered if she slept. Did she lie, perhaps, with eyes open to the haunted darkness, tearing at her divided heart? If he could have been sure of that, he thought he would have gone in to tell her of his enfranchisement. Hers, he foresaw, could not come from anything he might say to her. Only by the slow infection of his security and ardor could he convince her that her fear was groundless, since it could no longer infect him.

He listened for a little longer. She must be asleep.

His own room was at the other end of the corridor, opposite Miss Latimer's. He heard, as he reached it, that she was weeping, desperately weeping. Was it remorse, he wondered, or despair for her exposure? Was it a baffled fury at finding her prey escape her, and Tony to be restored to life again? Yet, with a curious, unwilling pity, he knew as he stood and listened, that he did not believe of her that she knew herself to be a liar. And, pitying her, seeing in her the sibyl who finds her magic fail her and feels herself helpless in a universe closed to her incantations, his instinct warned him, that, while she waked, he must not leave Tony unguarded.

He undressed and lay down with a book, his door ajar. He read, and found himself able to read, hearing at intervals, for hours, that Miss Latimer still wept. When, at last, for a long time, silence had fallen and he had put out his light, he could not have slept, had he wished it. It was his last night in the hateful house, and the hours seemed heavy with significance. The wailing sobs, though silenced, still beat an undertone to his thoughts — thoughts of Malcolm, his dead friend, now, harmlessly, the immortal spirit; and thoughts of his dear Tony. Not until yesterday, when the waters had closed over them, had he known the depths of his love for Tony; and only through their anguish

had the depths of her innocent, tragically gentle heart been revealed to him. Yet, while he thought of her, yearning over her, in her childlike sleep, with love unspeakable, the anguish seemed to hover, like a cloud, above him, and Miss Latimer's sobs still to beat: Dead. — Dead. — Dead.

V

The first housemaids were already stirring when at last he fell into a heavy sleep. So heavy it was that it seemed long; yet only a few hours could have gone by before he was awakened by a rapping at his half-open door. Even as he drowsily struggled forth from slumber, he was aware that it was not the competent knock that announced hot water and the hour of rising. He opened his eyes and saw Tony's maid standing in the doorway.

He had noticed Thompson more than once, here and in London, for he had felt that the glances cast upon him as they crossed on the stairs or as she came in and out while he and Tony talked, had been friendly to his hopes. She was a middle-aged woman, elegant of figure, with a gentle, careworn face; and he had liked her, as she had liked him, for he had felt that hers was an almost romantic devotion to Tony. She stood there now, and, for a moment, her professional decorum veiled from him the expression of her face.

'O sir — could you come?' she said. And then he saw that her face was strange.

He sprang up while she stood outside. There was, he knew that, no time for his leg, though he seemed to know nothing else; and he threw on his dressing-gown and took up his crutches while Thompson waited for him. But when he went out to her, she still stood there, looking at him.

'Is Mrs. Wellwood ill?' he asked.

'O sir, she's dead!' said Thompson.

Then, standing in the corridor, he felt himself trying to think. It was like the moment in France when his leg had been shattered and he had not known whether he were alive or dead. But this was worse. This was not like the moment in France. There was only, then, himself. He could not think. Thompson had put her arm under his. He was hanging forward heavily on his crutches.

'O sir, perhaps you'd better go back to bed, till a little later — till the doctor comes,' she said. 'It was an over-dose of the powder. She's sometimes taken them, since Mr. Wellwood was killed. And she must have made a mistake. She had everything to live for.' Thompson broke into sobs. 'I've just found her. Miss Cicely is there. She sent a boy for the doctor. But it's too late. You'd only think her sleeping, so beautiful she is, sir.'

'Help me,' said Bevis. 'I must come.'

The curtains had been drawn in Tony's room, and the morning sunlight fell across the bed where she lay. It was not as if sleeping — he saw that at the first sight. She lay on her back and her head was sunken on her breast as if with a doggedness of oblivion. Still, she was beautiful; and he noted, his heart shattered by impotent tenderness, the dusky mark upon her eyelid, like the freckling on a lovely fruit.

Miss Latimer sat on the other side of the bed, with her back to the light. Beside her stood the little tray of early-morning tea that Thompson had brought in and set down on the table near her mistress before drawing the curtains.

Thompson helping him, he reached the bed and laid hold of the bed-post.

'Yes. I can manage. Thank you so much,' he said to her.

So he was left, confronting Miss Latimer; and Tony was between them.

He did not look at Miss Latimer. His being was absorbed in contemplation of the dead woman. With sickening sorrow he reconstructed the moments that had led her to this act. It had not been unintentional. He remembered her still look, her ineffable gentleness of the day before. She had intended then; or, if not then, the grief that had come upon them both had fixed her in her design.

She had escaped. She had taken refuge from herself, knowing that her longing heart must betray her did she linger. She had, perhaps, in some overwhelming skepticism, taken refuge, in what she craved to be unending sleep, from the haunting figure of her husband. Or perhaps it had been in atonement to Malcolm, and she had believed herself going to him. But no; but no; the dull hammer-stroke of conviction fell again and again upon his heart; it had been in despair that she had gone. In going she had turned her back upon her joy.

He had looked a long time, when a consciousness as of something unfitting pressed in upon his drugged absorption. Looking up from Tony's dear, strange face, he saw that Miss Latimer was not weeping and that her eyes were on him. Shriveled, shrunken as she appeared, sitting there, her hair disheveled, a bright Chinese robe wrapped round her, there was in her gaze none of the fear or the bewilderment of the night before. It saw him, and its cruel radiance was for him; yet it passed beyond him. Free, exultant, it soared above him, above Tony, like a bird rising in crystal heights of air at daybreak. His mind fell back, blunted, from its attempt to penetrate her new significance. He only knew that she did not weep for Tony, that she rejoiced that Tony was gone; and an emotionless but calculating hatred rose in him.

'You see you've killed her,' he said.

'It was n't too late last night. If you'd gone in to her last night, after you left me, you could have saved her.'

And if he, last night, had gone in to Tony, he could have saved her. He thought of his long vigil. During all those hours that he had guarded her, she had been sinking away from him. He remembered his vision of her pitoeous, helpless hands lying on the table. She had stretched herself upon the darkness and it had sucked her down.

Miss Latimer's radiant gaze was on him; but she made him no reply.

'Curse you!' said the young man. 'Curse you!'

She saw him, but it was like the bird, gazing down from its height at some outsoared menace of a half-vanished earth. And her voice came to him now as from those crystal distances.

'No,' she said. 'Antonia has saved herself. You drove her to it; you made it her only way.'

'You drove her to it, you cursed liar. I could have made her happy. It was me she loved. Yes, take that in—more than she loved Malcolm. Nothing stood between us but your lies. You determined and plotted it, when the weapon was put into your hands by our folly. You've killed her, and you are glad that she is dead.'

She did not pause for his revilement. Her mind was fixed in its exaltation.

'No: it was Malcolm she loved more dearly. She chose between you. She knew herself too weak to stay. He came for her and she has gone to him. He has forgiven her. The husband and the wife are together.'

Bevis leaned his head against the bed-post and closed his eyes. The idle folly of his fury dropped from him. He felt only a sick loathing and exhaustion.

'Leave me,' he muttered. 'You'll not grudge me what I have left. Leave me with her. Never let me see your face again.'

Almost as if with a glad docility, drawing, in the spring sunlight, her brilliant robe about her, Miss Latimer rose, and her face kept the glitter of its supernatural triumph. She obeyed as if recognizing to the full his claim upon the distenanted form lying there. For a moment only she paused and

looked down at the dead woman, and he seemed then, dimly, and now indifferently, to see on her lips the pitiless smile of a priest above a sacrificial victim.

Then the rustle of her robe passed round the room. The door closed softly behind her, and he was alone with all that was left him of Tony.

(The End)

A PRETTY QUARREL

BY LORD DUNSANY

ON one of those unattained, and unattainable, pinnacles that are known as the Bleaks of Eerie, an eagle was looking East with a hopeful presage of blood.

For he knew, and rejoiced in the knowledge, that eastward over the dells the dwarfs were risen in Ulk, and gone to war with the demigods.

The demigods are they that were born of earthly women; but their sires are the elder gods who walked of old among men. Disguised they would go through the villages sometimes in summer evenings, cloaked and unknown of men; but the younger maidens knew them and always ran to them singing, for all that their elders said: in evenings long ago they had danced to the woods of the oak trees. Their children dwelt out-of-doors beyond the dells of the bracken, in the cool and heathery lands, and were now at war with the dwarfs.

Dour and grim were the demigods, and had the faults of both parents, and would not mix with men but claimed the right of their fathers, and would not

play human games but forever were prophesying, and yet were more frivolous than their mothers were, whom the fairies had long since buried in wild wood-gardens with more than human rites.

And being irked at their lack of rights and ill-content with the land, and having no power at all over wind and snow, and caring little for the powers they had, the demigods became idle, greasy, and slow; and the contemptuous dwarfs despised them ever.

The dwarfs were contemptuous of all things savoring of heaven, and of everything that was even partly divine. They were, so it has been said, of the seed of man; but, being squat and hairy, like to the beasts, they praised all beastly things, and bestiality was shown reverence among them, so far as reverence was theirs to show. So most of all they despised the discontent of the demigods who dreamed of the courts of heaven and power over wind and snow; for what better, said the dwarfs, could demigods do than nose in the earth for

roots and cover their faces with mire, and run with the cheerful goats and be even as they?

Now, in their idleness caused by their discontent, the seed of the gods and the maidens grew more discontented still, and spake of or cared for only heavenly things; until the contempt of the dwarfs, who heard of all these doings, was bridled no longer and it must needs be war. They burned spice, dipped in blood and dried, before the chief of their witches, sharpened their axes, and made war on the demigods.

They passed by night over the Oolnar Mountains,—each dwarf with his good axe, the old flint war-axe of his fathers,—a night when no moon shone; and they went unshod and swiftly, to come on the demigods in the darkness beyond the dells of Ulk, lying fat and idle and contemptible.

And before it was light they found the heathery lands, and the demigods lying lazy all over the side of a hill. The dwarfs stole toward them warily in the darkness.

Now the art that the gods love most is the art of war; and when the seed of the gods and those nimble maidens awoke and found it was war, it was almost as much to them as the god-like pursuits of heaven, enjoyed in the

marble courts, or power over wind and snow. They all drew out at once their swords of tempered bronze, cast down to them centuries since on stormy nights by their fathers; drew them and faced the dwarfs; and casting their idleness from them, fell on them sword to axe. And the dwarfs fought hard that night, and bruised the demigods sorely, hacking with those huge axes that had not spared the oaks. Yet for all the weight of their blows and the cunning of their adventure, one point they had overlooked: *the demigods were immortal.*

As the fight rolled on toward morning the fighters were fewer and fewer; yet for all the blows of the dwarfs, men fell upon one side only.

Dawn came, and the demigods were fighting against no more than six; and the hour that follows dawn, and the last of the dwarfs was gone.

And when the light was clear on that peak of the Bleaks of Eerie, the eagle left his crag and flew grimly east, and found it was as he had hoped in the matter of blood.

But the demigods lay down in their heathery lands, for once content though so far from the courts of heaven, and even half forgot their heavenly rights, and sighed no more for power over wind and snow.

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D

FIDDLERS' LUCK

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

I

DURING my whole service in France up to the day when I rose from the cot in Base Hospital 14 and began to hobble, I had only one fiddling adventure.

My regiment spent some time in the town of Champlitte, training for the front lines. So far as we were aware, Champlitte possessed but one bathtub. You dropped into the bathing establishment every time you passed that way, and once during the course of several weeks you probably were fortunate enough to find the tub hospitably vacant.

Now, I had known about cleanliness being next to godliness. France showed me that it was but one remove from the divine art of fiddling. One day I stopped in to make the usual tender inquiries after the bathtub's condition. I was informed that it was doing better than was to be expected under the circumstances, and that, if I would honor a chair in the next room for a little bit with my distinguished presence, facilities for cleanliness would soon be at my disposal.

I was ushered into the family parlor. The first thing that I saw on entering was a 'cello. It was suffering from anæmia, recessive gums, and that form of acute St. Vitus's dance in the lumbar regions known as Pernicious Wolf Tone; but it was still a 'cello. Of course I picked it up and began to play.

In rushed madame, clasping her hands as if in ecstasy. In waddled grand'mère, not in any ecstasy, but flying

signals of extreme content. In tornadoed a small boy and began to cavort about my chair, like a young puppy, wild with jubilation on being released from long captivity and offered a juicy bone.

I inquired if the bath were ready.

'Ah, monsieur le lieutenant, but first we entreat you to play some more! You cannot know how we have starved for our dear music during these sad years when no one has had the heart to play. But now it is different. Thanks to messieurs les Américains we are about to achieve the victory.'

I asked what they wanted to hear, and they wanted the Meditation from *Thaïs*, copious extracts from *Faust*, Massenet's *Élégie*, the Berceuse from *Jocelyn*, and the Sextette from *Lucia*. These I dutifully rendered, while my audience caressed the music with their eyes. Madame slipped out for a moment and returned with a bottle of her choicest wine. Grand'mère cut me a bunch of delicious grapes from the arbor outside the door.

I was not allowed to bathe until I had given young Antoine, the 'cello's owner, some pointers on how to manipulate his property. While I splashed, the earnest garçon kept running in with eager inquiries about how to bow an arpeggio, how to make the C-string stay at C without sliding down to zero every few moments, and how to gain the rare altitude of the fourth position without slipping into a crevasse.

When all was said and done and bathed, I had much ado to make madame accept compensation for the bath. Regarding the wine and the grapes, she was adamant. Had I not brightened their lives and given them all a foretaste of the peace-time coming? Any moment I wanted to play that 'cello to my friends, Antoine should carry it for me to whatever point I might designate. For it was not meet and right that an officer should bemean his honored uniform by carrying so bulky and plebeian a parcel.

Now it happened that I did want to fiddle elsewhere: for I had found a pianist in almost as singular a fashion as that in which I had found a 'cello. I had found the 'cello on the way to a bath. And I had found the pianist on the way to a dentist.

It all began with the texture and consistency of the A.E.F. bread. This form of the staff of life was durably constructed of ironwood. It was of so firm a substance that only teeth of Bessemer steel fitted with diamond points could have bitten it month in, month out, and remained intact. Mine, being made of merely mortal enamel and a very painful substance they call pulp, rained down fillings like the hail that plagued Egypt, and cried, '*Kamerad!*' and had to be taken to the hospital.

But when they arrived there, the dentist looked sheepish and confessed that all his tools had been sent to France in the heavy freight, and had probably succumbed to the submarines. Unless he hitched my tooth to a wire and the other end of the wire to a bullet, and pulled the trigger and shot the bullet forth into space, he could n't help my tooth out. I explained that filling, not extraction, — more pulp rather than less, — was my ideal. But he had n't a single tool, and could not say when he could get his hands on any.

My little affair was urgent, and I

could not let the matter rest there. I started forth to find him some of the murderous instruments of his profession. It soon developed that all the local French tooth-doctors were at the front, and, unlike our own, had all their tools with them.

Hold! One of them had been killed in action. Perhaps the widow possessed his outfit. I hastened to the address and found a delightful lady who owned a large and representative memorial collection of dental forceps (from which I involuntarily recoiled), and a charming niece who produced no such effect upon me.

This young woman, indeed, played the piano remarkably handily. I revealed my own weakness for operating upon the 'cello. We accordingly laid our plans with affectionate minuteness as to what we would make happen if a 'cello could be discovered. But it never was, until the day I finally found the bathtub empty.

The very next evening I summoned Antoine with his poor, suffering old bull-fiddle, and mademoiselle and I gave ourselves and the family a concert. We did n't have any music anywhere but in our heads. But we had so much there that we played all the evening without once repeating ourselves. At first she played, like ninety-nine pianists out of a hundred, a bit heavily. But she made me feel like the lord of creation when I murmured in her ear, 'Let it be light,' and it *was* light. So a pleasant time was had by all.

Like most of her countrywomen, and like most of the English and other peoples who had been at war long enough to find a full outlet for all their pent-up energies and passions, this lady had no prejudice against German music; so we alternated Debussy with Beethoven and Franck with Bach, to everybody's satisfaction. And afterwards, when I took Antoine's 'cello over to the Amer-

ican Officers' Club and played till midnight, there was the same feeling that art is international, and that to cut off German music is no wiser than cutting off your own nose to spite your face.

It was interesting to notice that this feeling grew much more pronounced in my regiment after we had been¹ under fire. As a rule I found that the front-line fighting man had little or no prejudice against German music. He had translated into action, and worked out of his system, that pent-up spleen which so ate into the vitals of the S.O.S. and of the good folks at home.

His idea was somewhat as follows: 'Let's lap up everything good that we can get out of the Boches, and enjoy it to the limit! That's the least we can do to get even for the rats and the mud, the forced marches, the hospitals, the cold and the cooties.' So he consumed a German tune with the same gusto that he showed in sampling the cigars and schnapps he found in the captured dug-out. I consider this a healthier state than being poisoned by the ingrowing morbidity of the lines of communication. Virulence against German music appeared to increase in direct proportion to the agitator's distance from Germany. I remember that it was a telephone girl in the rearest of the rear who based her abhorrence of German music on the original ground that it was bad music. Triumphantly she backed up this contention with the syllogism:—

'Music is goodness.

'The German is not good.

'Therefore the German is not musical.'

Naturally I forebore to invert this extraordinary proposition and come back with:—

'Music is goodness.

'The German is musical.

'Therefore the German is good,'—
for I did not in the least think so my-

self. I merely inquired of her in the mildest of tones whether Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms were, then, unmusical. In the engaging manner of so many cornered ladies, she resorted at once to invective. With wrath flashing from her eyes she denounced me as a disgrace to the uniform I wore.

It was clear that my views on the art of music had not made a hit with the telephone girl. I told myself that you can't please anyone with everything any more than you can please everyone with anything. But this philosophical reflection did little toward cheering me. For then and there I saw that, when I stopped shooting the Boches and being shot at by them, and went home, I would have to choose between disliking Beethoven, and being shot at by a considerable body of noncombatants.

This was a painful dilemma. For, in going over the top, it was Beethoven and other Boches of his sort who kept such nice, encouraging tunes going all the time in my head, that they made the whizz-bangs and the blind pigs and the bombs and bullets sound much less dismaying than they might otherwise have sounded. These good Teutonic musicians released more of my energies toward the great end of making more present-day Germans good, that is, dead. It was a droll thing to catch Brahms in the act of helping me kill Germans; for in my interesting solo position as Assistant Regimental Intelligence Officer during an attack, I found no more helpful aide than the composer of the *Triumphlied*.

My chief recollection of music in the trenches is of the wedding hymns which the highly uxorious rats of Verrières sang, as they performed Russian ballets on the corrugated iron of my superterranean dug-out, and while using my face as a spring-board for the high dive. So I am not going to say much of anything about fiddlers' luck at the front,

because it was conspicuous by its absence.

Stay! There was one rare specimen of a fiddler, — well, perhaps not exactly a fiddler, — who went into the Meuse-Argonne offensive with us before Montfaucon, sitting on top of his tank with the shells bursting about him at reasonable distances and intervals. All this time he kept twanging a disreputable banjo and singing at the top of a gay and lusty voice — till one of the shells put a sudden and final double-bar to the music.

My beloved Brahms was the best of bunkies and buddies right up to the moment when the Boche sniper in the tree got me through the hip-bone. And he stayed with me during the hours of jolting back on the stretcher, borne by willing but awkward amateurs. And he stayed with me all the time that very elastic Ford ambulance was cavorting back *andante con motor*, through the shell-holes to the field hospital.

It was one of those high-brow ambulances that have no use for low gear. Low, in fact, was burned out. So every time we struck a shell-hole, Henry Ford gave a last gasp and had eventually (we asked ourselves: 'Why not now?') to be propelled by hand to the crest of the next hill. Those hours might have been an unpleasant experience if it had not been for the Brahms sextettes. Henry might shake me until I was all hip, but, in the words of the ancient song, those darling old comrades (the sextettes) were there by my side.

II

The two days in the field hospital were over; likewise the two days in the evacuation hospital at Souilly. Dead and done were the two days in the filthy French cattle-car, where you lay with another wounded officer six inches above your nose, tended by a pic-

turesque old ruffian named Philippe, who knew but one word of English. At last the stretchers jolted us into a long chilly paradise of clean sheets and real American girls, who gave us baths and cups of cocoa.

We were in luck. All the hospitals were full up. Those who were wounded after that must take their chances of lying on the dry side of a hedge in the cold rain.

The surgeon major came through with his bunch of catalogue cards, the Who's Who of Ward 4. He paused beside my bed, ran his finger over them, picked one out, read it, then glanced at me with a sharp look.

'Schauffler,' I could hear him murmur; 'born in Austria.'

I could see suspicion dawning in the major's eyes. Already I foresaw myself marked down as a possible spy and carried out and laid under a hedge to make room for some Captain John Smith, born in Topeka. There was a look of bigoted conviction about that major, which told me how useless it would be to explain that three of my four grandparents had been Plymouth Rock Yankees, and that the fourth, he who had thoughtlessly endowed me with my too Teutonic name, had been an American citizen. When they are not on the trail of spies, the higher army officers do not bother much with listening to such fine-drawn and subtle distinctions as these. I could almost hear this train of logic forming itself in the major's mind: —

'His name is German;

'He was born in Austria;

'Therefore he must be a spy.'

I braced myself for the conflict, looked at the major, and prepared to speak. But, as I did so, his expression changed. All at once a flash of eager curiosity replaced the look of hostile suspicion.

'Look here,' he said, 'you don't happen to come, do you, from that family

of American missionaries that was born all over creation?'

'Yes, sir.'

The major grew excited.

'Is Captain Charles Schauffler any relative of yours?'

'My brother.'

The major's hand shot out.

'Put it there, old man! Charlie's about the best friend I have in the world. Why, I just operated on two of his boys before coming abroad.'

'Yes, and now they're both serving in France along with three other nephews of mine.'

'Look here, what relation are you to the R. H. S. who writes about fiddlers in the *Atlantic*?'

In a subdued voice, for fear of losing caste with my brother officers in the neighboring beds, I explained the nature of my relationship to that slave of the quill.

The major seemed taken aback.

'Good heavens!' he cried. 'And to think that I was just on the point of denouncing you as a spy!'

Again he shook me warmly by the hand and told me that he had all my books in his library.

'My colleague the medical major must know of this at once,' exclaimed my new friend. 'He has often mentioned your stuff to me. He is a faithful *Atlantic* reader, and you will find him a bang-up musical amateur.'

He hurried away and, in a few moments, brought back a person whom I shall always regard as one of the largest-souled and warmest-hearted of all my friends. The medical major's first words to me were wholly characteristic of the man:—

'What can I get you?'

Any soldier who has ever traveled a couple of hundred miles by slow freight between wound and base hospital will know how welcome these words sounded. All honor to the dauntless ambu-

lance drivers and the compassionate hospital orderlies! But how they could steal! By the time I reached the base I had lost everything I possessed except the clothes on my back and my automatic pistol. And every single driver who flivved me, and every single orderly who tended me, had tried his best to steal that Savage. I preserved it for posterity only by lying continuously upon it. Uncomfortable, of course, but the only sure way. If that Savage had possessed any of the properties of an egg, or I of a hen, I should, before reaching Base 14, have hatched out a considerable flock of little savages. My success in keeping the weapon was extraordinary. Nineteen officers in my ward out of twenty had been relieved of their pistols early in the game, and had had their money-belts rifled as soon as they went under ether in the field hospital.

'What can I get you?' asked that blessed major.

'Toothpaste, a toothbrush, and a sweater,' I replied without an instant's hesitation.

He nodded, and returned in half an hour, carrying a khaki kit-bag crammed with all these, and such additional luxuries as socks, dental floss, handkerchiefs, cigarettes, a comb, and writing materials. Praised be his name! I consider seriously dedicating my next book to him and the surgeon who did not throw me out in the rain. For good measure I shall put in the 79th Division and the Mars Hospital Centre.

The medical major used to drop in and sit down on my bed for a chat at least twice a day. I found him a very intelligent amateur musician, and our mouths would water as we talked of historic performances we had heard by the Chicago Orchestra, the Flonzaleys, the Olive Meads, Bauer, and Gabrilowitch, and how jolly it would be if we two might play the Franck sonata

together — for the major eventually proved to be a very able pianist.

'Just wait till you can hobble,' he would say. 'Then I'll dig you up some sort of a 'cello, and we'll have fun.'

The first thing this good Samaritan did, as soon as I could navigate, was to place his own private room at my disposal during the daytime. This was a godsend. The long hours of solitude with his library of French novels proved to be an even more delicious luxury than the sheets had been on emerging from the cattle-car.

Now, I like my kind passing well. But for a year and a half I had lived continuously day and night in their immediate presence. And such is the tyranny of the musical ear that there had been no possibility of ever indulging in my own thoughts if any of the comrades were singing, whistling, playing the phonograph, or snoring — and they were nearly always doing one or the other. All the chinks, of course, were filled in with profanity of the first order. There is something musical about a good curse if well performed. And the sound of profanity was never still in the A.E.F.

Sometimes, when the audible world has been too much with me, I have thought that the utopian type of universal democracy enjoined by such enthusiasts as Walt Whitman must be rather easier for unmusical folk to attain and maintain. People whose ears are not particularly sensitive have a gross advantage. Sight, smell, taste, and touch can get along in almost any crowd with kindness and geniality. You can overlook or underlook ugliness of feature, or deliberately close your eyes to it. You can light a cigar or invoke perfume against an evil odor. Unless you fall among cannibals or into the A.E.F., you are rarely obliged to outrage your palate. As for rubbing elbows with the crowd, I for one have

seldom rubbed an elbow that did not give me an interesting wireless message, revealing things about the owner's personality that he perhaps did not himself know.

But as for the chap who whistles between his teeth, or sings out of tune, or twangs a degenerate guitar with wire-loose strings in the next bed for twelve hours a day, while expressing in a cracked voice a Freudian wish for 'a girl just like the girl that married dear old dad,' it is passing hard for the musician to keep on loving him in the fraternal manner recommended by *Leaves of Grass*.

This fact used to sadden me until I happened to stumble one day upon the poem where Whitman tried to write in a sophisticated manner about the art of music. There I found him lavishing his praises on 'Italia's peerless compositions,' especially the 'trombone duo' in *Ernani*, and discovered that those third-raters Rossini and Meyerbeer were just about Walt's top speed in a musical manner of speaking. The discovery made me easier in my mind. Anybody who felt that way would naturally experience no difficulty in pouring out unstinted floods of love upon the man who, for twelve hours a day, audibly yearned for a girl according to Freud. But there was evidently something wrong with the good gray poet's ears.

Personally, I do not believe that he was very much more musical than a certain one of the nine directors of the late Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. The orchestra was giving a summer concert at the country club while this gentleman was entertaining a party of friends, and they found some difficulty in making themselves heard above the sounds of the symphony. He called the waiter at length, and said, 'Waiter, go to Mr. Bernthaler, the man who is waving the stick up there, and tell him

to play in a minor key so we can hear each other talk.'

I think this gentleman would have fitted admirably into old Walt's democratic utopia. To be a real hearty Whitmanian you have to have either rather blunt senses, or the power to disregard the superficial and, by an act of divination, pierce below the surface and appreciate the essential truth, goodness, and beauty hidden there. Only, if you are anything of a musician, it is so much easier to see beauty beneath ugliness than to hear it!

Therefore, when the medical major crowned his royal gift of toothpaste *et cetera*, by lending me his room and his oil-stove, it was passing pleasant to escape suddenly into the possibility of resuming my year-long habit of quiet reflection — to evoke my auto-comrade again, and after shaking him cordially by the hand and slapping him on the back, find out what he had been up to all the time since I entered Plattsburg and gave him the go-by.

Sometimes the major would drop in for a few moments of chat between his tireless rounds, and we would talk real talk. Whenever I began to thank him for his kindness, he would always shut me up in a determined and flattering manner, saying that he was an *Atlantic* reader and had to get even with me for various pleasant quarters of an hour.

Before long, when I could hobble two hundred yards, the major told me to go and consult the ear doctor in the neighboring hospital.

'But,' I objected, 'there's nothing wrong with my ears.'

The major over-rode me.

'Yes, there is! As your superior officer, I command you to see Lieutenant F——, and tell him you play the 'cello. He'll give you something that will help you.'

So I made my way, in a puzzled state, over to Base 35 and sat around in

Lieutenant F——'s clinic and watched him do complicated and skillful things to the ears of many a doughboy. Finally he said;—

'Now, Loot, I'll treat you.'

I eyed his murderous array of cutlery with considerable conservatism. But, instead of cutting me up, he took off his apron, washed his hands, and led the way to his sleeping-quarters. The first thing I saw there showed me how the Ear Man was going to treat me. It was a 'cello that dangled by the neck from a nail in the door, like the spy that the surgeon major had n't taken me for.

I fell upon it with loud, carnivorous cries. The Ear Man immediately produced a flute from the bureau drawer; and we began, without a second's hesitation, on that time-honored duet known as Titl's 'Serenade.'

When the Ear Man's breath failed, I recalled the fact that I had breathed practically my first infant breath into the flute. So we swapped instruments and did *La Paloma*. By this time we had amassed a large and encouraging audience of medical men in the little room, and they demanded a programme ranging all the way from 'Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight,' to 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' which last selection, I impolitely pointed out to them, might more appropriately be played to their patients.

All this time my subconsciousness was busy with the fact that I had not touched a 'cello since before the Flood. I enjoyed the pleasantly piquant contrast between the feel of barbed wire and automatic triggers and the more novel but agreeable texture of wire strings and a 'cello bow.

Mess-call sounding, the audience insisted that we adjourn with our instruments, and serenade the assembled officers. The incident turned out to be all the more enjoyable when the com-

mandant of 35 discovered that he was a friend of my brother, the medical corps colonel, and informed me that said brother had recently arrived in France and was stationed only sixty kilometres away.

Then I hobbled across the railroad tracks with the Ear Man's 'cello. The medical major beamed when he saw it.

'Ah, that's what my nurses are keen to hear. I've told them about you and the treatment I prescribed. Won't you play to them to-night at their club?'

'Yes, sir, if you'll accompany me.'

The kind major's face fell an octave.

'Three of my poor boys are probably going West before morning. I can't possibly leave them. But did n't I hear you say that you had found a pianist in your ward?'

I had indeed! It had come about this way. In a bed halfway down the hall lay a captain from my own regiment. One afternoon I had heard somebody whistling Chopin softly to himself, and whistling it excellently well. I sat up and traced the sound to Captain V——. Then I whistled an answering strain. He was as surprised as I had been.

To offset the tedium of hospital life we developed a musical contest of sorts. One of us would start a melody, and if the other one could not take it up wherever it stopped, the starter would score one. If he could, however, he got the jump on the other fellow. The officers in the intervening bunks disregarded our soft pipings as things foreign to their natures.

But one day, when one of us was scoring heavily on a Brahms symphony, a pair of lips at the far end of the ward took up the tale with elegance and precision.

The captain and I jerked our heads about in surprise, and discovered this unexpected source of Brahms to be Major W——, ranking patient of the

ward, the man with the shrapnel hole in his hip.

In high excitement I pulled on bathrobe and slippers and made my way down the aisle. After half an hour's conversation with him, I knew that I had discovered a musical amateur twenty-one karats fine. His memory for melodies was all-compendious, his taste was like refined gold, and he played the piano.

When I came to him that evening and showed him the Ear Man's 'cello, and said that the nurses were keen for some music, and did he feel able to get as far as the club and accompany me a bit, he painfully dragged on his clothes, crowned all with a leather jerkin (for his very blouse had been stolen by some ambulance driver who was no respecter of rank), and we hobbled forth through the deep mud for which the Mars Hospital Centre was notorious.

But before I had time to strip off the Ear Man's 'cello's chemise, Major W—— lurched at the keys like a starving man — and the heavens were opened. What was that wonderful piece he was playing? It began like a sort of cross between Ropartz and Reger. But after a few bars I could have sworn it was some master-work of Franck that had somehow escaped my ears till that moment. Pretty soon it sounded like a great but unknown piece by Bach, and then it turned into a mighty four-part fugue such as Beethoven ought to have written, but never got around to.

'What on earth is that?' I half shouted when the major crashed the final chord.

'Oh, just a little thing that occurred to me.'

I gasped. 'You don't mean that you improvised it?'

I had heard it said that there was only one musician alive who could improvise really well, and that he always

improvised on the same theme. But this revelation was beginning to make me doubt it.

'Yes,' said he in a matter-of-fact tone. 'Now let's have a look at your music.'

It had not occurred to me until then, but there was no music.

'Never mind,' said the major. 'What are a few printed sheets between friends? Let's find out what the audience would like to hear.'

The head nurse said, 'The Bach Air in D major'; and the major played that exacting accompaniment out of his head, with a caressing, delicate touch and a meticulous exactitude which showed me that he was the fabulous golden accompanist at the foot of the rainbow, and that I had at length caught up to him.

A tall blonde insisted on being carried back to old Virginny, and the major variegated the journey with new and richer harmonies, and a playfully contrapuntal bass.

Then the good angel we affectionately termed 'The Corporal,' she who had given us that memorable bath when we emerged from the cattle-car incrustated with all the strata of geologic France, demanded Wagner. And we rendered right lustily Siegfried's Rhine Journey, the Grail Procession, the Good Friday Spell, Siegmund's Love Song, and a large part of the *Tannhäuser* and *Meistersinger* overtures.

To please little Miss Fluffy Ruffles, we coquetted with Dvořák's *Humoresque*, while the major found extra fingers enough to render 'The Old Folks at Home' at the same time — an excellently successful musical marriage.

Then, after doing a lot of the third Beethoven Sonata at the request of that very creative listener, the surgeon major, who had dropped in during the marriage ceremony, we played nearly all the works of Stephen Foster and the Allied national airs, not even forgetting poor Russia, my colleague improvising the while the most stunningly florid figured basses and the most gorgeous new harmonies that a national air ever tried on like an Easter bonnet.

And then the surgeon major sternly drove us to bed, on the principle that casualties must not get over-ambitious. And he even insisted on carrying that 'cello with his own hands back through the mud to the Ear Man. He declared that he felt so jubilant over meeting up with real music again after all those months that, were it not for the geography of the pianist's wound and my own, he would feel like shouting, 'Hip, hip, hooray!'

And thus it was that my old friend the *Atlantic*, when things came to the pinch, procured me toothpaste, solitude, a sweater, companionship, socks, and fiddlers' luck.

THE UNBELIEVER

BY ALICE BROWN

If I am blind and cannot see
The gaunt, stark-limbed, accursèd tree
Whereon, men say, You died for me —
Miserere, Domine.

If I am deaf and cannot hear
Your skyey promise falling clear,
Nor, in my need, Your whisper near —
Miserere, Domine.

If I am lame and cannot tread
The starlit path the Magi led,
To bow before Your manger-bed —
Miserere, Domine.

If in my unconsenting mind
Nor gem nor pebble I can find
To fit Your temple, man-designed —
Miserere, Domine.

If in my pierced and drowning heart,
Transfixed by the Arch-Doubter's dart,
I cannot feel You salve the smart —
Miserere, Domine.

And if at last unshriven I wait
At the bright barrier of Your gate,
And see You shrined in mystic state —
Miserere, Domine.

PROFITEERING AND PRICES

BY MELVIN T. COPELAND

WHERE are the profiteers? The country has been combed by federal agents, state commissions, and local grand juries, in a search for the profiteers on whom is laid the blame for high prices. What is the result? The proprietor of a little grocery store in Wiscasset, Maine, was haled to court in Portland, according to metropolitan newspaper reports, because he charged a couple of cents too much for sugar. A small shoe retailer is said to have been indicted, perhaps unjustly, by a grand jury in South Carolina for taking a profit somewhat above normal. A firm of shoe retailers, in Providence, Rhode Island, was fined \$3500, according to published statements, for instructing its salesmen to obtain as high prices as possible. Here and there a few similar instances have been reported. Yet at the opening of the year 1920 prices were still tending upwards. This is practically the net result of the expenditure of several millions of public money.

The blame for high prices has been placed most frequently upon the retailer. And for two reasons. In the first place, the retailer is the last party through whose hands the merchandise passes on its route to the consumer, and his prices are the only ones with which the consumer is familiar. Secondly, the retailer, with a few exceptions, is a small business man; he is less able to defend himself than the wholesaler or the manufacturer. Yet the figures that have been collected for several years by the Bureau of Business Research of Harvard University indicate that, gen-

erally speaking, operating expenses in several of the leading retail and wholesale trades have advanced about as rapidly as prices. The ratio of net profit to sales has shown no marked change.

Although occasional instances of abnormally large profits may exist, nevertheless, if the average merchant were to sell his merchandise at a price that just covered what he paid for the goods, *plus* his operating expenses, his selling prices ordinarily would be lowered only from two to six per cent. The saving to consumers by wiping out all net profits in retail and wholesale business would be small.

A similar analysis would doubtless show much the same results in manufacturing industries. Business has been active, and there have been fewer commercial failures during the last three or four years than in normal times. Yet the responsibility for high prices cannot be pinned to any one group or class of business men, farmers, or laborers. Honesty and fairmindedness in business practice are certainly as common as at any time in the past.

In nearly all branches of industry and trade, prices of raw materials and finished products have shown heavy advances since 1914. Wages in numerous occupations also have increased in nearly the same proportion as prices. Teachers, clergymen, and a few other groups dependent on fixed salaries or incomes are about the only persons who are not receiving substantially greater money compensation for their services than was the case six years ago.

Such a general rise in prices is not a new phenomenon in the world's history. It has occurred under similar circumstances in the past.

In this particular instance the general rise in prices in the United States was stimulated by the influx of gold during the early years of the war. It has been due also in part to the heavy demands, domestic and foreign, arising from the destructive processes of the war — demands that were only partially counterbalanced by the forced and voluntary economies of manufacturers and consumers. In some industries there have been other contributing factors, such as the short cotton crop.

The chief reason, however, for the abnormal increase in prices which has continued for over a year since the signing of the Armistice, has been the inflation of our credit and currency through the workings of the Federal Reserve banking system. This system has many admirable features, but it also was a potential source of inflation. As it was managed under war conditions and up to November, 1919, a high degree of inflation was brought about.

The Federal Reserve system began operations in 1914. From July 1, 1914, to July 1, 1919, the amount of currency in circulation in the United States increased \$2,440,000,000, or 71 per cent. The annual rate of increase in currency in circulation during these years was five times as rapid as during the fifteen years prior to 1914, which also was a period of generally rising prices. The main additions to our currency have been in the form of Federal Reserve notes. These notes, or paper money, are issued on the basis of credit granted by the Federal Reserve banks, which rediscount borrowers' notes for other banks. There has been also an increase in deposits resulting from loans — another form of credit inflation.

In order to finance the war, the

United States government did not issue paper money directly, as was done to excess in most of the European countries. Yet the issue of paper money was stimulated indirectly by inducing the Federal Reserve banks to give especially favorable terms for credit based on government bonds. Large quantities of war bonds became the security for the issue of Federal Reserve notes. The amount of currency in circulation was increased without a corresponding increase in the quantity of merchandise produced. More currency and no more goods has meant higher prices. The Federal Reserve Board also permitted a large expansion of credit and currency by its liberal terms for rediscounts on ordinary commercial loans. The policy of the government in financing the war may have been the wisest one to follow. Nevertheless, the fact remains that, in the United States as well as in Europe, inflation is at the bottom of a large portion of our price troubles and is one of the chief causes of widespread social unrest.

To show how inflation works, take the following example, stated in its simplest terms.

A shoe manufacturer in the ordinary course of business goes to a bank for a loan. The amount that the bank will lend him is strongly influenced by his net assets, especially by the value of the materials and merchandise on hand, cash, and the amount of sound debts owed him by his customers, as compared with his current liabilities. With the proceeds of the loan received from the bank, the manufacturer buys raw material and hires labor. If it is easy for him to secure the loan, because of the ability of the bank to rediscount his notes at the Federal Reserve bank at a low rate of interest, the manufacturer does not hesitate to bid up the market for materials and to offer higher wages to secure workmen.

The higher the prices paid for materials and labor, the greater is the value that is placed on his stock on hand when he seeks the next loan. Such credit, granted leniently because of the opportunity of the bank to turn round and borrow from the Federal Reserve bank at a low rate of interest, has rolled up prices like a snowball.

The amount of credit granted on any particular occasion depends in large measure upon existing prices. Yet, as soon as the credit is granted, it immediately tends to increase prices by placing new buying power in the hands of the party who has received the loan. In other words, the statement that the increase in currency and credit has been the *result* of high prices is based on a fallacious and oft-exploded theory. Inflation is the cause, not the result. By granting loans without proper restraint, moreover, inflation increases until banking resources can stand the strain no longer, and the bubble bursts. Several of the worst commercial crises in the past have resulted from inflation.

In November, 1919, the Federal Reserve banks at New York—the pivotal point—and at Boston began to increase their rediscount rates. This indicated that the Federal Reserve Board was attempting to check inflation, and resulted immediately in bringing down the prices of securities in the stock market. But up to the beginning of February, 1920, no effect on commodity prices had been shown. Another substantial increase in rediscount rates was made on January 23, 1920. It remains to be seen whether still more drastic action is necessary to curtail the demand for commercial loans, unless in the meantime a crisis is precipitated by other forces. At all events, the action of the Federal Reserve banks, even if somewhat belated, is a sound public policy.

Large quantities of merchandise,

such as shoes, hosiery, and dry goods, have been ordered by wholesalers and retailers for delivery during the spring months of 1920 at prices twenty to forty per cent above those that ruled last autumn. There are some indications that additional increases are anticipated for the coming fall season. To carry on their business at these prices, wholesalers and retailers, as well as the manufacturers, will require much larger credits than heretofore. The burden will fall on the banks. It is doubtful if the resources even of the Federal Reserve system are great enough to carry this additional burden. If not, prices must come down. It is also doubtful if the public will pay these higher prices. If not, the goods must be sold for what they will bring, in order that the merchants may pay their bills.

Once the upward movement of prices is stopped, loss of confidence probably will result, and a period of general readjustment will begin. Sooner or later a readjustment will be forced by some means. The longer deflation is postponed by laxity in granting credit, the greater will be the eventual hardship imposed upon business and the public.

For many commodities, especially luxuries, the demand from consumers has been unusually heavy during this period of rising prices. This demand has been stimulated by the process of inflation in suddenly and rapidly augmenting money wages and other monetary income of a portion of the community. Some workmen, who are producing no more than in the past, have been purchasing expensive hats and shirts; their wives and daughters have been buying silk stockings and other luxuries to which they were not previously accustomed. Some other consumers have had their money incomes abnormally increased, and they too have been spending more or less recklessly. This is the demand that has

characterized, to some extent at least, the active retail trade of recent months.

Many unfilled requirements of the war period, however, are not yet being satisfied. Our facilities for producing essential articles are not being sufficiently expanded. Most manufacturers are cautious about expanding their plants under present conditions. The railroads of the country cannot now afford to provide adequate equipment. There is a large accumulated demand for new homes, which is not being filled while the prices for labor and materials are at the present high levels.

A substantial portion of the unusual business activity of recent months, therefore, is to be attributed, not to requirements arising from curtailed consumption during the war, but to inflation. Such business is not built on a firm foundation.

The inflation of currency and credit, and therefore of prices, is one of the chief causes of social unrest. That this has always been the result under similar conditions, in this country and in other countries, is a lesson clearly taught by history. Throughout Europe the problems of social unrest have been greatly intensified by the vast quantities of paper money issued during the last five years. The Bolsheviki have turned out paper roubles as voluminously and as recklessly as *assignats* were issued during the French Revolution — and with the same results. Austria and Germany are almost swamped with paper money that soon may be worthless. France and Italy have departed far from sound monetary principles. Great Britain issued a large amount of paper money during the war. To only a slight extent have any of these countries taken steps to rehabilitate their currencies. In the United States, inflation fortunately was less than in the belligerent countries of Europe; our gold standard was main-

tained; and the recent action of the Federal Reserve Board indicates that in this country the period of increasing inflation definitely has come to an end. It appears that our government at last has taken action — the only practical action — which eventually will result in bringing prices down.

The process of deflation may bring with it temporary hardships to business. These hardships, nevertheless, will be the lesser of two evils. We shall suffer less from this process of readjustment, if it comes soon, than we should suffer were the upward swing of prices to go further, and eventually come down with a severe crash. If prices were to continue to rise, our labor problems would become far more difficult than any that we have yet experienced. Another rapid increase in prices would furnish the radical agitator with the best ammunition that he could wish. Under present conditions, an additional rise in prices would enable the radicals to secure sympathy in many quarters where their preachings ordinarily are not heeded. For these reasons, temporary hardships during the period of deflation are a small price to pay for safeguarding our institutions. Once this fundamental readjustment is made, a period of real and widespread prosperity may be expected.

As for profiteering, most manufacturers and merchants can be freed from that charge. They are not to be relieved to the slightest degree, however, from their public responsibility to introduce more economical methods into their factories and stores, and to pass on the savings in the form of lower prices to the public. Operating expenses in many retail stores, for example, are unnecessarily high. It is the duty of merchants to work out practical means whereby these expenses eventually can be reduced by better and more economical management.

EDUCATING THE NATION

BY FRANK E. SPAULDING

OF the many impressive revelations of the great world-war, none was more impressive than that of the supreme importance of education. In Russia and Prussia, the whole world witnessed the dire disaster resulting, in the one case, from the lack of universal education, in the other, from misdirected, or false education. And both the strength and the weakness of our own country have been easily traceable to the excellencies and the deficiencies respectively of our educational provisions and efforts.

Now is the time to take stock of these impressive revelations; to look into the demands and the opportunities of the future. Now is the time for America to set earnestly about the reorganization and development of her whole school undertaking, that the shortcomings of the past may be promptly corrected, that preparation may be rapidly made to meet the larger opportunities and to bear the heavier responsibilities that are confronting us.

Let us try to sketch in broad outlines merely the outstanding characteristics of an educational programme, indeed a minimum programme, such as is immediately needed in these United States. The programme I am about to present is based on fundamental ideals and principles not inconsistent with those that must control the programme of education of any nation which may hope to become a worthy member of a world league of nations; and, in the absence of any such effective league, it is equally a programme of national independence and security.

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I

This programme consists of two parts: first, a brief statement of the objectives of American education for the immediate future; and, second, an outline of the general plans and means calculated to realize these objectives. It need scarcely be remarked that this programme, in neither of its parts, is a creation out of hand; it is rather, for the most part, a formulation of the objectives that the most advanced practice in American education has already, more or less clearly and confidently, set for itself, and a systematic presentation of plans and means that experience has shown to be necessary for the realization of these objectives.

The simple, practical, but exalted demand of the British Labor Party for a programme of education which shall 'bring effectively within the reach, not only of every boy and girl, but also of every adult citizen, all the training, physical, mental and moral, literary, technical and scientific, of which he is capable,' sets an educational objective none too advanced for America. Indeed, there will be those to claim, not only that we have long had such an objective, but that we are realizing it.

The mere mention, however, of the scores of thousands of totally illiterate, and the hundreds of thousands of practically illiterate young men sent overseas to fight for justice and intelligent democracy, is sufficient evidence that the very first steps, even, in such a lofty objective, have not been ap-

proximately realized in America as a whole. The contemplation of this evidence, in the light of the most superficial knowledge of the conditions out of which it has grown, must convince anyone that America generally has never seriously intended that all Americans should know how to read and write even, which is assuredly the first step in bringing 'effectively within . . . reach . . . all the training, physical, mental and moral, literary, technical and scientific,' of which they are capable.

We have long deceived ourselves with words and phrases about 'free, public, universal education.' Up to the present time, we have barely the beginnings, here and there, of such an effective educational programme as these terms ought to imply. The educational task immediately before us is to make universally real the ideals that we have long boasted. How shall we do this?

There are three minimum, definite, comprehensive objectives that American public education should at once set for itself. They are: first, *essential elementary knowledge, training, and discipline*; second, *occupational efficiency*; third, *civic responsibility*.

Essential elementary knowledge, discipline and training, should be understood to include so much as results from the successful completion of the full elementary-school course in the best school systems — a course requiring, as a rule, eight years of regular attendance, thirty-six to forty weeks a year. The details involved in such a course are too well and generally known to require enumeration here.

The present eight-year elementary-school course, as it is carried out even in the best school systems, is not here proposed as a fixed or final ideal, especially in details, of the first objective of public education. It should be understood to be inclusive, not exclusive, of any improvements that may be made

in content, in method, or in organization, affecting the latter years of the typical elementary-school course.

This first objective is the indispensable basis of the other two, occupational efficiency and civic responsibility; it makes the full achievement of these two practicable. Indeed, it does more than that: it affords direct and invaluable preliminary training for both occupation and citizenship. Such training, however, can never go beyond the preliminary stage, not merely on account of the limitations of time, but even more certainly on account of the limitations of the pupils. Occupational efficiency and civic responsibility cannot be achieved by boys and girls before reaching fourteen years of age.

II

A programme adequate to the achievement of the first of our three objectives must involve the following four features: first, a minimum school year of thirty-six weeks; second, adequate laws, effectively enforced, compelling regular attendance, throughout the school year, of all children over a certain age, preferably seven, until the elementary course is completed, or until a certain age, preferably sixteen, is reached; third, effective public control of all elementary private schools, to insure the maintenance therein of standards equal to those maintained in public schools, and to ensure the regular and full attendance of pupils registered therein; fourth, a teaching force, every member of which has a general education at least equal to that afforded by a good four-year high-school course, and professional training at least equivalent to that provided by a good two-year normal-school course.

The mere statement of these simple measures for the achievement of our first educational objective should be

sufficient to convince any intelligent person of the necessity of their adoption. Yet, simple and obviously necessary as they are, their practical and earnest application would effect the most immediate and startling improvement at the very foundations of our public-school system. At a conservative estimate, this improvement would average, or total, not less than one hundred per cent. In justification of this estimate, and to get some definite conception of the changes that must at once result from the application of these four measures, let us examine briefly some of the present facts and conditions with which each one of these measures would have to deal.

In five states only is the proposed minimum standard year of thirty-six weeks now exceeded. In fifteen states the average length of the school year is less than twenty-eight weeks; in four states, less than twenty-five weeks, with the lowest maintaining its schools just less than twenty-two weeks.

These figures represent state averages. The reality is both better and worse than the average appears. Cities, in general maintain longer school years than do country districts.

The school year in the country schools of many states, and in some country schools of most states, is notoriously brief; only by extreme courtesy can the annual school session be called a year. Even the thirty-six-week school year here proposed as a minimum standard calls for school on less than half the days of the year.

The proposed thirty-six-week school year should be applied, as a minimum standard, to every individual school, so as to make available for every child at least thirty-six weeks' instruction annually.

But even our short school years are not used to their full extent. Sixty states have laws requiring attendance,

by children within the established 'school age,' for sixteen weeks only; three others require only twelve weeks' attendance; one state requires attendance three fourths of the school year, another two thirds, and still another one half. Only twenty-eight states have laws requiring attendance for the full time that the schools are in session.

All states have at last enacted some form of compulsory attendance laws, though six states have taken such action only within the last four years. In several states, however, the compulsory feature of the laws is scarcely more than nominal.

Universally, school-attendance laws make, directly or by implication, some provision for private instruction, either in the home or in private schools, as a substitute for the public-school attendance nominally required. In general, such private instruction is supposed to be equivalent in extent and quality to that provided by the public schools; but in most states the laws are exceedingly vague on this point. Even more vague are they in providing adequate agencies and means of determining the extent to which children instructed outside are receiving instruction equivalent to that given in the public schools. Even in states where the laws are definite and explicit concerning both these matters, their actual observance is scarcely even nominal.

In no state, regardless of provisions or lack of provisions in the law, is there any adequate knowledge in the possession of public-school officials, or of any other public officials, concerning the content or the quality of instruction given, or concerning the essential conditions surrounding children who allege private-school instruction as a substitute for public-school attendance required by law.

That many private schools, regardless of legal requirements, habitually

make little or no use of the national language as a means of communication and instruction is well known. That in many private schools the congestion is far greater than in the public schools; that the equipment, the hygienic conditions, the education and professional qualifications of teachers employed therein are far inferior to those of the public schools of the same community, are facts well known or easily discoverable. On the other hand, that there are private schools offering advantages superior to those provided by the public schools of the same community is likewise a well-known or easily discoverable fact.

By no means do I contend that private schools on the average are either inferior or superior to the public schools for which they are used as a substitute; no one knows enough about private schools on the average to make any such contention. I do contend most emphatically that, after considerable study and investigation of this matter, extending continuously over nearly twenty-five years, I have yet to learn, not of a single state, but of a single city or school district anywhere in the United States, in which a private school might not teach, or neglect to teach, practically what it pleased, might not be as inferior in every respect as its patrons would tolerate, and still be permitted to serve as a substitute for the legalized public-school instruction locally maintained.

I contend further, and it seems wholly obvious, that the content, the quality, and the language of instruction, in every private school that serves as a substitute for a legalized public school, are matters of concern to others than the children and the parents of children attendant thereat; these matters are of deepest concern to the community, the state, and the nation. And any worthy educational programme for America

must make adequate and effective provision for such knowledge and control, by duly authorized officials, of all instruction that serves as a substitute for the legalized instruction of the public schools, as will ensure in that substitute instruction the essential equivalent, in content, quality, and language, of public-school instruction.

Partly because of the short school year, partly because only partial advantage is taken even of this short year, the amount of schooling that we Americans are getting is startlingly little. As a nation, we are barely sixth graders!

A nation of sixth graders, we are taught by tenth-grade or eleventh-grade teachers. No adequate data are available from which to calculate accurately the average schooling of all the public-school teachers of America. Such figures and facts, however, as are at hand warrant the conclusion that it can be but little if any beyond the eleventh grade, or third year of the high school, including in this average all the time devoted to so-called professional training.

According to the well-considered estimate of Dr. Evenden, in his recent study of teachers' salaries and salary schedules, 'About 4,000,000 children are taught by teachers less than twenty-one years of age, with little or no high-school training, with no professional preparation for their work, and who are, in a great majority of cases, products of the same schools in which they teach.'

The education of country school-teachers generally is several years less than that of city teachers; even so, allowing for one or two possible exceptions, it is extremely doubtful whether the average education of the whole group of elementary teachers in any of our large cities exceeds that of a four-year high-school course, including in the average all professional education

as equivalent, year for year, to high-school education.

It is but the conservative expression of an undeniable fact, when we say that, on the average, in American elementary schools, the comparatively uneducated are set to teach the slightly less educated and the ignorant. Furthermore, this statement is no just cause of offense to elementary teachers, either as a class or as individuals.

How much education has America the right to expect anyone to bring to his task at \$630 per year, the average salary of all public-school teachers in the United States, both elementary and high, according to the last figures available?

How low individual salaries go is not revealed by any records at hand; we should blush to publish them were they available. It is quite enough to know that the average salaries, both elementary and high, for certain whole states are below \$300. And in no state has the average ever reached \$1000, unless some unusually large increases of the present year may have brought them to that figure in two or three states. These are the facts that should offend. They are an offense, first of all, to American childhood and youth!

We may as well recognize at once and frankly admit the utter and increasing hopelessness of securing, at present wages, any considerable fraction of the required number of teachers who possess the higher qualifications herewith proposed. Let us acknowledge the inevitable; that average salaries must be increased by at least eight hundred dollars, that is, raised to two and one-half times their present level, if it is to be made worth while for capable women, and perhaps occasionally a man of fair capacity, to make the very modest educational preparation proposed, and then to devote themselves contentedly and loyally to the profession!

III

The definite pursuit of our second and third objectives, occupational efficiency and civic responsibility, should be simultaneous and should immediately follow the attainment of the first objective. This does not mean, let us remark parenthetically, that every boy should begin the learning of a trade immediately upon the completion of the elementary-school course; the boy who goes on to high school, to college, and eventually to a professional school, should be considered to enter just as definitely on the preparation for an occupation when he begins his high-school course, as does the boy who enters a trade-school or a shop as an apprentice. The main difference is that of the time required to reach the goal of occupational fitness.

Instruction designed to prepare for occupational efficiency and civic responsibility should cover a minimum period of four years, or until the eighteenth birthday is reached, for both boys and girls, with an additional year for boys. This instruction should be maintained by law, and attendance thereon should be required of all youth concerned.

For the giving of this instruction, two general types of schools should be maintained, each suited to the needs and choices of the youth who are to attend. First, there should be full-time schools for those who can devote their time chiefly to systematic study; and second, there should be part-time, or continuation schools, for those who are compelled, or who choose, to devote the major portion of their time to work.

The first type of schools would include high schools of all kinds, — academic, commercial, technical, trade, and agricultural schools, — indeed, any full-time school of secondary grade. Such schools should be sufficient in number, variety, and accessibility to provide

four years of high-grade instruction for all youth desiring to attend.

The second type of schools, for those who are to devote only a minor part of their time to schooling, should be flexible in their organization, adapted to the essential conditions of employment. Two conditions, however, should be strictly maintained by these schools: their hours of instruction, for a given pupil, should not be less than eight per week, forty-eight weeks in the year; and these hours should be favorable, not following a day's work, nor in addition to the normal working hours of a week. In a word, the school hours, favorably arranged for study, should be included within the normal weekly working hours.

Within the above essential limitations, there should be flexibility in the arrangement of hours for the given pupil; as a rule, however, it would probably be found advisable to schedule not less than two nor more than four hours in succession. In the country, it might generally be found best to concentrate the year's instruction into three winter months, when schooling, not work, was made the chief concern of the pupils.

Whatever the detailed arrangement of hours, continuation-school courses should cover four years of progressively graded work. The work should be chiefly adapted to the two ends to be attained: it should be civic and vocational, not narrowly, but characteristically. These courses would necessarily include such 'liberal' studies as history, literature, geography, and something of mathematics; and the sciences would be given much attention.

In their vocational bearing, the courses should be adapted to the interest of the pupils immediately to be served, having regard not merely to the occupations in which the pupils might actually be engaged, but also to their possible future occupations. For girls,

instruction in household arts and economy, and in the feeding and care of infants and children, should always receive special attention.

The training of young men for civic responsibility and vocational efficiency should culminate in a full twelve-month year of instruction, discipline, and training, to be carried on directly under the auspices of the national government.

For this year of training, all male youth of the land should be mobilized by a complete draft carried out by the War Department, only those seriously crippled physically and the mentally incompetent being rejected as unfit; for one of the fundamental aims of this course of training should be to make fit.

Some option should be allowed the individual concerned as to the age at which he should enter upon this year of strictly compulsory training. He should not be allowed, for example, to begin it before reaching the age of seventeen years and six months; and he should be required to begin it before passing his twentieth birthday. This option would permit most boys in high schools to complete their courses before entering on this year's training; it would also permit those going to college to precede their college work with this year of training.

Of course, there should be a fixed date, or dates, on which the year's training must begin. Probably it would be advantageous to fix at least two dates — say July 1 and January 1, or August 1 and February 1 — for the beginning of the courses. This would give a certain degree of stability and continuity to the organization of the institutes, which might prove advantageous; it would enlarge, for the individual student, the possibilities of adjusting to his particular advantage the time of his attendance; but, perhaps most important of all, two dates of opening and closing courses, rather than one, would

minimize certain difficulties of adjustment that would necessarily attend the withdrawal at one time of a million men from the normal occupations and life of the country, and the return thereto of a like number.

Whether a modest or nominal wage should be paid the young men in training is a debatable question. Certain it is that the entire expense of the undertaking, including the maintenance, necessary personal equipment, and transportation of those in attendance, should be borne by the government. And adequate maintenance allowances should be granted dependents of students in training.

For this year of instruction, permanent centres should be established throughout the country. The cantonments that proved best adapted for military training suggest themselves as most suitable. Of course, these should be gradually rebuilt with permanent but plain structures, adapted both to the maintenance of the student body and to the wide range of instruction that should be given.

While the whole purpose of this year of government control and direction should be educational, in the broadest sense, every student should be required to devote one third to one half of his time to exercise for physical development and to military training. The remaining half of two thirds of his time should be devoted to such courses of study as he might select, the widest range of choice being provided.

The curricula of these centres of training for civic responsibility, which might well be called National Civic Institutes, should be prepared jointly by the Educational and War Departments of the government, the latter assuming responsibility for the military and physical training part of the curriculum, the former for the non-military subjects and courses of instruction.

The curricula should embrace, besides a thorough course in physical development and military training, every subject of instruction, literary, technical, artistic, every 'cultural' and 'practical' subject, that any youth of eighteen or twenty might need or wish to pursue.

At the present time, and probably for some years to come, the annual enrolments in these institutes would include scores of thousands of illiterates and near-illiterates, a part of whose non-military instruction would have for its aim the achievement of our first and most fundamental educational objective. Indeed, so long as non-English-speaking illiterate immigrants are permitted to enter this country, every such male immigrant who is beyond compulsory public-school age, and under twenty-five years, should be required to spend his first year in America in one of these Civic Institutes. He would there learn our language and something of our ways and national ideals.

The corps of instructors and the equipment of these institutes should be ample and of the highest grade. In all respects, instruction, training, and discipline should be thorough and intensive, the non-military not less so than the military.

The immediate control of the student body should be exercised by a military staff under the War Department. So, also, should the military instruction and physical development exercises be carried out by especially qualified members of the military staff; the instruction in non-military subjects, however, should be under the direction and supervision of the Department of Education.

These institutes filled with a million young men, taken at the most permanently impressionable period in their lives, should easily prove to be the most prolific institutions in the world for the development of human resources. They

should serve, not only to develop and to specialize normal talents, but to discover and to cultivate rare talents that might otherwise lie dormant.

The advantage to the individuals concerned would be no less than to the nation. In no sense would this year be a year out of the life of each one, a year simply donated to the service of the nation, or to preparation for such service. Quite the contrary: this year, considered solely from the standpoint of the individual's advantage, would prove to be the most profitable year in the life of every young man. Think what such a year would mean to three fourths of a million of youths who have never gone beyond the elementary-school course; a large portion of whom have never even completed that; tens of thousands of whom have never had any schooling whatever; very few of whom have acquired or are in the way to acquire any adequate training for an occupation worthy of their natural capacities!

The more favored hundred thousand or less, who have completed a high-school course, and the much smaller number of these who are going on to college or other higher school, would find this a most profitable year. It would be a fitting culmination of the education of those whose schooling would otherwise terminate with the high school; while those planning to go on to college would find this year more than an equivalent, scholastically, for the usual first year of the college course, and of inestimable disciplinary value in preparation for the following years.

And by no means the least of the advantages of this year of training for civic responsibility would be found in the health and vigor resulting from living largely in the open air, from abundant physical exercise, from ample and wholesome food, from skillful medical, surgical, dental, and optical attention for the removal or alleviation of physi-

cal and sense defects, and from observing generally sound rules of hygiene.

But even greater than all the specific advantages, both for the nation and for the individual, which have thus far been suggested, would be the influences and effects growing out of the intimate associations of youth at the most impressionable age; of youths coming from every conceivable rank and condition of society, bringing together the greatest variety of experience of life, of labor, of responsibility, and of freedom from responsibility; bringing together every conceivable point of view and outlook, all the prejudices, the visions, and noble aspirations characteristic of their years; and all under the leadership and inspiration of the best teachers that America can produce. Here, indeed, are all the essential conditions for building a practical school of democracy worthy the name.

IV

This year of universal training for civic responsibility and occupational efficiency completes the proposed programme for the advancement of American public education, so far as this programme is to be required and universal. Beyond, however, and in addition to this required programme, there should be provided at public expense, and under public control, supplementing the provisions of private and semi-public agencies, all the varied and ample educational opportunities required to 'bring effectively within the reach, not only of every boy and girl, but also of every adult citizen, all the training, physical, mental and moral, literary, technical and scientific, of which he is capable.'

To this end state universities, affording not only instruction of collegiate grade, but the widest range of advanced professional instruction, should be fostered by the nation as well as by

the state. Relatively, our whole system of state universities needs strengthening and development almost as much as does our system of lower schools. Only greatly improved state universities will be worthy to continue the work of the lower schools, strengthened and developed as proposed by this programme.

Crowning our whole system of public education, there should be established immediately at Washington the long-projected but never-realized National University, an institution which should deliberately aim, at the outset and continuously, to express the most advanced thought, to afford the richest, most advanced and varied opportunities for study — wholly beyond college grade — to be found anywhere in the world. Much of the immeasurable wealth of the resources of the departments of government, under proper restrictions, of course, should be available as laboratory material. All the results of the work of this institution should be made freely available to governments and to individual citizens.

It almost goes without saying, that such a National University should be entirely supported, and amply supported, at the expense of the national government. That expense would undoubtedly be large and constantly increasing; and so would the service that the institution would render. In a complete scheme of public education, such a high-grade institution is scarcely less essential than is the primary school; both are simply adapted to the capacities and needs of the pupils or scholars that they serve; both serve and strengthen the nation.

V

Is this vast educational programme practicable? Indeed it is. It is necessary only for the American people to decide that it is worth while and that it shall be carried out. It is the next step

in the campaign for enlightened democracy. Even now thousands of American children and youth are enjoying at public expense nearly all the advantages that this programme would afford them; but millions of others, just as worthy, and as educationally needy, are enjoying no such advantage. This is a democratic programme, a programme of equalization, a programme for bringing to the many those advantages that only the select few now enjoy. It is a programme for the development of all, not merely a small part, of the nation's human resources.

But the cost of it? Would it not be tremendous? No, it would be almost insignificant compared with the cost of war. And there is this difference, which should never be forgotten. The cost of war is the cost of destruction; there is no guaranteed return; indeed, the total cost may exceed many-fold the original investment; while the cost of education is returned many-fold, even in kind, in wealth-producing capacity to make the investing nation materially prosperous; but even greater is the return in intelligence, in public spirit, and in civic responsibility. Investment in the education of her children and youth, of her whole people, is the most gilt-edged investment that any state can make; unlike all other investments, it combines the greatest safety with the largest rate of return.

But while the cost of maintaining this educational programme would be small compared with the cost of war, or with the advantages that would accrue from it, the cost would be large compared with present expenditures for education. The total annual cost for maintenance of public education in the United States, in schools of elementary and high-school grade, — this is exclusive of the cost of buildings, — is now approximately \$650,000,000. To carry out the programme here outlined would

probably cost from two and one half to three times as much, exclusive of the cost of maintaining the national civic institutes, which would be an entirely new feature, and alone would probably cost approximately \$500,000,000 annually.

Two and one half billions of dollars, the cost of this programme, is a large sum, it is true; but it is equally true that thirty millions of pupils is a large number; and it is still further true that, at this rate, the cost per pupil is extremely small — a little over eighty dollars.

But anyone who has even a superficial acquaintance with the present plan of educational organization and administration in America, and with present methods of taxation for educational support, will recognize at once therein insuperable obstacles to the realization of a programme like the one here proposed. The greatest and most fundamental obstacle is undoubtedly financial; next, perhaps scarcely second, is the tradition and pride of local autonomy.

While the total wealth and annual income of the nation is ample to finance this proposed educational programme, the wealth and income of many cities and country districts, taxable units in which perhaps more than half the people to be educated are found, would be taxed beyond any reasonable, frequently any practically possible, limit, were this programme attempted under present methods of educational support. For it is too frequently true that the taxable wealth of a given taxable unit, whether school district, city, county, or state, is in inverse ratio to the educational needs therein.

It is one of the almost sacred traditions of America that complete control as well as the chief financial support of education is a local matter. This feeling of extreme local responsibility has much to commend it; to it must be credited a great deal that is best in American

education to-day. But this same feeling, perverted, is equally responsible for much that is worst in our education; for in practice it often works out to mean that a given community claims and exercises the right to maintain as poor and inefficient, not to say corrupt, an educational system as it pleases.

The time has now fully arrived when education generally should be considered and treated as of great, indeed the greatest, national concern. The crisis of the war helped to make this fact stand out in clear relief. It became apparent that the failure of local communities to remove illiteracy and to provide technical training in sufficient variety and extent was a matter of national concern.

And the concern of the nation in the results of our weak and inadequate, locally independent educational systems, was by no means confined to the effect on military efficiency; the effect on our whole national life, on our unity of purpose and effort, were cause for far graver concern.

Let us not deceive ourselves: the gravity of the situation in which we found ourselves less than three years ago has not passed, has not even materially changed for the better.

The great task of achieving real national unity is still before us; the war's crisis disclosed how far we are from this goal, and brought home the supreme importance of attaining it. Since the war ended, the everyday tragic occurrences in our social, industrial, and commercial life only emphasize and keep before us the war's disclosure and lesson. In going about this task of achieving essential national unity, education must be our great reliance.

National financial support in considerable measure, coupled with a certain degree of national direction and control, appears to be the only practicable method of dealing with the large educational problems that confront our

country. The necessary financial support should be given, and the direction and control exercised, in a way to encourage and increase the support and responsibility of states and local communities. This is entirely feasible by making the extent of national support dependent upon certain practicable degrees of state and local support and the observance of certain very general policies, fundamental to the attainment of the great objectives to be attained, and at the same time by leaving to the states and the local communities the greatest measure of freedom and initiative in devising plans of organization and methods of procedure and in adapting these to local conditions, traditions, ideals, and even prejudices.

The development of this proposed programme in full, even with wholly adequate financial support from the outset, will require several years. The one most important factor in the success of this, or of any educational plan, — qualified teachers, — will require time to develop. First, there must be the sure prospect of a wage sufficiently attractive to induce a sufficient number of people to prepare themselves adequately for the work to be done; next, there must be provided schools of professional training to prepare would-be teachers for service. The number, and in many instances the standards, of existing normal and special training-schools and colleges of education would prove quite inadequate to meet the requirements.

It is evident that the development of this, or of any other plan of education, national in scope and adequate to national needs, demands the establishment of a Department of Education in the national government, a department that shall be on a par with other state departments, having a Secretary at its head, who is a member of the President's Cabinet.

Let no one suppose that the establishment of such a Department of Education would mark an innovation. On the contrary, the present lack of such a department in the American government places it almost in a class by itself in this respect. In two-score governments, all over the world, there is found a Department, or Ministry, of Education, or Public Instruction.

America is distinguished as the one important nation of the world that fails to recognize education as one of the half-dozen or half-score great national fundamental interests and responsibilities. This is a startling fact; but the all-sufficient reason for adequate governmental recognition of public education in America is the simple reason that only through such recognition can there be assured to all the American people adequate preparation for the great tasks that are before them; that only through such recognition of education can the American nation qualify itself to discharge the unprecedented responsibilities that should be welcome, that will be inevitable.

The whole world recognizes to-day, not only the unprecedented responsibilities, but equally the unparalleled opportunities that are America's. May we not all recognize — all Americans, before it is too late — that the only sane hope of rising to these responsibilities, of grasping these opportunities, must be founded upon the determination to prepare ourselves for them, as a people, as a nation?

We are not now prepared. We are no more prepared to-day for the great emergencies of peace that confront us than we were prepared three years ago for the emergencies of war. Education, hasty and hectic, was our chief resource in preparing for war. Now education, deliberate, intensive, and sustained, must be our basic resource in preparing for peace.

THE GENERAL STAFF

BY FREDERICK P. KEPPEL

I

THERE is much lay discussion nowadays, in the newspapers and by word of mouth, as to our army of yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow: much about its size, about universal service or universal training, about the militia, about aircraft and ordnance, promotion and demotion, but comparatively little about what should be the real centre and source of our military policy — the General Staff; and what we do hear is usually based upon very imperfect knowledge. There may be something, therefore, of interest to other laymen, to be said regarding it, by a civilian who was daily exposed to military Washington for upwards of two years.

The part played during the war by the General Staff in Washington is not clearly understood, the limitations placed upon it are overlooked, and its accomplishments underestimated. The progressive changes in staff organization, and, perhaps more important, in staff emphasis, growing out of the war emergency, must be reviewed as a condition of understanding its present status and the merits of the current proposals as to its place in the permanent organization of the army.

To begin with the limitations: the crown and pinnacle of staff work to the soldiers' mind, the direction of actual fighting, was denied to our General Staff in Washington. Before any fundamental change had been made in our staff organization, General Pershing had been selected as Commander-in-

Chief of the A.E.F., and the Secretary of War, on behalf of the President, mindful perhaps of the sorry place played by official Washington during the Civil War, had promised him a free hand in the field, and, what is more to the purpose, had kept the promise scrupulously. Pershing organized his own Staff on lines he found established in the French and British armies; and, it should be noted incidentally, in picking his men he cut down the already pitifully small supply of trained men at home. These ranks were still further depleted as the staff officers in the various divisions in training here went with their comrades to France. Indeed, at the time of the Armistice, but four of the hundreds of staff officers on duty at Washington had had general staff experience prior to the war. Pershing, guided by his Staff, determined what the organization should be, and the strategic mission, and what these involved in men and supplies.

This development of staff work in the American Expeditionary Forces limited the job in Washington to the preparation of the material, human and inanimate, for which Pershing called, and to its prompt delivery at some European harbor — a job of tremendous importance, but also a very fundamental limitation to bear in mind. Further, the staff machine in France was, in its Service of Supply and elsewhere, a machine which closely paralleled in function, though not in details

of organization, nearly every element in our staff development in America.

There was further limitation of the staff functions on this side of the Atlantic. While the Secretary of War has never, so far as I know, exercised his constitutional authority in the face of the adverse judgment of his military associates upon any matter of technical military policy, he never hesitated to exercise a controlling influence in any matter which touched the civilian life of the country. He knows more fully and more sympathetically, perhaps, than any man in the administration what the ordinary American man and woman in each of our social groups — merchants, manufacturers, teachers, laborers, mechanics, and all the rest — thinks and feels. He knows the things which they regard as relatively unimportant, and the things about which they feel so strongly that any policy which ran counter to their feeling would be doomed to failure. This sympathetic understanding played a very important, and, I believe, a generally unrecognized part in the selection and training of our army, in caring for the enlisted men as individual American citizens, and surrounding them with wholesome opportunities for recreation, and, incidentally, in helping to solve many of the problems of procurement and transport which faced the General Staff.

In the whole question of the administration of the Selective Service Law, in the field of Military Justice, in the work of the Commission on Training-Camp Activities and of the Labor-Adjustment Board, the Staff was practically freed from responsibility by the direct leadership of the Secretary of War. The work of the Assistant Secretaries of War in many cases paralleled, and sometimes duplicated, that of the Staff, the Assistant Secretary serving as Director of Munitions, and being also responsible to the Secretary of War for the con-

struction programme; the Second Assistant functioning for a time as Surveyor of Purchases, and later as Director of Aircraft Production; and the Third Assistant as Director of Civilian Relations.

Outside of the War Department, the Council of National Defense and, later, the great organizations which had budded off from the Council, notably the War Industries Board, performed many functions which, in any system laid out on a theoretical basis and not resulting from a hurried and confused empiricism, might have been expected to fall to the share of the Army Staff. The Shipping Board, the Railroad Administration, and the Food and Fuel Administration, also encroached upon what in Germany would have been unhesitatingly recognized as the field of the great General Staff.

II

Having reviewed what, for one reason or another, the General Staff in Washington was not called upon to do during the Great War, and before taking up the consideration of what it did do, let us note that the place of the Staff in our army presents a problem within a problem — the general or external question being the relation of the Staff to the Line and the Bureaus, and the internal question being the relation of the Chief of Staff to the Staff itself, and, in his capacity as chief, to the Secretary of War and to the President on the one hand, and to the fabric of the army on the other.

Though the dominant part played by the General Staff in the conduct of military affairs in the United States dates from the arrival on March 4, 1918, of General Peyton C. March from France (where he had been acting as Chief of Artillery), to serve as Acting Chief of Staff, steps to bring about a

reorganization of staff functions had already been taken. General Scott had strongly urged them in his report as retiring Chief of Staff, in September, 1917. The Secretary of War and his associates were by no means satisfied with the progress of affairs on this side of the Atlantic during the winter of 1917 and 1918, and efforts to improve the scheme of organization would have been made in any event. The actual steps taken, however, were undoubtedly accelerated by the investigation by the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, beginning December 12, 1917.

To attempt to follow the whole complicated process through its various steps, in a brief report, would work for confusion rather than clarity, and in any event, the record is available for the serious student in the current report of the Chief of Staff. In general, these steps were taken, or at least it so appears to the layman, with a view to giving a free hand to the strong men whom the critical conditions had brought to the fore, and to bringing under their control matters which were not going forward satisfactorily, rather than to perfecting the scheme of organization from a theoretical point of view.

Though it would be interesting to trace the growth of each of the Staff departments, — as, for example, the Military Intelligence, which grew from two officers, in Washington in April, 1917, to 292 in November, 1918; the Statistical and Morale services; or the development, under staff direction from the first, of certain of the special fighting branches — I must limit myself to two. The organic act creating the Staff in 1903 made provision for a few staff officers under the direction of the Chief of Staff, to carry out the executive functions entrusted to him by that law. Out of this nucleus of nine men — in April, 1917 — grew the Operations Divi-

sion, headed by an Assistant Chief of Staff, which rapidly took over the dynamic qualities of the Adjutant General's Office, including the new and very important service of classification and assignment of personnel, to such a degree that the once all-powerful A.G.O. became little more than a recording machine.

The most fundamental change — and the most interesting from an administrative point — was the creation and rapid growth of the Staff Division of Purchase, Storage, and Traffic. In 1903, no one could have foreseen the relative importance of the problem of supply in twentieth-century warfare, and it is not astonishing that there is no specific mention of supply questions in the act which created the General Staff. It is perhaps a source of surprise that, even during the years from 1914 to 1917, the Staff was never properly organized to deal with these questions, which were left almost wholly in the hands of the separate bureaus. The inherent defects of bureau control were promptly revealed when we attempted to raise, equip, and move a great army. To quote from the current report of the Chief of Staff: —

There developed a competition for manufactured articles and for raw materials and for labor, which resulted in high prices and in an inefficient distribution of labor, involving a scarcity in certain localities and actual unemployment in others; similarly there resulted a congestion in the placing of contracts and in the location of new manufacturing plants in many localities, irrespective of the labor, fuel, power, and transportation available. Plants and real estate were commandeered or purchased by individual bureaus without consideration of the effect upon the requirements of other bureaus, and no standardized contract procedure obtained to protect either the manufacturers and owners or the United States. The total lack of standardized specifications resulted in a delay in

manufacture, a lack of interchangeability, and an increased cost. Nine independent and different systems for estimating requirements were in operation, with a consequent lack of balance in the military programme and inefficient utilization of the available manufacturing plants. There were five different sources of supplies for organizations to be equipped, and five different and complicated systems of property accountability for the officers charged with equipping these organizations.

There existed no agency for determining questions of priority among different bureaus for manufactured articles or raw materials, no effective means of traffic control on land or sea, and no central study of storage problems, or central system of accounts. Step by step, the General Staff took over the responsibility for each of these matters, and built up a special organization to meet each need. The work was not done all at once. Some reforms, because of the detailed form in which our military appropriations are granted, had to await the signing of the Overman Act (May 20, 1918), and others, the development of some separate part of the national war-organization, as, for example, the Railroad Administration.

Perhaps I can give some idea of the magnitude of the whole enterprise by a few figures. In a single month — July, 1918 — 1,147,013 soldiers were transported by rail; and on a single day during the return of our troops there were 180,681 men actually on the ocean. Storage facilities for 63,171,131 square feet were provided in this country — much less than half, by the way, of the total space estimated as necessary by the separate bureaus. The yearly purchases of wool for the army were far greater than the normal wool-consumption of the whole nation. The purchase of blankets was more than twice the normal gross production.

Although a separate Embarkation Service had been established in the pre-

vious August, the first step in the general reorganization was taken in December, 1917, and curiously enough, was one with which the Staff had nothing to do, namely, the recalling to active service of Major General George W. Goethals to act as Quartermaster General. In the following month the Staff Division of Purchase and Storage was created. This was soon extended to include Traffic, and General Goethals, who had, promptly upon his appointment, initiated a reorganization of the Quartermaster Corps, was made Director and Assistant Chief of Staff, still retaining his position as Quartermaster General. In May, a new Acting Quartermaster General was appointed, to relieve him of detail, and a central Department of Finance was created in August.

Roughly speaking, the *modus operandi* was to take over as a nucleus, under staff control and direction, the purchase and storage and finance machinery of the Quartermaster Corps, to which, under the old régime, had fallen eighty per cent of the procurement of non-technical articles and the responsibility for storage needs in about the same proportion. It was also by far the largest of the ten separately existing financial agencies within the War Department. In view of the outcry about the Quartermaster Corps during the winter of 1917, it is interesting to note how much of its machinery it was found possible to use to good effect in the new organization. To fill out the scheme, General Goethals took over similarly the machinery and personnel of the bureau, which had developed independently the most effective organization to meet any particular requirement. The machinery for inland transport of material, for example, was taken over from the Ordnance Department, and the Engineer Department was paid the embarrassing compliment of having

several of the services which it had built up removed bodily to serve, not only the Engineers, but the whole army. General Goethals used civilians freely in developing his organization, apparently finding no difficulty in fitting them into the military machine without transforming the men he wanted into 'overnight majors.'

Of all the countless processes of centralization the ones which worked, not only most smoothly, but also most rapidly, were the ones in which the man in charge preceded the issuing of orders by full and informal conferences with the men to be most vitally affected by the new scheme of things. In view of the firmness of opinion, not to say obstinacy, of all masters of accounts, the problem of unifying under a single Director of Finance all the different and independent financial units of the War Department was one which the stoutest hearted might view with alarm. Yet this centralization was actually carried out without a hitch or a ruffle by this process of preliminary conference.

The whole war-time process of staff-building was necessarily that of swapping horses while crossing a stream, with all the difficulties and dangers which accompany that process. At every moment, the situation required complicated adjustments and abrupt decisions which, under normal conditions, would be unnecessarily wasteful of time and temper. To a New Yorker the difference between it and peace-time staff-building seems like the difference between constructing the Grand Central Station without disrupting a heavy train schedule in operation on the site, and the construction of the Pennsylvania Terminal on a vacant lot.

It goes without saying, therefore, that the scheme developed plenty of friction in its operation, and it must be remembered that the Armistice halted the process in mid-career, before it had

been possible to perfect it. There is no doubt, however, that the Armistice would not have been signed on November 11, 1918, if Purchase, Storage, and Traffic had failed to fulfill the primary purpose for which it was created, namely, the speeding up of the supply and transportation programme of the American Army.

It would require a separate paper to deal with the interesting and instructive staff operations growing out of the cessation of hostilities — as, for example, the return of troops from overseas, the details of demobilization, of contract adjustments, sale of supplies, disposal of real estate, the recalculation of requirements and procurements and restandardization, the taking over of the welfare and educational programmes, handled during the war by other agencies. For our present purpose, it is sufficient to point out that in all these operations the Staff continued to exercise the controlling power which it had assumed during the period of conflict.

III

The demobilization practically completed, and with a very different way of doing things established from that in operation in 1917, the War Department found itself last summer at a parting of the ways. Should it recommend legislation to Congress which would result in the resumption of bureau dominance; or should the system of staff control and operation which had developed during the war be perpetuated; or should a middle course be planned, designed to carry into effect, in the light of war experience, the policy which the Act of 1903 had contemplated?

The so-called March-Baker Bill (Senate Bill 2715), presented by the Secretary of War in August, 1919, follows in general the second of these paths. To understand just what its adoption

would involve, it is necessary to turn back for a moment. The organization of a General Staff for the United States Army, in 1903, which, by the way, antedated the birth of the British General Staff by one year, was undertaken by one of the ablest men of our generation, Elihu Root, who was then the Secretary of War, and who, with the lessons of the Spanish War clearly in mind, had been hammering away at this question since 1899. Mr. Root was fully cognizant of the traditional independence of the departmental bureaus. He regarded it as a fundamental cause of weakness, and felt that the new organization must have power to meet the situation. To bring this about, we may be sure that, in drawing his bill, he chose his words with care. In interpreting the intent of the Act of 1903, Colonel J. McA. Palmer, himself a Staff Officer, in his recent testimony before the House Committee on Military Affairs, states that in his judgment the Act 'provided specifically that the Chief of Staff, who is the senior member of the General Staff Corps, should have supervisory power. It did not give that power to the General Staff, but it authorized the Chief of Staff, in exercising that supervisory power, to utilize General Staff officers as his assistants. That office was created as an executive agency, and not as an operating agency. . . . The Act of 1903 created two entirely distinct agencies, so far as the War Department was concerned — a planning agency, the General Staff itself, and an executive agency in the person of the Chief of Staff, acting under the authority of the Secretary of War.'

To the nation at large, however, this distinction was of no immediate interest or importance; for though the Staff was responsible for some excellent work in the professional training of officers, which bore fruit on the battlefields of France, for many years it had little

opportunity to show what it could accomplish in any other capacity. Congress, alarmed perhaps by the example of the unceasing encroachments of the *Generalstab* in every field of the German national life, favored the Bureaus in army legislation as against the Staff, and in general, to quote Secretary Baker, 'acted with distrust toward the General Staff which it had created, limiting its numbers and circumscribing its functions from time to time.'

With the acute pressure of war conditions, however, emphasis was placed day by day more firmly upon the executive agency for which provision was made in the law of 1903 in the person of the Chief of Staff, until we come to General Orders No. 80 (August 6, 1918), which provides: —

The Chief of the General Staff is the immediate adviser of the Secretary of War on all matters relating to the Military Establishment, and is charged by the Secretary of War with the planning, development, and execution of the Army programme. The Chief of Staff by law [Act of May 12, 1917] takes rank and precedence over all officers of the Army, and by virtue of that position and by authority of and in the name of the Secretary of War, he issues such orders as will insure that the policies of the War Department are harmoniously executed by the several corps, bureaus, and other agencies of the Military Establishment, and that the Army programme is carried out speedily and efficiently.

Under his direction, a rapidly increasing number of staff officers was engaged in administrative, as contrasted with deliberative work. In his current report, General March comments upon this process as follows: —

The consolidation of related activities which was necessary to attain our end required a degree of actual administrative control, if results were to be secured with the expedition and effectiveness that was necessary, which, in some cases, was not essentially or fundamentally a General

Staff function. Had a proper and adequate General Staff organization and supervision been in existence before the war, this degree of administrative control by the General Staff would not have been necessary. Under the existing conditions, however, no other alternative existed if the military programme as a whole were to be carried out, and I subordinated all other considerations to the attainment of the end.

In non-military language, what had happened was this: In a critical period during the war, Secretary Baker found in General March a man whose high intelligence, extraordinary capacity for work, and driving power, whose immediate grasp of a specific situation and instant decision as to a means of meeting it, could achieve results that were sorely needed; and the Secretary gave him a free hand in the working of the military machine on this side of the Atlantic (just as he gave Pershing a free hand on the other side). In so doing, he had, I think, the approval of public opinion and, generally, of army opinion.

Congress watched the proceedings with interest but, comparatively speaking, in silence. When, however, it appeared that the bill submitted by the Department proposed to recognize as the permanent policy of the army the *de facto* status of the Chief of Staff, there was much to be heard from Congress and in the newspapers, and, when they were called upon for testimony, from officers of distinction in the army itself.

The issue broadened to include also a consideration of the deliberative functions of the Staff, when it developed that the proposed act represented in its essential features the personal judgment of the Chief of Staff, and was presented to Congress through the Secretary of War, unaccompanied by the recommendations of the Staff Corps itself as to certain important questions involved.

This focused attention upon the

changes in its wording from the Act of 1903. The planning function of the latter would appear to be transferred from the General Staff to the Chief of Staff by the insertion of the words quoted above from General Orders No. 80, and by the insertion in the section having to do with the duties of the General Staff Corps (in which the language of the Act of 1903 is generally followed) of the phrase '*under the direction of the Chief of Staff shall be prepared plans for the national defense,*' etc.

Colonel Palmer stated in his testimony that 'it is impossible to escape the conclusion, whatever may be the merits of it, that this law would transfer the function of planning for the national defense from the General Staff to the Chief of Staff, and that it would give to the General Staff the purely ministerial function of working out details.'

IV

So much for the relations between Chief and Staff. As to how far the members of the General Staff Corps, in the light of the record of the past two years, should continue their war-time functions in relation to matters formerly in the control of the bureaus, the issue is not so clear cut, and departmental policy is less directly controlled by legislation. The Staff has proved, for example, the need and practicability of a continued central control of all matters of storage, transportation, and department finance. Whether, however, such matters should be operated by it or by a reincarnated quartermaster corps is open to discussion. As to matters of procurement, and anything else that affects the national supply of raw material, the manufacturing capacity of the country, and the labor market, it has similarly been demonstrated that the machinery for department centralization should at all times be ready to

function instantly in time of crisis. Whether such a readiness demands, in peace-time, administrative control, or merely oversight, on the part of the Staff is again open to discussion.

In Colonel Palmer's judgment the usefulness of the General Staff in this, as in all other matters, depends primarily upon the proper method of selecting and training officers for Staff duties. Let me quote a sentence or two from his testimony.

The real problem is that of providing the General Staff with a properly trained personnel. . . . Nobody ought to be on the General Staff because he is a representative of the Infantry or any other branch; he ought to be there because he is trained in the tactics of all the arms combined. . . . If he is a trained General Staff officer, under the French and German systems, the tactical faculty has been determined and developed in him and that is the primary reason he is there. . . . A trained General Staff officer will inform the supply service as to what they ought to supply in order to conform to the tactical plan; but if you put a former quartermaster in there, who is not a trained General Staff officer, he will think, no doubt, that the only way he can solve the problem is to do the quartermaster's business for him.

I think it is not fully recognized in the army that there is nothing peculiar to military conditions in the clash between Staff and Bureau and Staff and Line. The conflict between the agency which formulates policies and the agency which carries them into execution is age-long and universal. It is not only in the army that the man who draws the plans wants to work them himself, and the man whose stated task is to carry out the details is constantly reaching back for a chance to initiate them. Perhaps this is an insoluble conflict, and perhaps it is fortunate that this is so, because it keeps both elements in the solution of a given problem on their mettle.

There are certain questions having to do with the place of the Staff in the army and of the army in the nation, regarding which neither the public nor their representatives have as yet shown any particular interest, but which I believe to be of the first importance. In these days an army must, I think, prepare its mind to work in not a few instances under the guidance, and sometimes the control, of outside agencies. Our army will not have learned its lesson if it tries to build up a scheme which is to run the whole show in time of national crisis. Modern war is bigger than any War Department. It should be the function of the Staff to plan and maintain an organization which can be immediately expanded in time of need, and which at the same time will continue and, as need arises, will establish points of contact with agencies outside the department itself. We have as a nation demonstrated during the war the capacity for rapid and effective civilian organization in time of need, in all those matters which bring into play the application of expert knowledge, the control of national resources and of transportation, the mobilization of manufacturing facilities, of labor, and the like. That demonstration, it seems to me, limits the needs of the Staff to keeping together a small but highly efficient group of men to keep abreast of the general situation as it develops from day to day, and to maintaining its contacts at strategic points.

The good repute of the Staff in the matter of the establishment of personnel and statistical work, of the chemical warfare (and, to a very large extent, the military intelligence also), was due to the work of civilian experts who had been drawn temporarily into the military service; and unless the Staff continues to have available, either by assignment of reserve officers or otherwise, the same type of experience and

skill, these organizations will inevitably suffer.

Indeed, it must be remembered that during the war it was true, not only in the special Staff divisions, but all through the army, that the great majority of our civilian experts in each of the countless matters which modern warfare touches were either in uniform and subject to call by military order, or else immediately available as part of the war machine in the Council of National Defense, the War Industries Board, and the like. Such men cannot be held by the government in peacetime; indeed, practically all of them have now disappeared; and those who plan wisely for the future of the army must bear in mind the need of establishing contacts with the best sources of current information upon a thousand matters which are vital in modern warfare or preparedness therefor, and which can no longer be left to be dealt with upon the comfortable assumption that any army officer, certainly any West Pointer, becomes *ipso facto* competent to perform without outside guidance the functions of any position to which he may be assigned by military order. What seemed in war-time to be purely military decisions were in reality often expert judgments upon technical points made by experts only recently transferred from civilian life.

In drawing conclusions as to the future, in the light of experience in any particular field, I think there is a tendency to give undue credit to schemes of organization as contrasted with the individuals who perform the work. These individuals are not themselves always competent judges. A successful man is very likely to overestimate the value of the machinery with which he has been operating, and a poor workman notoriously blames his tools. Around the concept of the General Staff have been grouped the various administrative

reforms which the pressure of events forced upon the American Army. Some, if not most, of them, would have been undertaken in any event, assuming that a strong man had been placed in control. It was, for example, George W. Goethals who speeded up the whole supply scheme, and not the Quartermaster General or the Assistant Chief of Staff, or whatever his title for the moment may have been; and Peyton C. March or Enoch H. Crowder would have been a dominant figure under any other scheme than the one we happened to be following. I do not want to underestimate the importance of proper organization, but on the other hand, one must not place the entire stress upon it.

At all events, the Department bill, both in what it said and in what it left unsaid, was a keen disappointment to those who felt that the permanent staff organization should reflect and embody the deeper rather than the more superficial lessons to be drawn from the war-experience; that the War Department should do more than request Congressional sanction for maintaining the *status quo*.

V

What we had in Washington at the close of the conflict, and what, to a somewhat lesser degree, we still have and call the General Staff, is not an organization complete in all its members, but rather the head and torso of a staff. Its strength lies, not in the logic or the symmetry of its structure, but in the powerful personality of its Chief, his high ability and that of a number of his associates, and in the prestige of a great military accomplishment. Its weakness as a model for the permanent fabric of the army lies in its incompleteness, or rather lopsidedness, in the lack of proper training for its personnel, and in its

failure to have won the confidence and support of the great mass of regular army officers. Petty jealousies have undoubtedly had their part in bringing about this distrust; but it would be a serious mistake to attribute it wholly, or even mainly, to this cause.

The Staff's primary and permanent function of study and counsel having been subordinated to its temporary one of executive control, a sufficiently strong desire to restore the proper balance has not been shown. It still remains rather the Staff of the Chief of Staff than the General Staff of the army. The present Chief of Staff — and I bow to no one in my appreciation of what he accomplished during the war — is, like the rest of us, an imperfect human being, and like the rest of us, possesses the defects of his qualities. The situation which called him to his high office required a man who was preëminently *fortiter in re*, and one must not complain unduly if the man who fulfilled this condition proved to be not particularly *suaviter in modo*. The country needed a man to meet concrete problems with immediate solutions, and such a man is not always one who is strong in the formulation of wise general conclusions reached in close coöperation and consultation with a group, within which he recognizes his position as that of *primus inter pares*.

The more serious Regular officers and the civilians who had temporarily been a part of the military establishment needed evidence which neither the bill nor the current policies of the Department furnished upon certain matters which seem to them vital and which may be summarized as follows: —

1. A sufficient willingness on the part of the Staff to relinquish operating functions, which, as a war measure, and only as a war measure, it was recognized as fully justified in seizing; even more important, a zeal to take up in

their stead the processes of study and coördination.

2. Evidence that it realizes the vital importance of properly training and selecting men for staff duties and responsibilities.

3. Evidence that it has established machinery for utilizing to the full the experience of the Staff of the American Expeditionary Forces.

4. Evidence of having learned the lesson of the absolute dependence of the army upon the nation and the vital importance of keeping in touch with the expert outside the regular service.

5. Assurance that the Secretary of War, before initiating matters affecting general army policy, either by the issuance of general orders or by recommending legislation, would have before him, not alone the judgment of any one man, no matter how able and disinterested, but also the judgment of a group of trained staff officers, enjoying the confidence of the army as a whole, who had given careful study to the questions at issue. There must be some men in the army, and the best men available, given time to think, and given freedom to express their thoughts.

These and other questions were brought to the attention of the Military Affairs Committees through the testimony of officers; and as a result, the Senate Committee asked the Department for the services of the staff officer whose opinions have already been quoted in this paper — Colonel J. McA. Palmer — to assist it in drawing up a substitute army bill which is now before the Senate for consideration.

This bill attempts to meet all these problems of staff organization of which I have spoken. It provides — as in the French Army — for an eligible list from which staff officers must be chosen, made up, originally, not only of graduates of the service schools, but also of all who have demonstrated capacity for

staff duties under war conditions. Additions to the list are to be limited to recommended graduates of the Staff School. Provision is made for the elimination from the list of men who cannot demonstrate that they are growing with their jobs, and for the special training of staff eligibles for the duties of the War Department Staff in Washington — as contrasted with staff duties with troops. Civilian contacts are made possible by provision that reserve officers may be called to staff duties because of expert knowledge in special fields. The duties of the Chief of Staff, as outlined in the bill, include the advisory and executive functions contemplated in the Act of 1903; but his recommendations involving legislation must be accompanied by the views of the appropriate officers of the departmental General Staff.

It is, I believe, true that practically all these provisions would have been included in the recommendations of the Staff Corps, had these been asked for in connection with the preparation of the earlier War Department bill.

The new bill presents an entirely new scheme for the solution of the supply problem in making provision for an Under Secretary of War, to be in effect Chief of Staff in all matters having to do with munitions, who may call upon both officers and civilians to assist him. For the consideration of policies affecting both military and munitions problems, there is created a War Council, consisting of the Secretary, the Under Secretary, the General of the Army (Pershing), and the Chief of Staff.

It is for the future to determine whether the new bill, if enacted into law, will place the General Staff in the place it should hold; but it is at any rate a carefully considered and honest attempt to do so, along the lines of the third of the paths which I have mentioned as being open to the Depart-

ment. In my judgment, the expedient most doubtful of success is that involving the segregation of munitions from other military questions.

The House also has a substitute bill in which, however, questions of staff organization are given relatively slight consideration. As this is being written there is a rumor in Washington that, to avoid raising the troublesome issue of universal service just now, the politicians of both parties are scheming to have Congress adjourn without passing any Army bill whatsoever. I hope that this rumor has no foundation in fact.

However far we may feel it wise to depart, for the peace-time army, from the organization and procedure of the war-time Staff in Washington, we must never forget what this hurriedly gathered group of men, with all their human limitations and with all their mistakes and oversights, did bring about under the leadership of their Chief and his Assistants. They expedited, and in many vital respects they initiated and controlled, the details of a programme of military training and procurement of military supplies of mammoth proportions. In an incomparably brief time they accomplished the greatest single migration in history, and performed the miracle not only forward but backward. Indeed, the return of our soldiers to civil life, when the excitement and stimulus of war had vanished, was in many respects a more astounding performance than our transportation of more than two million soldiers to France, with their equipment and maintenance.

If the war had lasted six months or a year longer, and the army had been made ready for this, many of the rough joints would have come to work more smoothly; but, in any event, the Staff accomplished its main purpose, and its accomplishment of that purpose proved to be one of the major factors in the defeat of Germany.

THE FUTURE OF BRITISH LIBERALISM

BY G. LOWES DICKINSON

I

AMONG the innumerable victims of the Great War there is one unwept, unhonored, almost unnoted — and that is British Liberalism. By that is not meant, here, the Liberal Party, which, indeed, still pretends to exist, although it is divided against itself. What for the time being has disappeared is something profounder and more important than that — the spirit of Liberalism. The characters of that spirit may be indicated by recalling two great names: John Milton and John Stuart Mill; and two masterpieces: the *Areopagitica*, and the *Essay on Liberty*. From those men and in those works the spirit breathes. It is a spirit of individualism, of moral courage, of free speech and free thought, with a faith that, in a fair and open contest, truth will win the day. This account does not indeed define the political programme of Liberalism. But the programme grew out of the spirit. For freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of trade, freedom of nationality, political freedom of every kind, spring from, and are directed to, freedom of soul.

Well, the war killed that spirit, as war must always do, even though it be a war for freedom. For war is the opposite of Liberalism; and Liberals, when they wage it, must cease to be Liberals. If that were all, we might hope that the evil, like its cause, would be transitory. Perhaps it may. Perhaps Liberalism may revive. But even before 1914 there were forces working against it; and these

have been strengthened by the war and its effects.

Briefly, political controversy, for some years past, has been resolving itself into a struggle between property and labor. And no condition could be more unfavorable to Liberalism.

This point may be made clearer by a few sentences on past history. The old English system, prior to the Reform Acts, whatever its defects, was peculiarly favorable to independence of character in the governing class. For government was in the hands of men economically and politically free and secure. They could, of course, and did do wrong, but if they wanted to do right, they had nothing to fear. For example, the famous Coke of Norfolk recorded that, during the war of American Independence, he never failed, for a single night, to drink to the success of Washington. He feared neither the Crown nor the government nor his constituents. His liberalism and individualism were made easy to him by his impregnable position as a great territorial magnate. And such Whigs as he were one of the sources of what was later called Liberalism. The early Radicals, who were another source, had not the same position. But they too were independent — Bentham had private means; James and John Stuart Mill were officials of the East India Company. Their politics were disinterested, and they did not depend upon an electorate which it was their life's work to call

into existence. The elder Mill, indeed, could naively suppose that the new democracy would take its cue from men of the middle class like himself, and the younger refused even to canvass the popular constituency which, nevertheless, elected him, as a distinguished philosopher, even though he confessed that he had called the working class liars.

John Stuart Mill, however, was already preoccupied by fear of the threat to Liberalism which he foresaw in the very democracy he was working to create. His *Essay on Liberty* is a passionate appeal against the tyranny of mob-opinion; and no candid observer of the present day can dispute that his fears were well founded. It is enough to cast a glance at the press of all countries. But Mill also foresaw the other great menace to Liberalism, the subordination of all political issues to the struggle between property and labor. It was, indeed, more than half a century from the passage of the first Reform Bill before that contest frankly declared itself in England. But it is now, here as in all other countries, the one live issue, and it has transformed the whole character of political thought and action.

Confining ourselves to England, it hardly seems that there is any longer an important place for the Liberal Party as such. For the Liberals have no common view upon the great issue. British politics already before the war were shaping toward a division into a party of wealth and a party of labor. But the latter was only beginning to form and assert itself; and the war, for the time being, suspended its activities. For though nominally associated with the Coalition, Labor had no influence over its policy, except in labor matters: and even there its only function was to allay disputes and discontent, in order that the nation might present a united front to the enemy. Then, at the Gen-

eral Election of December, 1918, Labor committed a kind of suicide by voting, in enormous numbers, not for its own, but for Coalition candidates, contributing thus to return to power a government which, ever since, it has been endeavoring in vain to get rid of.

The present position in the House of Commons is thus abnormal and does not represent the real political facts. It is probable that, at the next election, the Coalition will be defeated, and politicians are already reckoning on the possibility of a Labor government. There will, at any rate, be a very large Labor contingent in the House, with a very radical if not a socialist programme.

What will oppose Labor? The party which will be here called the Oligarchy; by which is meant a combination of the old aristocracy and the new plutocracy. It must be remembered that, in England, the old governing class never abdicated before the flood of democracy. They set to work, on the contrary, to organize and control the new electorate. The territorial aristocracy, the 'old families' of England, are still immensely powerful; not by any legal privilege, but by the allurements they can offer. By their social prestige, their dinners, their clubs, their country houses, their gifts of honor and places, they draw over to themselves the parvenus rising out of other classes. The desire for a title and a country estate has had enormous effects on the course of English politics. There has been formed, in this way, a new governing class, much as happened in the past at Rome. And the permeation of Labor by Socialist ideas, together with the formation of a political Labor Party, has bound that class together more powerfully than ever for the defense of their property rights. It is this class and this policy that the Coalition represents; it is in absolute control of the House of Commons; and never was

House so anti-Liberal as that which is now sitting under the domination of Mr. Lloyd George.

Now, the power of the Oligarchy is enormous. It has wealth, education of a sort, the habit of office, the tradition of parliamentary life, everything in that region that the Labor Party lacks. Above all, it has the control of the press. There do indeed linger still in England one or two creditable organs of the old Liberalism, but it seems impossible that they should long survive. With the exception of these, and of one or two not very effective Labor organs, the press is the mouth-piece of property. In both home and foreign affairs it stands for the interests against the people. And it does this with a vigor, a pertinacity, a dishonesty, a brutality, which throw a lurid light on the manners and morals of the class for which it writes.

For some time, then, before the war, and rapidly during and since, the old Conservative and Liberal parties have been fusing into a joint property-preserving party. Not unconnected with this has been the growth of Imperialism. In his *Diaries*, published the other day, Sir Wilfred Scawen Blunt throws an interesting light on the origins of this movement. He records, in the eighties, conversations with ambitious young members of the governing class, which show them bitten by the Darwinism then fashionable, and by its preposterous misapplication to political history. The 'rights of small nations' left these young men cold. They regarded foreign policy as a struggle for territory and power, and were determined that, in that struggle, England should come out on top. Their triumph is written in the story of Egypt, South Africa, Persia, and, finally, in the Great War itself, and in the imperialistic 'peace' that has failed to end it. The spirit of the Oligarchy is mili-

taristic, imperialistic, predatory. One wing of it values empire for its own sake, the other for its pecuniary value. But the two go well together; for wherever territory is seized, concessions are seized, too; and where the soldier gets glory and the administrator posts, the plutocrat gets profits. It is the Oligarchy which is responsible for our seizure of Persia, Mesopotamia, and the German colonies; and which contemplates a reversal of our fiscal policy, so as to make a quarter of the globe a closed preserve for the sixty millions of white men of the Empire.

II

Turning now to Labor, it is, of course, opposed to the Oligarchy on the general question of property rights. Labor is moving rapidly toward the ownership and control of industry by the workers, whereas the Oligarchy exists to maintain its own ownership and control. It may be that a compromise will be reached on the point; it may be that one or other side will win out, though that is unlikely. But in any case the issue will occupy the whole of domestic politics for many years. In foreign affairs, the leaders of Labor are in principle anti-imperialistic and international. But it is not yet clear whether the rank and file will support them in this. And the possibility must be glanced at that the Oligarchy may tempt the workers to indorse imperialism by offering them their share in the spoils of a tribute Empire.

But, however this may be, Labor does not seem, any more than the Oligarchy, to offer a refuge for Liberalism. For the ethical character of the movement is not liberal, in the sense in which the term is here being used. It does not spring from individualism, from private conviction, from devotion to truth wherever it may lead. It

is the organization of an oppressed class seeking deliverance, and its philosophy is that which suits its purpose. Its more intellectual leaders make a gospel of the economics of Marx, and have established colleges to teach this dogma, as the churches teach theirs. Whether the dogma is true or false does not here concern us. The point is that it is believed because it suits the cause, and that disbelievers are branded as heretics. And that attitude is the essence of anti-Liberalism.

On the whole, then, the outlook is not favorable for the continuance, the reformation of a Liberal party. And, in fact, the more energetic and ardent Liberals are beginning to join Labor, while the more prosperous and timid gravitate to the Coalition.

But Liberalism, we are suggesting, is something other and profounder than a Liberal party. And it would seem that the re-creation of Liberalism in the minds and souls of individuals is the most urgent present need. Men must have the courage to think for themselves, to express their own ideas, and to tolerate the expression of others which they regard as false and pernicious. Five years of war seem almost to have destroyed this capacity. Perhaps, indeed, even before the war, free thought and free speech were already declining from a personal conviction to an otiose formula. It seems difficult otherwise to account for the débâcle of the intellectuals in 1914. They, no less than everybody else, were swept away by the flood of nationalist passion; and their endless discussions of the origins of the war were, in consequence, little else than sophistical special pleading. It was necessary, on patriotic grounds, to believe that Germany was the sole author of the war, and to mean by Germany the whole German people. It was necessary, also, therefore, to omit or distort the whole

course of diplomacy prior to June, 1914, and to ignore the responsibility first of Serbia, then of Austria, then of Russia, whose mobilization, seldom even referred to by these patriots, finally precipitated the war. A whole mythology was thus built up, which embittered and intensified the passions of war to something like insanity, made an early and just peace impossible, involved Europe in economic ruin, and has almost destroyed every hope, either of material restoration or of spiritual reunion, by the most impracticable, vindictive, and iniquitous treaty ever botched together by statesmen. People say, with apparent satisfaction, that 'this was a war, not of governments, but of nations.' The truth is, that it has been possible for governments, by mendacious propaganda, to make peoples even madder than themselves. They created a Frankenstein; and Frankenstein insisted on his pound of flesh at Versailles.

Now men are beginning to be disillusioned. The truth is beginning to filter through. Yet even now, though it is scarcely possible to meet an intelligent man who will defend the peace, it is almost equally impossible to find one who will say publicly what he thinks. Men seem to be terrorized by the fear each individual has of what all the other individuals taken together are supposed to be feeling and thinking; till it sometimes appears as if public opinion were the opinion which nobody holds, but which everybody supposes other people to hold. This great illusion is no doubt mainly a product of the press. And the press is, beyond a doubt, the greatest menace to Liberalism. It is illiberal, one might say, by definition, for it depends upon reflecting the passions of the mob, because those are the easiest to evoke and to express. The first condition of being a Liberal is to be immune against

this hypnotization by the press; never to pay any attention to its comments; always to read its statements of fact with a skeptical mind; and to recognize that, while it will never give the plain unvarnished truth about anything, yet it has subtler and more dangerous forms of lying than the lie direct, and that headlines, false emphasis, omissions, and distortions are the devices it employs in its business of misleading the public mind. Some palliatives may perhaps be devised against the worse excesses of this universal corrupter. But the only safe cure is a general skepticism. And there seem to be some signs that this is growing up; as a bad attack of an infectious disease makes the constitution immune against a repetition.

III

The press then is a principal enemy of Liberalism. What ought to be a principal friend is education. For a true education would liberate the mind and give it courage and independence. But that, it is to be feared, is what education too seldom does in schools and colleges and universities; and it is the last thing that a public opinion vitiated by five years of war desires that it should do. The Oligarchy, bent on preserving its privileged position, can hardly be favorable to free thought; nor can trade-unions, which withdrew support from Ruskin College because it did not teach Marxian economics. A big fight will have to be carried on in England if education is to lead to Liberalism; and, judging from such accounts as we receive over here, a yet bigger fight in America. We are told, for example, that a regular inquisition in form is being held in the State of New York, as to the opinion of the schoolteachers, and that a teacher has been refused a permanent license on the ground that he recommended his

pupils to read an article not sufficiently abusive of the Bolsheviki, while his favorite reading was the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, and the *Dial*! Here is anti-Liberalism with a vengeance! The moral may be that those who intend to get a real education may have to get it rather in spite of, than because of, educational institutions. But the education so got may be the more valuable and permanent.

The Liberalism of which we have been speaking is a state of mind and soul. But what, in our own time, will be its application to political issues? In most countries now the original programme of Liberalism, the establishment of personal freedom and rights, has been achieved, so far as formal institutions can achieve it. The business of Liberalism in practice is now to see that that achievement is not destroyed by the tyranny of mob-opinion. The mob may be a mob of the rich or of the poor; for both, acting in the spirit of class, are mobs. But the danger before us is that the issue between Property and Labor may be fought by the methods of civil war, not by those of Liberalism.

Here, in England, we have already seen ominous signs of this tendency. First, there was the deliberate backing of the Ulster rebellion, in 1914, by the propertied and Conservative party in England. This was 'direct action' by the Oligarchy. Naturally, and with far better excuse, Labor talks of retaliation. When a Parliament, with a huge majority snatched by the most infamous appeal ever made to an electorate, continues to govern in defiance of public opinion; when it is deaf to every remonstrance, to every argument, to every counsel of bare decency, it is difficult not to sympathize with those who desire to paralyze its activities by the use of economic power.

But that game can be played by the

other side, too, and it must end in destroying constitutional government and introducing civil war. The working classes deliberately put into power the government against which their more radical elements are urging the weapon of the strike. They ought to abide by the result, until they can overthrow their own creature by constitutional forms; just as they will expect their opponents to do, when they secure a majority themselves. Otherwise there is an end of government by discussion, which is the first and most fundamental application of the liberal spirit. For Liberalism in practice means that you do not appeal to force, armed or economic, except when the only alternative — free discussion and free voting — is cut off by arbitrary power. The present condition of the European Continent shows that the propertied classes are just as ready to have recourse to violence as the so-called Bolsheviki — or even more ready. And it is a very disquieting sign of the times that the press, controlled and directed by property, shows no abhorrence of White terrors, but only of Red; and that the governing class is no less willing to give recognition and support to counter-revolutionary tyrannies than to intervene, contrary to international right, to suppress revolutionary tyrannies in independent states. Such danger to internal peace and order as threatens in the future will seem to arise more from the bitter intransigence of the possessing classes than from any desire of the mass of the workers to have recourse to violence.

The truth seems to be that the governing class acquiesced in democracy so long as they could control it. But, as soon as it shows signs of intending to take control itself, and abolish gov-

erning classes altogether, the latter revolt. Well, that is anti-Liberalism. The Liberal course is to devote every talent toward making any system work which is deliberately adopted, after free debate, by a freely elected assembly. Will the possessing classes be liberal enough to accept that truth? If they are, we may have internal peace. If they are not, the civilization of Europe, already shattered by the international war, may go under altogether in civil strife.

In conclusion, Liberalism, it has been urged, is at bottom a spirit — the spirit of free thought and of toleration. From that spirit follows the whole theory of individual rights and of popular government. In form these have now been established, almost throughout the world. But the spirit seems plainly to lag behind the form. The Great War paralyzed it. And before it has begun to assert itself, after that stupendous catastrophe, it is already confronted with an issue which it will require all its strength to handle — the great issue of social reconstruction. If that issue is to be handled constitutionally, there must be, not indeed of necessity a Liberal party, — that may have become impossible, — but at least a strong infusion of Liberalism into other parties. And that infusion can be made only by liberal individuals — men, that is, who have the courage to form their own convictions, to resist mob-psychology, and to rely wholly and only on persuasion to get their own views adopted by others. If that does not happen, democracy may degenerate into civil war, and then there will begin the old dreary oscillation between tyranny and anarchy. In that round of despair much of Europe is already involved. Who can confidently say that the rest will not follow suit?

PEACE, OR WAR EVERLASTING?

BY HERMANN KEYSERLING

[It seems important for an understanding of this article to know that the author, a Russian by birth and a philosopher by profession, showed no pro-German sympathy during the war. His previous article in the *Atlantic* (February, 1916) was characterized by a remarkable detachment. As will be seen, his position, like that of many Europeans, is greatly affected by the terms of peace and the events of the last year.—THE EDITOR.]

I

IN August, 1915, the present writer (then a Russian, now an Estonian subject) sent an article to the *Atlantic Monthly*, entitled 'A Philosopher's View of the War.' Most of his prognostications have proved so correct, so far as general solutions go, that he feels sure that the same will, in due course of time, be equally true of those which seem, so far, refuted by subsequent events: that is to say, that the state attained to-day, owing to the Treaty of Versailles, cannot be considered as a final state. I wrote then:—

'We are assisting at a show that would appear comic, were it not for the tremendous tragedy it involves. All contending nations are playing with the same ideals, like tennis-players with the same set of balls, and all have in reality a scope altogether independent of the ideal: they just want to win. . . . Is there no reality, then, behind the professed ideals? There is indeed; and the very figure I was using will make

clear at once in what sense. Since all players are using the same balls, victory will belong to the balls, *whoever wins*. That is to say, the ideals, for which we fight, are sure to triumph, whatever be the material issue of the war. We are not essentially fighting against, but in common with, one another, for the self-same end. During war . . . humane notions have little hold on the struggling parties; *after*, none will be strong enough to withstand universal public opinion. To-day high ideals may no longer be frivolously evoked and gayly dropped again, when wanted no longer, as was the case before the conscience of the people awoke; to-day they mean forces of tremendous power, which, once evoked, will work themselves out. The ideals at stake will have to be realized one day or another; *if the terms of peace do not provide for this, then new wars, new revolutions will follow, and this until they have been realized.*'

The terms of the Peace of Versailles do not provide for what alone can be considered as a final aim of the Great War. Therefore the latter has not come to its real end as yet. Nothing seems, nay is, more certain, than that we are not emerging from, but rather entering into, a period of universal strife.

How could this misfortune happen, the misfortune of perhaps the greatest lost opportunity since the creation of the world? For we *were* quite near to a solution which would have established International Life on a new and solid basis. It has happened because the victory of the Allies has been too complete.

The ancient Greeks held that fair and just solutions of contests were to be reached only as compromises between parties equally strong: there was no justice possible, in their eyes, toward the weak; the idea, as applied to the latter, had to them no meaning. This conception of justice, however strange and even cynical it may sound to modern ears, is none the less much deeper than any based on an abstract code of morals. Justice *does* mean balance; a just treaty is one which gives expression to the true state of equilibrium between the contending forces. The ancients were mistaken only in this, that they knew only of physical, not of moral forces. If the physically weak are being increasingly protected in our day, this means that mankind is beginning to realize increasingly the might of moral forces.

Now, since the true state of equilibrium (always both morally and physically speaking) is hidden by momentary advantages of the one party, a solution, meant to be lasting, based on these, cannot be just. And for that very reason it cannot last, unless, indeed, it be made corresponding to facts by extermination or complete ruin of the weak, as was usual, and quite logically so, among the ancients. However much the Allies may have thought themselves the executors of Abstract Justice, the Treaty of Versailles is profoundly unjust in the concrete, for it does in no way give expression to the true balance of power. It tries to realize an abstract programme, irrespective of life. So it is bound to remain one of the most valueless scraps of paper the world ever saw, besides being the most fatal, perhaps, in its inevitable consequences.

II

What is the real state of things? Not Germany alone, but the whole Euro-

pean continent has been beaten; not Old England, whose foundations seem shaken in no less a degree than those of Germany, but the young Anglo-Saxon world, — whose most experienced member is America, — together with Japan, appearing as the winner. So far as this goes, the treaty of peace corresponds to the true state of things and can last. But inside Europe no more absurd arrangement could have been thought out than that which the consequences resulting from the treaty involve. Germany is being treated as if she were really annihilated — an absolute impossibility in a nation of seventy millions, which has not lost in quantity during the war, — owing to the fact of the expulsion of most German elements from other countries, — nor essentially in quality, for it has remained, what it always was, more diligent and efficient than any other European nation, whatever may have appeared to the contrary during the last year.

On the other hand, France has, through the treaty, attained such a position as if she were as great and strong as a century ago, although she is far more nearly ruined, so far as blood and natural resources go, than the Central Powers, and will undoubtedly prove unable to maintain her artificially created predominance, because of lacking that youthful initiative which alone could find a way out of the present state of affairs.

Italy can recover only by gravitating back to the north and northeast, and knows this well. The successor-states of Austria-Hungary are all of them (not only the German-speaking parts) bankrupt, and must either reunite or change their orientation altogether, if they are to survive. The same applies to Poland and to the Baltic States. And as for Russia — the fact alone that the Entente seems to be repeating the mistake committed by

Germany, when the latter concluded the treaty of Brest-Litovsk, speaks volumes.

Now the victors are aware to a notable extent of the difficulties created by the course they have taken. But instead of drawing from this the only reasonable inference, — that is, that the treaty must be revised and made to correspond to facts, which is always possible owing to the gentle art of interpretation, — they are using violence in an increasing degree, in order to make possible the impossible. Now the latter can be done, if violence be used to the extreme. This is not practicable in a Christian world. *Then it cannot be done at all.* And the one result is the increasing mobilization, against the Allies, of the very moral forces to which they owe, in great part, their material victory. It was unwise to continue the merciless blockade of a disarmed Germany; the starving-out of defenseless Austria should have been avoided; the holding of five hundred thousand German prisoners in France after the Armistice, and treating them as slaves, has produced a much worse impression on the working classes of all the world, than the deportation of Belgians by the German authorities ever did.

More and more people in all countries are beginning to think that the only explanation of this policy is the fact that its inspiring force is not reason, but simply hate. Now hate, unless directed against absolute evil, is not only a base and sordid passion — it is the worst of practical advisers. Few Russians will ever forget that the great Council preferred the death of hundreds of thousands of their compatriots to their salvation by German arms — the only ones at hand.

More and more members of the liberated small nations are beginning to wonder whether they are to be thankful for an emancipation which, in ruin-

ing their countries, has made every single one of their inhabitants a slave of the Entente. And the feeling is becoming fairly general outside England and France, that, whatever may have been Germany's initial wrongs, the fate imposed upon her is much harder than she deserved; all the more so, as nations cannot be fairly judged like individuals, since those who suffer for a wrong committed are not, or at any rate not principally, those who wrought it — they are in the majority of cases, indeed, entirely innocent.

This feeling is already overwhelmingly strong, as may reasonably be expected, in Germany itself. And, as Buddha has said, 'If hate responds to hate, where shall hate end?' It may, indeed, transform the whole earth, in the long run, into a lasting hell. This world of ours is to an ever-increasing extent the effect of the thoughts and feelings of its inhabitants. If they sow love, love they reap; if hate, the Powers of the Dark become supreme.

Now assuming that the Europe created by the Treaty of Versailles is, at any rate, a true expression of the new balance of *physical* power, peace might last in spite of all this. But it is not. And less still is it a true expression of the balance of moral forces. Hate working, by cosmic law, against the hater, the moral forces are going over in crowds to the other camp. So there is no real equilibrium of forces, even for the time being; we are at war, whether it appears so or not. And the constellation is very different from what it was in 1914 and 1915. Initially, the Entente stood for the Ideals of the Age. Since Germany laid down her arms, the former has become untrue to them.

III

In November, 1918, Germany capitulated, not before her enemies' arms (she

never was beaten and knows this well), but before the Entente ideals, as incarnated in Wilson's fourteen points. She started at once to carry out, so far as she was concerned, their complete realization. At this moment the spirit of Metternich became supreme in Paris. France, in particular, has stood for reaction ever since. And there is, very patently already, a league of sympathy in the making, *with Germany as a centre*, of all who have been longing for a better world. It is collecting crowds of adherents also in the camps of all who, whatever be their personal ideals, are feeling themselves misused, owing to the rate of exchange or to the indebtedness of their country, by the Entente capital; foremost among these, not a few of the liberated small nations. This league will include, sooner or later, all the countries from the Rhine to Vladivostok, and south-eastward to the Ligurian and Ægean seas.

In 1916, I wrote: 'The ideals at stake in this war are by no means individually wedded to one party. There is no doubt that the *cause* of the Allies will triumph; whether material victory will be on their side, is not as certain. *It may even happen, that during the fight or at the conference of peace, the Great Player, in one of his humorous moods, may choose to reverse the parts.*'

This very reversal has now taken place. So Germany is always more and more assuming the aspect of a true martyr. If this does not appear as yet to superficial observers, it is due to Germany's moral prostration, the natural reaction after five years of unspeakable strain in a state of unheard-of underfeeding — a prostration very unsympathetic and ungainly, to be sure, but which does not mean more than the loss of self-control by a strong man subjected to cholera or typhoid. When, now, the *real* moral status of the world becomes conscious to the major-

ity, then convulsions will ensue more terrible, more universal and widespread than those between 1914 and 1918.

For the world has already changed to a degree that very few fully realize as yet. Its *real* forces are no longer those which shaped it before the Great War and which predominate on the surface even to-day. Many are wondering why the Bolshevik government of Russia, beyond doubt one of the worst the world has seen, not only maintains itself against odds to which most better rulers would have succumbed, but, what is more, unquestionably gathers strength from the very movements intended to overthrow it. It is due to the fact that this government, whatever it be in itself, is to the lower classes of Russia and, to a considerable extent, to those of all the world, the symbol of the government of the oppressed. Lenin and Trotzky find it possible to raise new armies each time that reactionary Russian or alien troops attack them, because the working class of Russia prefers the worst terror, inflicted by one of themselves, to the lenient leadership of foreign capitalists — for the higher classes are, in their eyes, also foreigners.

Now, Bolshevism is a form of Socialism, possible only in a country as backward as Russia. But the idea for which it stands is the greatest actual force all over the world; it is indeed the self-same force which gave, during the war, such immense moral strength to the Entente: the New Creed of the Millions, that human beings are not to be used as tools, that capital should have no power over lives, that Imperialism, based on war-machinery, is wrong, and oppression shameful. One need only reread the manifestos of the Allies in 1914 and 1915, and compare them with Trotzky's messages: it is in the name of the same ideals that the Allies went to war and that Bolshevism fights the Entente. It is the same cause which

won followers to the latter that is winning them to the former to-day.

That the extremist creed of Bolshevism is absurd does not alter the fact; very few among the working classes all over the world insist, in their feelings and thoughts, on what Bolshevism really is; they rather disregard a truth unpleasing to them, considering that alone for which Bolshevism stands. And the fact is that, if the moral forces of the world are ultimately not with Bolshevism, they are, to-day, much less with the Allies. Very many, among the adherents of the latter, still believe that the situation has not changed since 1914. It has. It was as early as August, 1915, that I wrote for these columns the following: —

‘At the beginning of this war the Germans . . . themselves laid the foundations of that theory which has proved to the Allies such an admirably moral working hypothesis ever since. Henceforth nothing could sound more plausible than the pretence that fighting Germany meant fighting war in itself, — unrighteousness, aggressiveness, bad faith, — and for the freedom and right of small nations. This ideology still rules most minds on the Allies’ side. But as a matter of fact, however grave were Germany’s initial wrongs, her enemies also deviated all too soon from the flowery path of unselfish righteousness. No sooner had the struggle begun than France took up the idea of *revanche* and made up her mind to conquer the left bank of the Rhine, although entirely German; than England undertook to acquire absolute supremacy on all the seas, and to increase and consolidate her colonial empire; than Russia proceeded to found that Panslavonic caliphate which had been her dream of ages; and when Italy arose, her conscious object was to reconstitute as much of the Mediterranean Empire of ancient Rome, as

seemed possible at the time. Worse still: all these states agreed among themselves to make an end of Germany as such. No wonder, therefore, that the latter from the very beginning protested that in reality *she* was the attacked; from which belief, ever firmer the more numerous her enemies became, she got and still gets immense moral support.’

The reversal of rôles which began in 1915 is complete to-day. In November, 1918, Germany laid down her arms before the New Creed of the Civilized Western World, and has done all in her power, ever since, to shape the facts of life according to it; while the exact contrary movement has taken place in the policy of the Allies. But the ideals of the age have not changed since 1914; and that the great Western democracies have become untrue to them, — and that alone, — is the true and real reason why Bolshevism could become the formidable force it is.

Bolshevism is the Creed of Despair. At war against the whole of material civilization, it seems the only alternative left to very many, who believed in progress and have seen, or imagined, themselves duped. That this appears primarily among the beaten is explicable enough. I think it is difficult for Americans to realize to what a degree all idealists on the one side, and all working classes on the other, so far as they understand the case, feel disillusioned and embittered since the terms of peace have become known. Not many doubt that the whole struggle has been in vain. And since the masses, no matter whether immediately or mediately, are the real rulers of Western destinies, this disillusionment is bound to express itself, sooner or later, on the outer plane.

Personally I do not believe in the bolshevization of Europe, nor, indeed, in the world-revolution, predicted over

and over again by Socialist fanatics. But what I do, not only believe, but know, is this: the consciousness of solidarity of the oppressed, beyond all national boundaries, is *the* great force of our age. It was this very force, as incarnated in the ideals of the Entente, that conquered German Imperialism. It has gathered immense strength, in all countries, from this victory, and means now to conquer all oppression all over the world. It will grow and become overwhelming all the sooner because, owing to the situation created by the war, which has ruined the greater part of the European continent, there will no longer be only capitalist and proletarian *classes*, but very few capitalists and very many proletarian *nations* in permanent antagonism. All nations with an impaired value of money will soon consider themselves proletarian, as compared to Great Britain and America, and will develop a corresponding programme.

Is it not blindness, this being so, to persist in the policy inaugurated in November, 1918? If the American platform had been accepted then and stuck to, all might have ended well; for German Imperialism was morally dead inside its own country, and all the nationalities of Central Europe, purified by suffering, were ready then to make all necessary renouncements for the sake of the establishment of a better order of things. As things now stand, the world never was more pregnant with bloodshed and war than it is to-day.

IV

What is to be done, now, to save Western civilization from a complete breakdown — nowadays the inevitable result of only three or four decades of war? Not very much, I fear. Destiny will work itself out. There is no lasting peace in view before the true state of

equilibrium between the contending forces has been reached.

But something can be done, all the same. Let us remember that the chief forces of the age are no longer national, but supernational. The greatest of them, not yet actively foremost in many countries, but very much awake to its own importance everywhere, is the Internationale of Labor, which will cause more trouble to the old order of things every year (although its internationalist programme as such has possibly lost all prestige, owing to what it has proved itself to be in Russia and Germany, having transformed itself, in each case, into a national one). The second Internationale, supreme to-day, is that of Capital. A third is incarnated in the different churches and creeds. Of these three internationales only the first undoubtedly has a great, perhaps too great, future; while the second will hardly withstand, in the long run, the converging attacks of public opinion, national feeling, ever-increasing taxation, and social reform; and the third is fast losing in importance.

But there is a fourth Internationale which *may* win, and which, if it does win, alone can save civilization in this most terrible crisis it ever went through: the Internationale of the really Best, the most Enlightened, the most Well-meaning — in one word the Internationale of gentlemen. I say gentlemen, because gentlemen in the real sense are supposed not to be petty, not rancorous, not avaricious, but noble, fair and capable of self-sacrifice, of forgiving and forgetting. The gentlemen of all the world, to whatever race or creed they belong, realize and understand each other at first sight. They all know how to live and let live. They see right and wrong objectively, wherever it appears; they are superior to party exclusiveness, and full of sympathy for the legitimate claims of the disinherited.

These truly best are, in all countries, equally horrified at what has happened during the war and is happening since. They know equally well, to whatever side they belong, that there is no way out of the present *impasse*, so long as each party perseveres in its subjective outlook on things. There is no agreement within reach, so long as personal feeling is being accepted by each as sole basis for thought and action — not even an agreement to differ. True, France has suffered terribly and finds it hard to forget; but the same applies to Germany. True, the latter declared war; but then the documents published prove, with absolute certainty, that she was essentially no more guilty than any other European nation;¹ so that the construction of Germany's exclusive guilt, the moral basis of the Treaty of Versailles, is false, notwithstanding the fact that Germany, yielding to force, has put her name under it. True, the Germans have been committing many misdeeds, but so have all the others. The moral balance, as to the past, is fairly equal for all sides.

The past, alas, is not to be altered, but a better future can be secured, and this only if all agree to think of the future more than of the past. All personal feelings are essentially finite; the yet unborn will be unable even to understand the courses adopted by latter-day statesmen, in case these shall prove, in their consequences, contrary to reason. The different nations, whether they like each other or not, will have to continue to dwell side by side on the same planet. Sooner or later the true state of equilibrium between them will assert itself. Then the personal feelings created by a particular situation, even if they survive until then, will in any case prove to be of no account.

¹ A remark sufficiently significant from our point of view. — THE EDITOR.

This the well-meaning and the far-sighted should anticipate. Gentlemen know that fairness is the justest form of justice, and that the feelings of hate and of revenge cannot be fairly built upon. These gentlemen — and their class is particularly numerous in English-speaking countries — should join hands across space and time. They should form an organized fourth Internationale, the Internationale of civilization and of culture, as opposed to the Internationale of the blind and only too often ignoble masses. They should incarnate the exact antithesis to Bolshevism. As such they could enter upon a great future; yes, they alone can do so, apart from the working classes, for the day of the Imperialist, of the Nationalist, the Profiteer, is coming to an end. In case the Internationale of the lower classes comes into power, Russia's fate will become the symbol of all the world. But if the Internationale of gentlemen succeeds in consolidating and in asserting itself, then the situation may still be saved.

Therefore, again, let the gentlemen join hands all over the world. The general state is equally bad everywhere. Victors and vanquished seem equally demoralized. There are only oases of high-mindedness, intellectual cleanliness, moral consciousness to be found alive anywhere. Let these form a network. Soon they will become a power. It is the only chance we have of preventing Western civilization from coming to an end. Peace can be brought into the world only by the victory of supreme fair-mindedness. It is this spirit which drove America into the war. Let the same spirit now forbid that the Treaty of Versailles should become the threshold of War Everlasting.

America can achieve this. She is the decisive power on earth to-day. If America deliberately declares that Fairness, as opposed to Profiteering,

that the principle of living and letting live, as opposed to the principle of taking unfair advantage, of good-will as opposed to ill-will, shall reign supreme, and acts accordingly, then the agonized

Western civilization can still be saved. And thus indeed would America fulfil that lofty mission in which she failed at first: the mission of building up a new and better world.

AN ENGLISH LETTER

LONDON, *St. Valentine's Day.*

THIS has been a busy week, with the Big Three in conference in London (the Big Four alas, was not there), the first meeting of the League in St. James's Palace, and a State opening of Parliament by the King and Queen, followed by a succession of most interesting debates. It is an advantage which the most ardent Republican will be willing to concede to the monarchical form of government, that it makes a much stronger appeal to the ritualist that is in most of us. When the King and Queen entered the House of Lords at noon on Tuesday last, and the lights, low while we were waiting, were suddenly turned on to their utmost brilliance, and what had been a blur of grays and reds became a blaze of pre-Raphaelite colors and textures, like a garden-border leaping in a twinkling from February into June; and when the jewels of the Crown and of the latest industrial coronet glittered antithetically like a beacon on Skiddaw criss-crossing with the glare of a foundry furnace — 'Tush, tush, man!' the impatient Republican will exclaim; 'call it a transformation-scene at a Drury Lane pantomime, and have done with it.' Well, it *was* rather like that, too. But apart from the theatrical glitter of the scene, and the surprise of the discovery that government is not always a dry-point engrav-

ing but can glow with color, one's dominant impression last Tuesday was of riding on Mr. Wells's time-machine back into the centuries. Perhaps you have to, with these stiff clinging robes, but the King did walk with the Plantagenet swing that we know so well from Shakespeare's historical plays. And when he took his seat on the Throne, with Pursuivants and Blue-mantles and Heralds and all the rest of the Norman-French pomp and circumstance about him, with (on his right) the Lord Chancellor — Freddy Smith that was — looking like Wolsey, and Lord Curzon (on his left) holding up the Sword of State like Warwick the King-maker, and someone else carrying the Cap of Maintenance, whatever that may be, one expected blank verse at the least. It would have sounded quite natural had he begun, —

'Now is the winter of war's discontents

Made glorious summer by this sun of peace.'

Instead, he read the prose of the speech which his Ministers had written out for him. And *such* prose. It let us down with a bump from the middle of the fifteenth century to 1920.

A month ago, in those circles which talk so much of politics that they have no time to think about them, there was a perceptible drop in the temperature whenever the United States was mentioned. She had been — well, not quite

fair. She had imposed on poor tired Europe her own ideas of a settlement, with the implied understanding that she would help us to carry it through, and had then left us singing alone. These things were hinted rather than said among the polite, but the gutter press was shouting them with added expletives.

But since Lord Grey's letter in the *Times* there has been a most welcome change. In the mirror that Lord Grey held up to American opinion we saw a startling resemblance to dominant political thoughts and prejudices here, and to read his letter was to make the discovery that the man on the other side of the glass door, who had been mocking us, was only our own reflection. The Senate of the United States does not care to commit itself in advance to armed interference in the affairs of Europe. Very well, but does the average Englishman? In France or Belgium, possibly; after all, they are so near. But what of Poland? How many Englishmen have brought themselves to think of interfering to protect Poland against attack, or would be prepared to give an undertaking off-hand that they would fight for her independence? Nine out of ten would reply, if they were pressed, that what they would do would all depend on circumstances. The American political psychology is much the same. Or take the average Englishman's attitude toward Russian affairs. If he declines to interfere, it is not because he personally would like that sort of government, but because he thinks, rightly or wrongly, that by interfering he would do more harm to himself than he could do good to Russia. What this country feels toward half Europe, the American Senate feels toward Europe as a whole. It is intelligible enough.

Very illuminating were Lord Grey's observations on the long story of the

Senate's jealousy of the President's executive power, and very, very innocent his assumption that there could be no such rivalry under the English Constitution. Why, this struggle between the Executive and the people, as represented in Parliament, is the taproot of English politics; and the most amazing proof in our history of how dangerous the prerogative of the Executive in treaty-making can be is the fact that, up to the day before we went to war with Germany, the government had concealed from the people that, politically speaking, we had for seven years ceased to live on an island. That the decision to help France was right does not alter the fact that this unfettered discretion of the Executive is essentially undemocratic; and, in so far as the American Senate is now fighting for Americans the same battle that English Liberals have so often had to fight here, it has their sympathy. Why, even now, it is part of the Liberal party programme that the treaty should be revised immediately. What is the difference, for practical purposes, between that demand and the reservations of the Senate? Talk about America's turning back the clock! The vast majority of Englishmen — so strong is the reaction from the war — are only too anxious to get back to their splendid isolation from European quarrels. Someone once said of political thought in America that in everything but trade-policy it is only stick-in-the-mud Manchester. But men of all shades of political opinion in England are now tumbling over each other to get back to Manchester. The Prime Minister wants to fight Bolshevism by bills of parcels — what is that but the old recipe of mid-Victorian Manchester? And Mr. Balfour only this week has been preaching that the state of the parish-pump is more to us, and perhaps to the rest of the world too, than

the future of Azerbaijan. So now we understand.

An address that was once drafted, to be presented by certain distinguished people, began, 'Conscious as we are of our infirmities —' 'No,' said Lord Justice Bowen, 'let it read, "Conscious as we are of each other's infirmities."' The emendation hits off the misunderstandings of the last few months between England and the United States. But they are the same infirmities (or are they evidences of practical common sense?), and out of the consciousness of them may still grow a close partnership in democratic liberty.

Of course, there can be no effective League of Nations without the United States; and it would be ridiculous, if it were not so serious, that a dispute between the President and the Senate which really turns on domestic and constitutional points should obscure America's real interest in the League and should have kept her from participating in this week's Conference. The future of the League does not rest on the doctrine of the verbal inspiration of the Covenant, nor do the Senate's amendments wreck America's possibilities of service to its ideals. Let the United States come in, and we will take the risk of her backing out as a result of a vote in Congress when the emergency arises. France took that risk with England, and the new idealism should surely command as much faith as the old militarism. All Englishmen who matter now hold this view very strongly; and if they have hesitated to say it officially, it is because they were afraid of seeming to take sides in American internal politics. The meeting of the League in St. James's Palace was almost pure Hooverism. It recognized that Europe is economically one, and it called a conference to formulate its problems and make recommendations. Longitude does not make any differ-

ence in the working of economic laws. If England is likely to suffer by the misery and economic helplessness of Eastern Europe, so will the United States. Mr. Balfour's prescription of the parish-pump for brows overheated by laurel leaves is the same as Mr. Hoover's, and England and the United States have an identical interest in preaching and practising economy, both public and private.

The idea that there is a natural opposition between borrowers and lenders is a most fantastic mischief-maker. Old Panurge knew better. 'Be pleased to represent unto your fancy another world, wherein every one lendeth and every one oweth; all are debtors and all creditors. Oh, how great will that harmony be, which shall thereby result from the regular motions of the heavens. What sympathy there will be amongst the elements!' And again, 'May St. Bablin, the good saint, snatch me, if I have not all my life held debt to be as the union or conjunction of the heavens with the earth, and the whole cement whereby the race of mankind is kept together; yea, of such virtue and efficacy, that I say the whole race of Adam would very soon perish without it.'

Mr. Lloyd George's power over the House of Commons grows rather than diminishes. Someone remarked that a debate which he winds up is not an argument but a massacre. The House of Commons does not like it. It can be happy under the tyranny of a *pontifex maximus* like Mr. Asquith in the days just before the war. But Mr. Lloyd George apparently does what he likes with the House: it lies down or stands on its head, just as he tells it, and until next morning, when it reads how foolish it has been and rebels again, it really thinks it has been behaving heroically in the process. I was one of those who thought that the Prime Minister would

go Left after the war, and I still think that it was the natural direction of his mind and would have been the best policy in the interests of the country. I can imagine him as the ideal leader of a new party containing the best elements of the old Liberal Party apart from the Whigs, some Conservatives, and the more moderate elements of the Labor Party; and such a party under such a leadership might have governed the country for another twenty years.

The Conference has made an old man of everyone but Lloyd George. His energy is boundless, his mind is elastic and extraordinarily agile, his political arteries show not a trace of hardening. And yet, somehow, with all his genius and with all his demonstration of power, he gives one the impression that he is not quite a free man. I have heard it said that Lord Northcliffe, before the last General Election, wanted him to go to the country independent of both the two old political parties; and, if this be so, the advice does credit to his political insight. Lloyd George, at the end of the war, was perhaps the first man in our Parliamentary history who had so strong a position that he had something to give to both political parties and nothing of real value to receive from either of them. In the Liberal Party he was an explosive centrifugal force, and it is not to be wondered at, human nature being what it is, that the old fogeys of that party should have been shy of him. To the Conservative Party he offered the support of his enormous prestige just at a time when it would normally have been falling into disrepute, and of course it jumped at the chance. Equally of course, Mr. Lloyd George should have withheld the gift; and, if he had, he would have attracted men from all parties and would have been the leader of a coalition which he could have called by any name he liked, but

which would, whatever its name, in fact have been a completely new party, instead of the leader of a party which, though called a Coalition, is really conservative. Lloyd George, as Disraeli did before him, is making a new thing of this Conservative Party, but he might have done so much more for all parties; and it is distressing at times — most of all when his rhetorical triumph seems most complete — to feel that all he is doing is to put the old wine into new bottles.

Long before these lines are read, Mr. Asquith will have taken his seat again in the House of Commons; but, except that the Parliamentary duel will be a little less unequal, one doubts whether he will make much difference. His mind has sterilized, and his chief service to politics will be to give dignity to parliamentary encounters, to lend his name to ideas of others, and to keep going the good-will of the great historic Liberal name.

The man of the immediate future is undoubtedly Lord Robert Cecil. He has ambition; he has, if not forensic eloquence, the Cecilian fluency, and a platform name and presence, and his fine idealism is governed by the political craft and the caution that are inbred. He has thrown himself heart and soul into the work of the League of Nations. Except that he is a hater of bureaucracy, has an almost American faith in individualism, and is a Cecil, he might call himself by any party name, and he has more of the essential stuff of Liberalism in him than most who wear the name. The Labor Party is interested in him, and he looks with interest upon it; for he sees the cracks in its structure, and in its larger and more moderate half, a potential ally of his own party. Mr. Lloyd George was right when he said this week that the choice is not between the Coalition and the older parties, but between one coalition and another.

If a rival coalition is ever formed, its most prominent member, if not its nominal head, will undoubtedly be Lord Robert Cecil.

There was a debate this week on the nationalization of coal-mines, which seems to have frightened the bourgeoisie, but should rather have encouraged it, as revealing the elements of disunion in the Labor Party. The scheme of nationalization advocated by Mr. Brace in the House of Commons was not nationalization at all in the old sense, but something very different. All that Mr. Brace wants the state to do is to act as broker between the old ownership and the new, which is really the ownership of the trade by the trade for the benefit of — well, this is not quite so clear, except that we are promised an increase of efficiency, a greater output, and some security against strikes. Mr. Brace labored the point that the scheme would promote efficiency in management, and that it was the very antithesis of bureaucracy. What the Socialist I.L.P. tail, which wags the Labor Party, thought about this anxiety to repudiate bureaucracy and its works, did not appear; but in fact, Marxian Socialism can never recover from the hatred which the war bred of the omnipotent state, and is dying fast in England. It was a striking fact that, while Mr. Brace insisted that his scheme would not create bureaucratic management, Mr. Lloyd George, who opposed it, insisted that it would.

Apparently, then, the criterion of a new proposal is whether it does or does not create a bureaucracy; and the fact is most significant of the trend of political thought. The new scheme has much greater affinity with Bolshevism than with Socialism, and still more with what is called Guild Socialism, which is essentially anti-bureaucratic in its inspiration. Broadly, it is true to say

that in labor, as in other politics, there is a great revival of individualism and a growing distrust of the State. And this trade individualism obviously holds itself out to work with whichever of the older parties will give it most. Between the various schemes of copartnership and joint management and the orthodoxy of the Whitley Councils there is far less interval than between them and the old Marxian Socialism. And it is significant that the Labor Party is beginning to open its arms to the intellectual worker and to talk efficiency. If the income-tax goes up, the best recruits of labor in the future will come from the grain-workers who are making between two and three thousand a year. And for that reason the income-tax will probably not go up.

For an analogous reason one doubts whether the coal-miners will go on strike. An open strike would restore Mr. Lloyd George to his old war ascendancy, and could end only in disastrous victory for the nation and in disastrous defeat for the nationalizers. A more likely retort would be a falling-off in output, a ca'canny strike. But this would discredit and weaken trade-unionism even more, perhaps, than an unsuccessful open strike.

Outside politics we are very dull. Why is it that the war has not stimulated artistic activity like previous wars? A tremendous fuss has been made of such poetry as the war gave us; but, after all, neither its volume nor its value was considerable. Painting has done a little better, but music has not had a wing fluttered by the war. As for the theatre — but that is a very old and a long story. Mr. Keynes's book on the *Economics of the Peace Conference* is the best book of a bad season; but his trick of taking his hatred of Mr. Lloyd George out of Mr. Wilson is really too unfair.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE BOOKSTORE AND THE CUSTOMER

Two complementary articles recently printed in the *Atlantic* — Mr. Arnold's 'Welfare of the Bookstore' and Mr. Newton's 'Decay of the Bookshop' — must have interested many who, like myself, have always been buyers as well as readers of books. Perhaps there are more of us than Mr. Newton thinks — not buyers in his class, not collectors or devotees of the rare and the beautiful, but people whose occupations oblige them, perhaps, to buy books of certain kinds, and who buy other kinds simply for the pleasure of reading them. And there are one or two reasons, which neither Mr. Arnold nor Mr. Newton lays stress upon, why we do not buy as many books as we might.

One reason is the gradual reduction of living-space, and therefore of space for the keeping of books, which has affected so many of the dwellers in cities. Houses have largely given way to apartments, and apartments grow smaller and smaller. Of course, there are apartment-palaces for the millionaire, and these seem to grow larger and larger. But year by year the walls of the average apartment contract while the rent expands, and the former process is quite as effectual as the latter in restricting the outlay for books. Just now in New York there is a rapid trend toward the impossibly exiguous. Scores of houses and large apartments are being altered into nests of 'two rooms, a bath, and a kitchenette,' the occupants of which must seek most of their food around the corner, in the hotel or the bakeshop. These fragments of a house are not for

the poor: they are held at rentals which only those can pay who a very few years ago could get eight or ten rooms for the same sum. Even if there is money left over when rent and food have been paid for, where is a man or a woman to put new books, or even old and treasured ones, when he can hardly buy a coat, or she a skirt, without giving away the old one to free the hook it hung upon?

No matter what their inborn tastes and desires, or their former practices, such perchers on a mere twig of habitation can be little concerned with the functioning or the fate of the bookshop. More and more they thank God for the public and the semi-public library. The other day a busy woman, unexpectedly dispossessed of her apartment, which is to be turned into several 'two rooms,' etc., told me that she positively must find another in the same part of town, giving as a main reason the need to live where, on her way to or from her office, she could stop at the Society Library for a book.

It is not remarkable that this deterrent influence upon the buying of books should have escaped the notice of Mr. Arnold and Mr. Newton. But I think it is remarkable that neither of them dwells upon the chief shortcoming of the bookstore of to-day — the inefficiency of its salesmen. Incidentally Mr. Newton advises booksellers to get 'intelligent' assistants, and he describes in a graphic way the lack of manners and of information that often confronts one at the book-counters of the department-store. But in our largest, finest, most highly considered bookstores we are not quite sure to find good manners, and are very likely not to find even

what might be thought the minimum of intelligence.

Examples speak louder than generalizations. A few years ago I asked in a bookshop for a history of commerce, or some work dealing with the commercial experience of Europe and especially of Great Britain. I already had Adam Smith, but did not say so. It was one of the two or three best bookstores in New York, and I spoke with the chief salesman, who has since set up a bookshop of his own. He knew of no such book as I wanted, but said he would inquire; when he had inquired he knew no more, but promised to investigate further and to write to me; and a few days later he wrote that no such work existed. Even apart from the *Wealth of Nations*, he was, of course, mistaken.

Another day, in the same store, I asked for a certain edition of Swinburne's works. I had forgotten the name of the edition, but knew the number of volumes and the price. Evidently the young man to whom I spoke had never heard of Swinburne. Together we searched the shelves where he said a poet would stand. Finding nothing, he too went to inquire. When he returned, swinging a book in his hand, he remarked, 'I guess this is what you want but it's shy on the price.' It was not what I wanted, but I could neither find nor learn about anything else. I do not imply that every salesman in a bookstore ought to know about all the editions of Swinburne, or that all editions ought to be on the shelves of every store. But such an inquiry as mine should, I think, have brought from somebody more information than I got from my slangy young man.

In another big shop which offers only the publications of the firm itself, largely consisting of classical and educational books, one might expect to find competent salesmen. Here I asked a while ago for Aristotle's *Ethics*. The

gentleman who went to search returned to say that, while they had Aristotle's works, these included no *Ethics*. I asked to be piloted to the shelf he had searched, and found that he had carefully examined a set of Aristophanes!

Again: a few weeks ago I wanted a book which I had seen advertised some months before. I did not remember the author's name, but knew that it related to the oracles of Delphi and was published by X and Co., an English firm. At two large shops I could get no trace of it, although, apparently, the publishers' lists were consulted. So I tried the New York offices of X and Co. I was received in a charming little library where a pleasant young woman asked my wishes. I gave her the title as 'The Oracles of Delphi,' or 'The Delphic Oracles,' speaking as distinctly as possible, and she wrote on her pad, 'Articles of Delfi.' When this had been corrected, she sought information in an inner sanctum, and returned with the message that only a few copies of the book had been imported, all had been sold, and no more would be ordered, but I might find a copy in a bookstore. 'And here,' said the young lady, 'is the correct title,' producing a slip on which she had written 'Orkles of Delphic,' with the author's name, also misspelled.

Is it strange that such attendants discourage the frequenting of bookstores? I myself never go to one except as some special reason may force the adventure. I write for what I want, knowing that better wits may thus be set to work upon my order than usually respond to a spoken inquiry; and often I write to the publisher, not to a bookstore.

Of course, no bookseller likes a customer to write instead of coming in person. He must know that, as appetite grows with eating, so the thirst for books grows with seeing them. But if one can get no guidance, if books that

should be familiar are unknown, and if those that must be on the shelves are not found, why waste one's time and fray out one's temper? I am not the only person who, if there were a really good bookstore in New York, would haunt it and spend more money there than she could afford. And by really good I mean one where the customer can *sit* while she looks at books, as well as one where the attendants know their business.

I am not condemning the bookseller; I am only explaining the troubles of the customer. I know how difficult it must be to get a salesman or saleswoman who knows anything of books, or is willing and able to learn about them; and I take pains to say that I have found some who are more than polite, who are cordial and friendly, and two or three who, within their special provinces, are competent also. I know one man, for example, who is an authority on novels of mystery and adventure, and a French girl who has a real knowledge of French books. As a rule, however, the attendant, as well as the shop itself, is a weariness to the body and the soul. Far better may one go to the public library if he wants information about books.

THE BEST BUTTER

There is a little dairy in the valley of the Swananoa, — river of music, — a place of miracles and of pleasant rites, which will ever leap into memory with the sight of butter-pats. We lived high up on Sunset Mountain, above the valley mists and above the clouds, too; but we went down into the valley for our butter.

There were many such dairies then. Every little farm that owned a cow had one, built over a running stream or a mountain spring, often of unfinished logs whitewashed on the inside, and al-

ways very clean and sweet and cool. There they brought the milk foaming in buckets, and poured it into shining wide pans, to stand and collect a thick head of cream; for separators, though already in use, had not yet traveled that way. It was there, too, that the churning was done on the hottest days, or else just outside the doorway, in the pale morning sunshine.

I have not seen such butter for a very long time. We get our butter now at a shop called a creamery, where they also sell biscuits and salt fish and canned vegetables, and where it comes in neat medallioned squares, wrapped in paper gritty with salt. I do not like that bland yellow hue, or the too solid look, as if only a flame would melt it. But that other butter was the very essence of the fields, its ingredients born of the dew and of fresh June grass, rising in golden richness to the word of incantation: —

Come, butter, come,
Come, butter, come;
Peter's waiting at the gate
For a bit of buttered cake;
Come, butter, come.

For, it seems, you must do your churning with a song, or else the butter will take an unconscionable time in coming, if, indeed, it come at all. You may blame it on the kobold if you like, that same kobold who is not averse to drinking thick clotted cream in the early hours before anyone is up, who whispers in the cow's ear to kick over the milking-stool, and plunders from the pantry when the cook's back is turned. It may be that singing warns him away. I do not know. But presently the handle of the churn grows heavy, and the great mellow lump must be lifted out into the waiting bowl.

It is a magical moment. The moment when you open the oven door and find your new bread prodigiously puffed and brown with the baking is magical,

too, and yet not like this. For you have been your own chemist in your bread-making, while only God knows the elements that enter into cream. Summer skies soft with clouds, summer winds sweet with wild cucumber and gourd, the music of birds, the intonings of bees, the cool caresses of showers — all are there, and more, cunningly commingled by an alchemy that will never fail to convert into gold.

They are trying very hard, these days, to divorce butter and milk and cream from that gentle fount, which accounts for so much that is lacking in butter, even in the best butter that one can buy. I never see a milk-cart go by without a sense of vats and pipe-lines and pulleys and pandemonium, of everything that is gross and mechanical and utterly foreign to the fields. Lob-lie-by-the-fire would flee from the modern dairy with his fingers in his ears. It is no wonder that there is something wrong with their butter.

I know a kind that clings to the palate like a faintly perfumed memory. It is dusk. The guinea-fowl are calling and quarreling in the valley below, and the turkeys, with much squawking, are finding their roosts in the trees; but the sounds ascend the mountainside as subdued and soft and pleasant as do the warm odors of rank sugar-cane and ripening fodder at noon. How near the toy farms in that limpid air! A stable-door slams, and a new calf bawls its complaint into the coolness of the evening. The smoke curls up from supper fires — And I am going down into the valley for my butter.

Yet it is only as I look back that I can see the opal of that sunset time, or butter as anything but butter. I cannot remember that it possessed any significance then, or fine flavor, either, when there was so much that was more alluring to the eager appetites. Bread-'n'-lasses, or bread-'n'-sugar was the

food of my fancy, with only incidentally butter, and then only as a binder, the cementer of all the sweetness it could hold. Butter-pudding could redeem it, and so could tea-cake, fragrant and light, topped with the glistening brown that only one ingredient can give; and so could saucer-pie, the top crust flaky and rich with the unguent. But in time these, too, became homely and lacking savor, the real ambrosia lying farther off, beyond our barrier of hills, where dwelt the strange gods.

It was not called ambrosia, to be sure; something or other with *sauce piquante*, preceded, perhaps, by an *antipasto* to give a fillip to the jaded taste. James would have made a very wry face over *sauce piquante*, I dare say. Those were lean years for the soul.

Butter, as well as beauty, it seems, may be a point of view. And though apparently but a decoration, not of the body, as in Africa, but of bread, that a homely fare may be made beautiful, it still contains in itself an elusive something that will remain long after the obvious has been licked from the fingers. We need it as a beautifier, not only for bread, but for that wistful part of us that looks for more than food. 'Lasses years pass, and cinnamon-and-sugar years, and *sauce-piquante* years, until in the end, the common thing may suddenly acquire a new and unperceived loveliness to our astonished eyes, and bread and butter be meat indeed.

UNCUT

'Uncut' might apply to gems, to cards, or to the locks of the Bolsheviks; but in this instance it refers to books. Many a time I have been told that the true lover of books sits with paper-knife in hand, cutting his new book in leisurely fashion as he reads, thus gaining a certain fine, deliberative pleasure in his perusal of a volume. This might

be a good subject for a statue, The Cutting Man, for it is certainly a most perfect pose. The man or woman who says that he or she likes to read a book in this fashion is incapable of really understanding what is read. Only pretenders can enjoy the barbarous experience of trying to read a work while the reader is ripping his way through a new purchase in print. I propose to reveal the truth in this matter, though I know that trenchant words will be applied to me by those who have the cutting habit.

A few days ago I purchased a new edition of one of the three best books on Browning. I had looked forward for several days to the reading; but when the volume arrived, I found it was uncut. Seizing my paper-knife, I began my work of making the book fit to read, and I soon discovered that the paper was of a very closely woven substance which cut with difficulty, throwing off a by-product of fine cottony substance that magnified and accumulated to a dreadful degree. I went to the dining-room; I sat down at the table, and I devoted myself to manual labor, turning the book now on one side, now on the other, to get the pages clearly and carefully separated from corner to binding. At the end of twenty minutes — *voilà*: one book at last ready to read; one blunt knife, one lame wrist, a pile of white literary fluff conspicuously scattered over the mahogany table, and a pair of ears irritated by listening to the faint rasping sound of paper being slit without ceasing. Had I read as I cut, I should have lost all sense of continuity; the ideas, interrupted by a furious struggle to reach the next page, would have been decapitated.

This is war to the knife — the paper-knife. Reader, what sort of cutter do you use when you find that the volume you had expected to enjoy is uncut?

Do you always have a paper-cutter at hand, or do you resort to expedients — stiff cardboard, a hat-pin, a penholder? Perhaps the average man has a knife always within reach, but the average woman has not. Did you ever put down a new book because you were too tired or too dismayed to go in search of a cutter? Did you ever tear a new book, just because you forgot that some books have to be cut at the bottom of the page? Have you ever lent a book which you have read, only to have your caustic friend return it with the remark, 'I hope you won't mind my having cut some of the pages you skipped'? Were you ever caught cutterless, out of doors, at the foot of a page, unable to turn to 2 or to any other page before 8, just because the leaves were so folded that you had to cut once at the top and twice at the sides before you could get at the text? Did you ever, of an evening, sit around a reading-table with a group of people, and did you ever cut surreptitiously with that stealthy *clip, clip, clip*, which is to the unhappy listener like the famous *drop, drop, drop*, of the water used in the torture chamber of the Inquisition?

In a college classroom, a teacher asks the students to turn to a certain page in a volume of one of the English poets. There ensues an attack upon the uncut poet. Young women use the hair-pin; young athletes, I am told, use the forefinger. The results need not be described.

A canny suggestion to publishers may have its effect. People like to get books from a public library, partly because these books are always cut. People will buy twice as many books if they can be sure there will be no need to dawdle over the business of hewing the pages apart. In fact, we should all be delighted to turn over new leaves, were they only cut in advance!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Frank Tannenbaum, by trade a machinist, was sentenced when twenty-one years old to one year's imprisonment at Blackwell's Island for unlawful assembly in unemployment agitation. On his release he made certain charges which led to an investigation by the State and to the removal of the warden. Since 1916 he has been an advanced student at Columbia, where he has taken highest honors in economics and history, and has written a thesis on the Philosophy of the Labor Movement, which has received high academic recognition.

These are serious charges which Mr. Tannenbaum brings. In considering them it is well for the reader to realize that, although our prison system has undoubtedly changed for the better, many well-authenticated instances show that a vast amount remains to be done. To illustrate:—

In the Rhode Island State Prison during the year 1918-1919, a prisoner by the name of William F. Herman was strung up by the wrists for periods of two, four, five and six days, hanging from 7 A.M. to 7 P.M., and on days when moving pictures were shown in the prison, until 11 P.M. This punishment was inflicted for talking in the shop. During those hours he was not given toilet privileges and could not wash at any time during the days of punishment. Altogether he was strung up for twenty-one days in one year's time.

The investigation of Bedford, a woman's reformatory in New York State, which has just closed, revealed the fact that women had their hands handcuffed behind them, and were suspended from the cell door with their backs bent over and the tips of their toes barely touching the floor.

The Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania is being investigated at present by the State Board, as a prisoner recently died from a beating given him by some of the keepers.

On the 4th, 5th, and 6th of March, 1917, the New York *Tribune* published a series of articles on the conditions in Clinton Prison, New York, which revealed as brutal and inhuman a situation as can well be depicted.

The investigation of the New Jersey Prison in 1917 showed a very unhappy state of affairs indeed. Mr. Osborne tells of hearing the rattling chains of a prisoner who had been confined there for years. An instance is, we believe, recorded that one of the punishment cells had a ring at-

tached to an iron rod some six inches above the cell floor, to which men used to be suspended in a doubled-over position — the cell being too small for the man to lie down on either side of the ring.

An investigation of the Maryland Penitentiary in 1916 disclosed the fact that some twelve hundred men had been strung up by their wrists to a bar attached to the ceiling within the period of a little over a year.

While serving in the army in Camp Sevier, S.C., the author of the *Atlantic's* article saw state prisoners working on the roads with chains and iron balls on their feet, and sleeping in narrow crowded iron cages at night, packed closely together.

A former Texas prison-keeper, who is at present himself a prisoner in the Naval Prison, states that in Texas the men who work in the road-gangs are chained and that the chains about the prisoners' feet are so made as to make rapid walking or running impossible, as each step that is longer and more rapid than usual twists the chain so as to press a sharp point into the flesh of the foot which is right above the heel, and in this way causes great pain.

The present prison situation in Joliet is not a happy one.

Furthermore, we should say that before this article was printed it was examined by a number of investigators of America's prison situation. Surely the matter deserves public consideration.

* * *

The particulars of our knowledge of **Opal Whiteley** are set forth in the *March Atlantic*. Here we shall simply lay stress on the manuscript, which, torn into small fragments by another child, in a fit of jealous rage, is being pieced together with pains which seem not far from infinite. For five full months Opal Whiteley has been working from eight to twelve hours a day, pruning, piecing, fitting together the pathetic fragments. To the editor, who has been supervising the process, the task has often appeared beyond the girl's strength. As the work has continued, estimates of the bulk of the manuscript have suffered constant revision; and we are now in possession of a continuous diary consisting of more than 70,000 words. all written before the child's

eighth birthday, besides a bulky mass of material telling the story of later years. The manuscript, written on odd pieces of wrapping-paper, bags, etc., is frequently decorated with all sorts of childish border patterns. It is unevenly printed. Punctuation, spacing, and capitalization are absolutely ignored. During all these years the child had no friends of her own age, and the diary was her single confidant.

* * *

As our prefatory note says, **Beulah Amidon Ratliff** wrote this letter to her father, purely as a personal missive. She had gone South as a bride only a few months before, and unfamiliar happenings etched sharp pictures on her mind. 'Mark Twain' is the first in a new series of portraits — Americans from 1875 to 1900 — which **Gamaliel Bradford** has in hand for the *Atlantic*. The series includes Henry Adams, Whistler, and Phillips Brooks. His long list of accurate and penetrating portraits of the great figures on both sides in the Civil War, and of noteworthy American women, have made him one of the most happily familiar among our contributors. **F. Lyman Windolph** is a lawyer of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. We print in this number the fourth of the Sketches in Peasant Russia sent us by **Edwin Bonta**, an architect of Syracuse, who was engaged in relief work in Russia during the war.

* * *

Katherine Wilson, a Western newspaper and magazine writer, is a native of the State of Washington, of pioneer stock, her grandparents on both sides having crossed the plains with ox-teams. 'It was while a resident of Carmel, California,' she writes, 'that I found the material for "A Marginal Acquaintance" in an actual experience.' **Lytton Strachey**, an English writer, best known as the author of *Eminent Victorians*, is at present engaged on a biography of the most eminent of them all — Queen Victoria. The anonymous author of 'Boys,' in the March *Atlantic*, displays in the present contribution an equal understanding of the more elusive characteristics of 'Girls.' **Anne Douglas Sedgwick** (Mrs. Basil de Selincourt) is at home again, writing stories, on her Oxfordshire farm.

Lord Dunsany has survived his American lecture tour and has safely returned to his Irish castle. **Robert Haven Schauffer's** amusing adventures with his fiddle will soon be published in a volume, under the title which he has chosen for the present paper. **Alice Brown**, poet, playwright, essayist, and writer of fiction, makes her home in Boston.

* * *

Melvin T. Copeland is Assistant Professor of Marketing and Director of the Bureau of Business Research at Harvard University. **Frank E. Spaulding**, recently returned from an important educational mission with the A.E.F., and now Superintendent of Schools at Cleveland, Ohio, is about to assume the direction of School Administration at Yale University. Anticipating the emotions likely to be aroused by his estimate of the cost of establishing his proposed educational programme, he writes: —

I realize the difficulty involved in the large amount of money that would have to be raised by taxation to carry out the programme. I purposely did not dwell upon this difficulty. I want rather to get the programme considered on its merits. As a matter of fact, such a programme could be realized only gradually. Hence, the increased taxation involved would come, not all at once, but as a gradual growth extending over at least five or ten years.

Unquestionably the investment involved in such a programme (and it should be considered as an investment) would be paid back many fold by the beneficiaries. The return in the form of taxes on the increase in wealth would begin in a small measure almost immediately after the beneficiaries . . . had left school and engaged in the world's work. Such return would increase rapidly from year to year over an indefinite period, probably for not less than twenty-five years.

* * *

Frederick P. Keppel, formerly Dean of Columbia College, has served with distinction as an Assistant Secretary of War, and as Director of Foreign Operations of the American Red Cross. **G. Lowes Dickinson**, for many years a don at Cambridge, England, has long enjoyed a reputation as a master of English prose and a thinker of sincerity and public importance. Our readers will recall his prophetic series of articles which the *Atlantic* published under the title of 'The War and the Way Out.' **Count Hermann Keyserling** writes us from Hamburg under date of 9 September last: —

Since I wrote my first article for the *Atlantic Monthly* many of my prophecies have come true, and many perplexing events have happened to myself. I have lived under the Bolshevik government in Esthonia; had to hide myself in moors and woods for weeks; have seen later the delights of military occupation; and now I am an exile; the new Esthonian government, essentially Bolshevik whatever it calls itself, does not allow of our return home, plans to confiscate our estates without more than nominal compensation, and has already decided, without asking me, to convert my home, with its century-old library, into a schoolhouse. I am afraid I shall never see anything of it all again, and have to begin an entirely new life, probably in Germany, since in that country, even to-day, philosophers are most likely to prosper. There are many things which people on the Entente side do not understand, nor even we as yet.

In an address delivered recently at the University of Berlin, Count Keyserling dealt in severe, if measured, terms with the causes which have brought Germany to her present fallen estate, chief among which he places 'the want of the feeling of self-responsibility.' **Herbert Sidebotham** is military correspondent of the *London Times*.

* * *

This thoughtful comment on Mr. Clutton-Brock's receipt for happiness is well worth clipping from a recent letter.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am writing this letter to make a request which may strike you as being rather ingenious; and yet, if it were granted, I think that not I alone, but many other people conscious of the same need, would be inexpressibly gratified. I wonder if it would be possible for the author of 'The Pursuit of Happiness' in the December *Atlantic* to make a little harangue at the people who are just putting in time, in life — whose answer to the question, 'Is Life worth living?' would be, 'Not proven.'

I don't know whether my range of acquaintance is unique or commonplace, but the commonest type in it is the woman for whom life is going by like time spent in a trolley station, waiting for a car that is indefinitely late, and whose destination is unknown. These women have no dominant interest in life, and no very vital trivial interests; they have no great ambitions, because not one of them possesses any special talent or ability; they are only very mildly cynical, because they would n't consider it either well-bred or intelligent to go about bawling about the stale, flat, unprofitableness of all the life they get a chance at; but they certainly do feel, though most of them have sense enough to be in general decently reserved on the subject, that it was rather a mean trick to shunt them, willy-nilly, into an existence that offers them no keen interest, only the tame

chance at being useful, and no appreciation for what inconspicuous service they do give.

We have been told, over and over again, that it is weak and foolish to drift; that life can be made worth while to anyone who sets a definite goal, and keeps consistently headed for it; but to my mind it takes more intelligence and will to mark out an arbitrary course and follow it, where one has no guiding inclination or taste, than most men of the highest sort of genius evince. You can't take an interest at random, any more than you can add a cubit to your stature, or grow whiskers at will; and I know many sorts of superfluous women who are not poor enough, or stupid enough, so that the mere problem of earning a living is a matter of absorbing interest; who are not necessarily blighted beings, because they have remained unmarried — for I believe that, if they had honestly sought matrimony as a goal, they would have arrived there, as it seems to be the least difficult of all the goals that women do set for themselves to arrive at. They are the people who are n't adjusted to life anywhere, and who therefore do the work they happen to find available, mechanically, without zest, interest, satisfaction, or pride. They feel very dull and futile and foolish and, somehow or other, robbed. They live without getting anything out of life except board and clothes, such as they are, and they die without having lived, and without being missed.

Now who or what is to blame? I think that perhaps the author of 'The Pursuit of Happiness' could say something of interest and of value to them, because he has already, in his December article, reminded a lot of us of something we need to keep always in mind. Most of us need rather appallingly to have said to us, quite frequently, exactly what he said there; only we are not always fortunate enough to be so spoken to when the need is on us.

* * *

This for lovers of Jane Austen, to whom a recent contributor to the Club dedicated a pretty bit of an essay.

DEAR FRIEND-IN-JANE-AUSTEN, —

But why leave out all *Northanger Abbey*? Of course I know that Catherine, with her intensely credulous nature, saw German spies in all unfamiliar yokels joggling along the countryside, and imagined bombs in each post-day package. But surely Henry Tilney's comforting letters from the Front — I insist on his being a chaplain, too; and he would have made an infinitely more comforting one than Edmund Bertram, because he added a sense of humor to his undoubted recititude — must have assuaged her terrors. And, indeed, had she further alarms, Eleanor's, 'My Lady's,' counsels would have finally tranquilized her, and enabled her to revisit the Abbey (the war had put matters upon a friendly footing again, you know) to help her sister-in-law in Red Cross work, and listen to the general fighting again his own battles, and pointing out just where the present military blunders had come. Frederick was

at the Front, too: one never doubted his courage; while, equally, John Thorpe blustered in some safe job behind the lines. As for Isabella, I am convinced that she joined Mrs. Elton's well-known useful work just at the time that Selina was visiting the Vicarage; and her splendid insincerity making a vast impression, she returned in the barouche-landau to pay a long visit at Maple Grove, hoping by exploring to revive her fallen spirits. You have left out Lady Susan, too, and her eloquence of which she was so vain. Surely you heard of the really marvelous work she did in raising money for the various loans?

Ah, please let all of my adored Miss Austen's characters come to your delightful, re-created Highbury! Excuse me, I should have said 'our,' for, surely, we are equal sharers.

Yours very sincerely,

ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK.

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The *Atlantic* was sixty-two years old last November. How pleasant then to be clapped on the back and to be appealed to as one sport to another.

CLEVELAND, O., January 27, 1920.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just written a book entitled *Form and Chance in Playing the Ponies*, which is now in the hands of the printer. In the main this literary effort contains the following: Observations on the runners as a sport and as a desirable substitute for the exercise of the speculative instinct; How to enjoy the sport thoroughly; Fallacies of progressive systems disclosed; suggestions relative to the study of form and handicapping; The value of a player's judgment, with results of tabulations showing comparisons of a form player's various choices, with their positions in the public's order of preference in twenty-eight hundred races and under the Pari-Mutuels.

Of late I have been following the sport not only to win but also to write of my experiences and observations covering a period of ten years, which might enable the public to gain a better understanding of the sport. Yours respectfully,

L — P —.

* * *

Atlantic critics may disagree as to the grace and general correctness of Mrs. Keyes's attitude 'on the fence'; but both *pros* and *antis* on the suffrage question should welcome an authoritative pronouncement on the matter. A friend sends us this decisive comment: —

I wish that every *Atlantic* reader could know how greatly one other woman admired and approved of Mrs. Keyes's article, 'On the Fence,' in the February number. I read it with enthusiasm tempered only by envy. It is precisely what I should have liked to write myself if I had had wisdom enough and skill enough. I wonder if any excepting those who chanced to hear it have been told of a remark that an *Atlantic* Editor, Mr. Ald-

rich, made many years ago during a wave of agitation for woman suffrage? He asked an elderly lady of the most dignified sort on which side of the controversy she stood. 'I do not stand at all,' she answered; 'I am on the fence.' — 'Then,' said Mr. Aldrich, 'I hope you are on the fence in a ladylike way, with both legs on the same side.'

I think anyone who knew Mr. Aldrich can guess upon which side he thought this should be.

But the responsibility, please understand, is Mr. Aldrich's. Far be it from us, at this late day, to explain to a lady the most ladylike way of sitting a fence.

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A month or two since, we were assailed by a number of simultaneous inquiries as to a fabled 'sale' of the *Atlantic*. In reply we printed a positive, complete, and unqualified denial.

The queries have now taken another turn. We are continually asked whether by our authority the *Atlantic* is united, clubbed, or combined with any other periodical which it has selected for its ally. Again, our answer is a positive No. Any periodical, to be sure, has the right to buy the *Atlantic* and sell it again to readers in conjunction with its own product. But with this practice we ourselves have nothing whatever to do. The *Atlantic* is as independent in business as in its editorial policy.

One more word and we are done. Now and again our friends and mentors write us demanding through what iniquitous bargain we are controlled (as the case may be) by trusts, or Jesuits, or associated advertisers, or labor unions, or Bolsheviki. The charges are too multifarious to take them up at once; but by way of comment upon the last, we quote (at the kind suggestion of an Ohio reader, Mrs. Lucy Griscom Morgan) these prophetic lines written by the *Atlantic's* first editor in his 'Moosehead Journal,' and still absolutely valid: —

We had no radicals, nor crimes,
Nor lobster-pots, in good old times;
Your traps and nets and hooks we owe
To Messieurs Louis Blanc and Co.
I say to all my sons and daughters,
Shun Red Republican hot waters;
No lobster ever cast his lot
Among the reds, but went to pot:
Your trouble's in the jaw, you said?
Come, let me just nip off your head,
And, when a new one comes, the pain
Will never trouble you again.